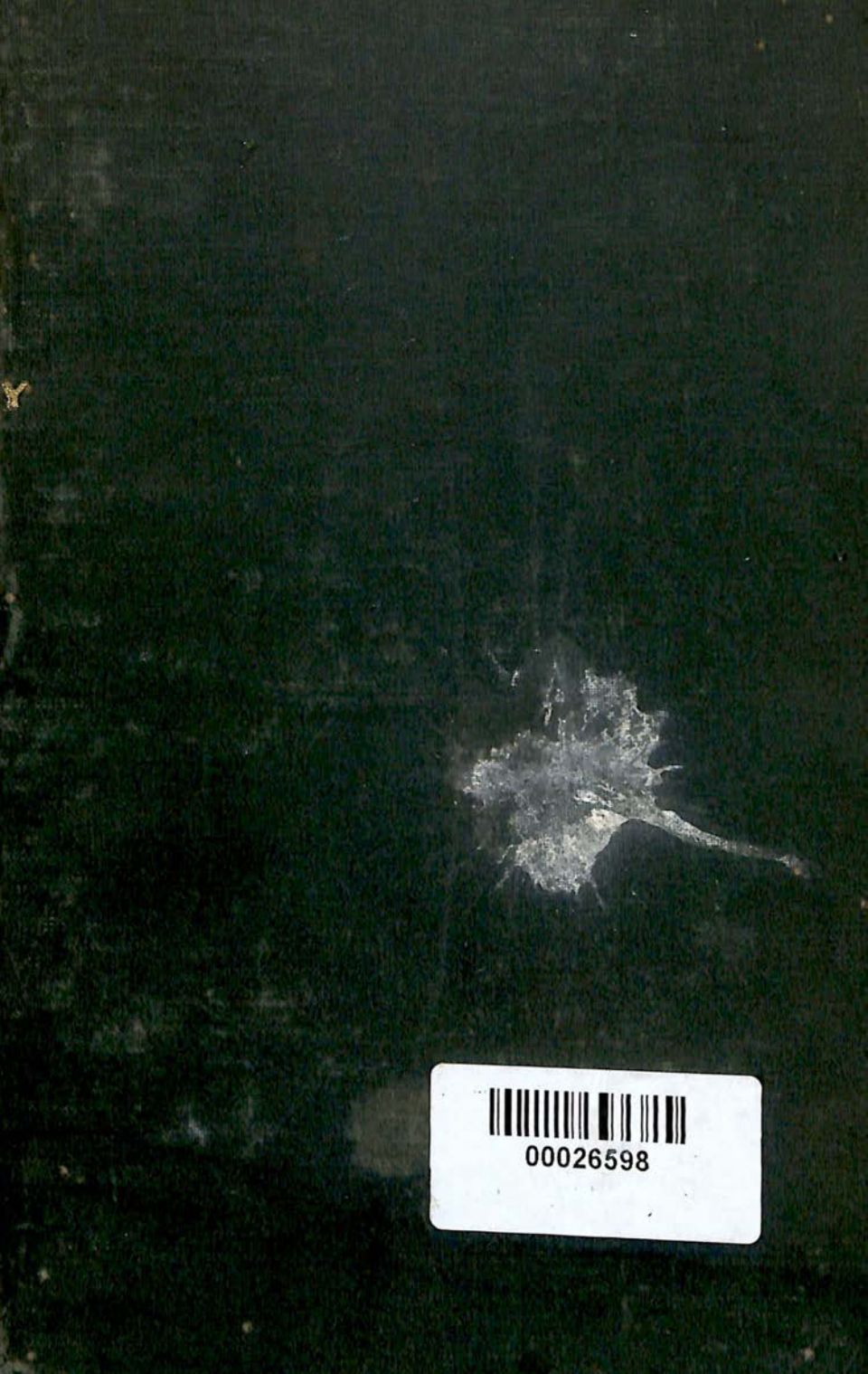
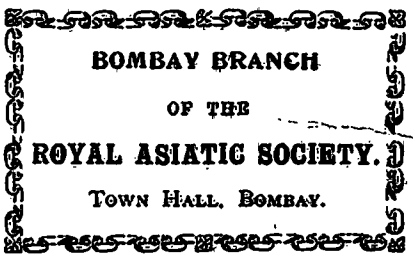

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THE LIFE

AND

LABOURS IN ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY,

OF

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LONDON:
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TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN, K.P.,

THE REVEREND JAMES HENTHORN TODD, D.D.,
SENIOR FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN,

HENRY WENTWORTH ACLAND, M.D., F.R.S.
REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MEDICINE IN THE UNIVERSITY
OF OXFORD,

This Volume

IS, IN ALL FRIENDSHIP, INSCRIBED

BY

THE WRITER.

PREFACE.

In the composition and arrangement of this work, the writer, possessing but a limited knowledge of Archæology, Art, or Music, felt himself hardly adapted for dealing with the life of one who had done so much with respect to these subjects in relation to Ireland—"The Archæologist, Painter, Musician, Man-of-Letters; as such, and for himself, revered and loved."* And no one can be more aware of his shortcomings than the writer; yet, in fulfilling this duty, he had the advantage of having been long one of the most intimate friends of Petrie, whose confidence in him is now among the happiest as well as the proudest recollections of his life.

For many readers the memoir of a man of retiring, studious, and contemplative habits, in whose life no stirring incident is to be recorded, will have but little interest; yet to those who have been given a pure feeling of nationality, a love of their country for its own sake, a pride in the good that it has done, and a hope based upon its early history, for that which it yet may do,—the life of him who was the exponent of that history, and who vindicated the claim of his country to the possession of an early and fruitful Christian civilization, cannot be devoid of interest.

* Dedication of *Three Irish Glossaries*, *Williams and Norgate*, 1862.

Nor will these pages be valueless to the student of general history, who will find the key to the knowledge of the early condition, progress, and decadence of the families of man, in the scientific method followed by Petrie, in testing the most dim traditions, or the oldest written records.

It has been said that Ireland, though vanquished, has not yet been conquered. Among other causes this state of things seems to have arisen, to use the words of a distinguished writer, "from the mistaken prejudice and ill-directed zeal which has endeavoured to unite Ireland to England, rather by effacing the vestiges and affections of Irish nationality, than by consecrating and developing them as a grand portion of the common treasure of the British Empire." In this short-sighted policy, this throwing away of that which would generate self respect—the greatest wealth of nations—we ourselves, as Irishmen, have taken no little share; for we have ignored tradition, destroyed, or desecrated monuments, and spurned at history. And it becomes plain to all who desire the prosperity of the United Kingdom, that he who showed, on the one hand, what is true, great, and commendable in Irish history, and, on the other, what is false and productive only of national enmity, must be held as a benefactor to the common country, and an apostle in the cause of peace and of progress.

It has been found impracticable to give the narrative of Petrie's life in a strictly chronological order. Between the commencement and completion of several of his works long periods of time intervened,

during which other undertakings were set on foot. The writer, therefore, except in the earlier and later portions of this memoir, has dealt separately with his principal works. Thus the Essay on Tara, the Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland, the Military and Sepulchral Architecture, the Early Christian Art, and the Ancient Music of Ireland, are treated of in separate chapters, and such portions of his correspondence as bear on these subjects, given in their proper places.

As he was the first collector of Irish inscriptions, so he was the most successful, having accumulated some hundreds—a large proportion of which were obtained at Clonmacnoise. He used to relate that, on his first visit to that place, he found the stile which led into the cemetery made of inscribed stones. Since that period many of these ancient monuments have been destroyed. It is to be hoped that his great collection will one day see the light; for though, in a philological point of view, few of the inscriptions are of much importance, yet they have a deep interest in relation to history; while the ornamental designs which occur upon them, as rendered by Petrie's exquisite pencil, have great value as bearing upon what may be termed Archæological Art.

To the investigator of Irish history, as tested by the material antiquities of the country—to him who has even glanced at the Annals of the Four Masters, and the Transactions of the Irish Archæological, and the Ossianic Societies, or who has studied the Essay

on Tara, and the great work on the Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland, it will be plain that the results obtained by the translation, even to a limited extent, of our ancient written records, have been of vast importance. And yet it is certain, notwithstanding the labours of Petrie, O'Donovan, and O'Curry, to say nothing of those of Todd, Reeves, Graves, and others, that this ancient vein of history has been but struck. A reference to the long catalogue of available manuscripts published by Professor O'Curry will at once establish this conclusion.

The foundations of Irish History cannot be said to be fairly laid, until a large portion of these MSS. are made available by publication.

Such a work may be looked at from two points of view—first, as extending the basis for a true history of the country; and next, as furnishing material for advancing the science of comparative philology by facilitating the critical study of the old language.

But it is far too extensive an undertaking to be effected by any private individual, or, indeed, by any Archæological or Literary Society. The work should be a national one, as it was hoped the Ordnance Topographical Survey might have been; and the Minister who promotes such an undertaking will, as regards the relations of the two countries, as well as the advancement of the history of Europe, give no small earnest of an enlightened statesmanship.

Nor would the undertaking involve any great public expenditure; for even the mere publication

of the original and untranslated text from authentic transcripts, and printed in the Roman letter, would facilitate at once the labours of the philologist and, through him, the historian.

Irish scholarship in these countries is now cultivated by but few; and while the Irish language is becoming every day more and more of interest to Continental philologists, little results have followed the attempt to introduce it among our University studies. Meanwhile, the vast mass of historic material lies unknown and unused on the shelves of many great libraries, not at home only, but in Belgium, France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, waiting for the time when the voice of society shall call for its publication.

Another requirement is, the saving of our ancient monuments from the slow yet sure destruction which awaits them. In the present state of public feeling in Ireland, it may be said that, with a few exceptions, their preservation is due solely to the old feelings of superstition or of veneration in the minds of the people. Yet there is no class in the country that is not more or less obnoxious to the charge of their wilful destruction. The landed proprietors—in many cases the clergy, who ought to be their special guardians—the farmers, particularly the new settlers, as well as the peasantry, have lent their hand to the work of obliterating these old witnesses of the country's history. With the exception of the repairs effected at Clonmacnoise, through the zeal of the Rev. Mr.

Graves, Secretary to the Kilkenny Archæological Society, hardly anything has been done to arrest the progress of their natural decay. Some years since one of the Round Towers fell, in consequence of the removal of stones from its basement; yet such was the excellence of its construction, and so enduring its cement, that it lay in cylindrical portions on the ground, until it was ultimately blown up and used for building purposes.

Of the different classes engaged in this barbarism, the landed proprietors have been the most to blame —a circumstance to be expected from the fact that, whether they be residents or absentees, they are, for the most part, without those national associations which would make them careful for the history and monuments of a people still too distinct from them.

In the authorship of the chapters on the Ancient Art and Music of Ireland the writer has been largely assisted by a friend of his and of Petrie's, and also the author of the article on Irish Music, which appeared some years since in "Fraser's Magazine," signed *Ingen da Cerda.* He has also to express his acknowledgments to the Rev. Dr. Reeves, Sir Thomas Aiskew Larcom, Bart., K.C.B., and to Dr. William Daniel Moore, for assistance in the progress of the work; and he has to thank the Earl of Dunraven and Mr. Ferguson for their kindness in arranging the mass of manuscript material left by his friend.

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THE LIFE

OF

GEORGE PETRIE, LL.D.

THE subject of this memoir was the son of James Petrie, a portrait painter, in the city of Dublin, and a man of considerable cultivation of mind, who was also an excellent numismatist, and possessed a valuable collection of the Greek, Roman, and early English coins. To this circumstance may be partly attributed the early development of the taste for antiquarian studies in his son's mind, which afterwards produced such good fruit. The father of James Petrie was a native of Aberdeen, who had settled in Ireland, and his mother was a Scottish lady, daughter of Mr. Robinson, a wine merchant in Edinburgh. James Petrie was married to a daughter of Sacheverel Simpson, esq., also of Edinburgh, and George Petrie, born in Dublin in 1789, was their only child. His mother was a lady of extreme beauty. A portrait of her, painted by her husband, shows a countenance of great refinement and mental endowment—qualities which were so peculiarly inherited by her son.

It thus appears that Ireland cannot wholly claim Petrie as one of her children. Though born in Ireland he was of Scottish extraction. This fact may be taken as giving additional value to his labours in Irish history and archæology, as it enabled him to bring a mind uninfluenced by national prejudices and traditions to bear upon the subject; so that, while he became the great expositor of true Irish

history, and the lover of her people, he did so on the grounds of a sober and enduring conviction.

When about ten years old he was sent to the school of Mr. Whyte, a seminary which then enjoyed a great celebrity. It is stated of Whyte that, of all the schoolmasters of his time, none gave more attention to the moral training of his pupils. Being himself a man of the highest character, and with the old chivalrous manners of the Irish gentleman of the day, he never lost an opportunity of inculcating the love of truth, and the shamefulness of equivocation. He showed how inseparable were morality and honour, and strove to imbue his pupils with the tastes and manners of gentlemen. At this school Sheridan, Moore, and many other remarkable men were educated.

During the early youth of Petrie the choice of a profession for him caused much anxiety to his father, who at last fixed on surgery as the calling to which he was best adapted; but it does not appear that he ever commenced the study. He had been delicate as a child, and at the best possessed but a fragile constitution, and so his father wisely determined on letting him follow the bent of his own mind and take to the life of an artist, which, indeed, he had already begun, for under his father's instruction in drawing he had so far advanced as to become an assistant to him in his branch of art. He now attended at the drawing school of the Dublin Society, and in his fourteenth year obtained the silver medal of the society for a drawing of a group of figures.

Here Petrie first met with Danby and O'Conor, and the affectionate friendship then commenced between these three young Irish artists endured through their lives. Danby and O'Conor settled in England, but, fortunately for Ireland, Petrie remained in his native country.

It is most interesting to find that his mind was at an early period devoted to antiquarian study, and this is to be

taken as the ground of his future success as an archæologist. He did not take up the pursuit in middle life, as is the case with so many *dilettanti* antiquarians whose minds in their youth have had no preparation for the study. In him the love of art and of archæology dates from his very boyhood, and even then he exercised that habitual accuracy of observation for which he was afterwards so remarkable.

The writer has before him a journal of an excursion through part of the county of Wicklow, written in 1808, when Petrie was but nineteen years of age, in which we find repeated notices of ancient remains, with, at times, his opinion as to their origin and uses.

Writing of Church Mountain he says—

I met with one of the small stone circles. They were certainly raised as monuments for the dead; in the centre of one, which was ploughed up about twelve months ago, there was a large flag under which was a small vault containing human bones (burnt). On Church Mountain the people still continue the ancient Pagan festival of (so called by the people) St. Lammas. 'Tis thus named from the cairn on the top of it, which the people think must be the ruins of a church. On the centre of the cairn still remains the Pagan altar, and on this altar, until the Rebellion, the priest annually read prayers on St. Lammas's day. On this day several hundreds do penance by going from the bottom to the top on their knees. There is also, besides the cairn, a spring well renowned for its medicinal virtues, and, on one side of the mountain, a cromlech.

In another place he writes—

Between the Seven Churches and the Curragh are three boundary stones of great size; they are in a direct line. Several who saw the centre one told me of five deep lines resembling the fingers of a man of great size which are on it. May not these five lines, which are common on boundary stones, be hieroglyphics of some kind?

Other entries in this diary show that at this early age his mind had been directed to archæological pursuits. Thus he says—

There is here a very large rath, with a moat and well dedicated to St. Nicholas, famous over the country for curing various diseases. There is also an old burying-ground in which I met with a small stone cross, on which are eight Irish characters. From the want of sunshine I could make no correct outline of them.

A little further on in the same journal we read:—

Went round by Ballymore Eustace to see a waterfall called the Gurgle. It is very beautiful, resembling much the Salmon Leap, but has a bad background. In the commons of Ballymore are some remarkable Pagan antiquities—viz., a pillar (the only one I ever saw) fourteen feet high, standing on an earthen mound of about the same height. Beside it is a circular work which I take to have been a temple. It is of well cut stone, perfectly round, with deep perpendicular lines running from the top. There is also in the commons a circle of stones of prodigious size, known by the name of the "Piper's stones." They are in number thirty, but were originally thirty-five or perhaps three or four more. In the course of the day I saw about twenty raths or tumuli.

The main object of this excursion seems to have been to make sketches of the Pollaphuca fall on the river Liffey; and it is interesting to find that even then he had begun to collect the ancient music of Ireland. In evidence of this we have the following entry in a journal of another excursion to Wicklow taken in the same year:—

Got one Peter Power to spend the evening with me, having heard that he had many Irish airs; got but two from him.

Thus we learn that the tastes which in after life produced such good fruit, were of early growth. Art, the study of nature and of the antiquities and music of his country, were from boyhood the objects of his love—a love which grew and ripened with his years; and the work which matured education and advancing life brought into blossom and fruit, was ever lightened and hallowed by the memories of these early days.

In these excursions through wild and varied scenery, now

employed in sketching the mountains, the rivers, the wood, and the waterfall; now examining the remains of Pagan and early Christian times, he doubtless learned to love the people, always so quick to feel the influence of a kindly and gracious manner. And for the rest of his life, when speaking of the characteristics of the Celtic clans, he would never omit those of the O'Byrnes of Wicklow, as of a people especially dear to him.

In another part of his journal he thus writes :—

This too was the country of the family of the O'Tooles and Byrnes, but more particularly of the latter branch; and there is sufficient evidence to trace their genealogy to a very early period. What and where are they now? Peasants, to be found in the villain hovels in the solitary wilderness, their rank and their inheritance gone and for ever.

Their history is painfully interesting. They were among the first who valiantly opposed the Norman invaders, whom a base prince called into the country. Stimulated by their prelate and prince St. Lawrence O'Toole, who has been immortalized for his piety and for his patriotism, with them resistance was a virtue; but he found resistance vain, and wisely employed the influence of his high character to teach the conquered submission to the conqueror's sway.

But he was in neither case successful: the times were too barbarous. We need not wonder, then, that those hardy mountaineers, a class of people always peculiarly attached to liberty, should be found for six hundred years engaged in a still more and more hopeless struggle to regain their independence. Living in the immediate vicinity of their adversaries, they were at hand to take advantage of opportunity, and to suffer for their country. England, now wise and liberal, can bear the errors of past times to be spoken of, and we may no longer be called upon to refuse our admiration to one man who loved his country not wisely but too well!

Again, a few years later, he writes—

Ireland is to a traveller, according to his mental peculiarities, either one of the most or least interesting countries in the world. The mere pleasure tourist, who, uninformed of its history and unenlightened by philosophy, seeks a passing enjoyment from the varied beauties which nature has scattered over it with a bounteous

hand, will meet with less to please and entertain than to disgust and disappoint. He will find the country almost denuded of wood, disfigured with black and endless bogs, and dreary and extensive moors; he will behold the habitations of the people miserable and comfortless, and the people themselves the most wretched in the world. Joy will never brighten the prospect, misery never disappear, and the very scenes he came to contemplate, thus associated, will either lose their effect, or mark the more strongly the surrounding deformity. Not so the traveller who has read its unhappy history, and who takes an equal interest in whatever relates to nature and to man. To him Ireland will be a book of deep, unvaried, though painful interest, which can be read once, but will not be again opened or even remembered without sorrow. He will find man still uncivilized and disfigured by the vices attendant on degradation, yet displaying the virtues that ennoble him; he will find nature magnificent and often beautiful in her solitudes, and where man has least penetrated, sublime in the very dreariness which surrounds her. Innumerable remains of man in past times, in which she is for the greater part clothed, will everywhere present themselves; not always as memorials of former splendour or magnificence, but oftener illustrating in their simplicity and variety the customs of different and remote periods of society. Everything, in short, that he meets will tell him eloquently of the changes that have passed over them, and he will be led irresistibly to contrast the good, God has dispensed, with the bad done by man.

Up to the year 1809 his studies as a landscape painter seem to have been carried on chiefly in the counties of Dublin and Wicklow, and so ardent was his enthusiasm that he would often start on foot, at nightfall, when the labour of the day was done, so that by walking all night he might reach before sunrise some chosen spot for study among the Wicklow mountains. The only sketch-book which the writer has seen of this year contains forty-five drawings, principally of trees, studies of river scenery and cattle, and but two antiquarian drawings—the interior of Howth Abbey and an unnamed ruined arch. The style of these drawings is free and broad, but wanting in the delicacy of his after works.

In the following year, Petrie first visited Wales, remaining some time as a guest at Lord Glentworth's, and we find a characteristic letter to his friend Charles Hanlon describing his pursuits while there.

Lord Glentworth's, Gosphonagh, Bangor-ferry.

DEAR CHARLES,

You who promised to write to me forgot or neglected that promise, scarcely to be remembered; but, dear Charles, I think too highly of the friendship that subsists between us to attribute your silence to indifference, and I have taken up my pen at ten o'clock, the first moment I had to myself, to assure you I feel happy in having such a friend.

Do you practise drawing, dear Charles? Let me earnestly entreat you to do so; it will be an endless source of pleasure to you hereafter; you have, I assure you without flattery, an abundance of natural talent. The first eight days after my landing I spent exactly to my wishes—studying nature; but nature should be studied by months each year, not days. You will rejoice when I tell you I have some *fine* subjects, and two or three *grand* ones; but I must confess that for colour I saw nothing equal to lonely Lough Bray.

Is the violoncello finished? Have you begun the harp? There is an hundred guinea harp here by the Erard, the first harp-maker in Great Britain. To raise your harp-making spirit I must tell you that in half an hour's practice I could play the "March of the Men of Harlech," treble, bass, and harmony. I have not had time to touch it since, or I might return a neat harp-player. There is a double flageolet here also on which I can play a few duets tolerably well. I heard but two harpers since I came over, they delighted me. For a truth there are many enchantments here.

Tell my father, dear Charles, that I received his letter of the 29th, and that it has made my heart light.

I expect a letter from you, not as a compliment, but in return for this; and tell my dear friend Henry that I watch the post with anxious solicitude in expectation of one from him.

Dear Charley, I am your sincere friend,

GEO. PETRIE.

In the year 1813 he first visited London, in company with his friends Danby and O'Conor. Through the influence

of Sir Benjamin West, to whom Petrie brought letters of introduction, and who received him most kindly, he enjoyed full opportunities of examining the public, as well as many of the private collections of paintings in the metropolis.

Thirty-seven years later Danby writes, referring to this their first visit to London—

> Turner is a good example of painting in age. He was well advanced in years when you and I, with our dearly remembered friend, poor James O'Conor, first visited London, when we saw his beautiful and wonderful picture of the "Frosty Morning."

But few of Petrie's letters on the occasion of his first visit to London are extant. One addressed to Miss Mills, the lady who afterwards became his wife, written some days after his arrival, is not without interest, as conveying his first impressions of that great city :—

June 10th, 1813.

Eight days have passed since I arrived in this magnificent seat of arts and learning, the entire of which has been busily employed in seeing and admiring the various interesting objects which this vast and truly wonderful city presents to the astonished mind of a stranger. I would fain give you an account of the points in which London and Dublin most differ, and of the superiority of the former, but such would be impossible in the form of an epistle. That which amazed me most of all things here is the knowledge in the arts which the people possess. There is not an artist of any rank whose merits they are not acquainted with, even in the middle ranks. I never go through an obscure lane or street in which I do not meet shops where coins, antiquities, books, prints, pictures, &c., are the only things they sell, and I always found that they knew the rarity and value of every article they had. This evening my heart leaped at the sight of two beautiful Etruscan vases in a little, miserable, old furniture shop. I already anticipated the joy of carrying them home, but on inquiring of the very young woman the price she replied, "Three guineas and a half." She also observed, on marking my astonishment, that they were genuine Etruscan vases, and very cheap.

In the same lane, in a hole which I could scarce turn in, I

found a poor sick-looking woman, who to my astonishment had all the information of a complete print connoisseur; the works of the different ages and classes of engravers were arranged in the most systematic manner, and the prices marked on each with the most perfect knowledge of their value. She could hand me the work of any particular master, and speak at length of its merits.

I have been with Mr. West, the President of the Royal Academy, who received me with kindness and attention. I have had the honour and felicity of his conversation and advice, two separate times and upwards of an hour each, an incident which I shall ever remember with peculiar pride and delight. He explained to me the several figures in the large picture ("Christ before Pilate") which he is at present employed at, and for which he has been offered a thousand guineas.

Before the month was expired a letter from his father seems to have hastened his return to Ireland. He sends him a picture, and says:—

I could wish it was disposed of, that you might return home; your presence would cheer me. However, it can't be long till I have that happiness. Of your friendship and affection, my dear George, I have had many instances. You have ever been the idol of my heart, under all the pressure of my life, you it was who buoyed me up, therefore it is not a weakness to express to you how much I long for your presence.

How are Danby and O'Conor? What are they doing? Have they stolen any of the great men's works? I mean, have they lodged in their brains all their excellences?

The money raised upon this picture enabled Petrie to return to Ireland, while his two companions, Danby and O'Conor were compelled to remain in London from want of funds to pay their way back. Danby in a conversation with Rothwell, many years afterwards, recalled an example of Petrie's kind-heartedness. He said that the last time he saw him, Petrie, when taking leave of him and O'Conor, produced two valuable rings, and made them receive them in the event of their finding it necessary to turn them into money.

This year he visited Wales in company with his two friends.

That the effect of these early tours in Wales, and the intercourse between these friends, exercised a mutual influence on their minds and works, there can be no doubt. Danby writes in 1846 :—"Some of your early works acted on me at first as inducements to become an artist." It is interesting to see these two great painters urging one another to the study of nature. "Let us," says Danby, "exult in the confidence that we belong to that class of our fellow men who by the elixir you describe, 'the true enjoyment of nature,' retain the heart of youth, though the eye grow dim, the hand tremble, and the head fade gray." Again he says, referring to one of Petrie's Scottish excursions:—"You ought to make such a trip regularly every year. And recollect that though the mind may be a diamond it will require fresh setting if the body be as lead, and its very hardness and durability will help to destroy the setting."

The influence of these tours in Wales and of the Welsh scenery can be as definitely traced through all Petrie's works as that of Yorkshire upon Turner's mind. In Wales he learned to love the solitude and wildness of nature, in its peaked and barren mountain scenes, and perhaps acquired an inclination to a peculiar tone of colouring which is not decidedly Irish, and which we recognise at once, when travelling through the Snowdonian range, as characteristic of Petrie's works.

During the next five years he seems to have been occupied, in a great measure, in landscape drawing, and in 1816 he exhibited two pictures in Somerset house. The subjects being "Glendalough" and "Glenmalure in the county of Wicklow." These pictures were the property of Lord Whitworth.

Up to this period Petrie seems to have continued his studies in landscape painting without interruption. His work was principally in the counties of Dublin, Kildare,

Wicklow, the King's County, and Kerry. The drawings made at this period were chiefly in monochrome, for the use of the engraver.

In 1820 the taste for illustrated landscape annuals, and guide-books was at its height; and there can be no doubt that this fashion exercised, on the whole, a healthy influence on landscape art. A strong movement seems to have been commenced in the art of water-colour painting about this time, of which Turner was the exponent in England, Williams and Thompson in Scotland, and Petrie in Ireland. The amount of work done by the latter for engravers forms an important episode in his artist life; and the study of architectural drawing, which was necessary for many of the works he was employed on, proved of inestimable value in forming his style as a draughtsman. He supplied ninety-six illustrations to "Cromwell's Excursions in Ireland," twenty-one to "Brewer's Beauties of Ireland," sixteen to "Fisher's Historical Guide to Ancient and Modern Dublin," besides contributing to other works, such as "Wright's Tours," and "The Guide to Wicklow and Killarney."

The pictures of the elder Barrett, in Ireland, and of Wilson, in England, were objects of great admiration to the mind of Petrie. One of his early works, Dolbaddern Castle, was sold as a Wilson. It seems an interesting coincidence, that Turner, who in his youth, though he never copied the works of another, was in the habit of practising the manner of great artists, whom he chose as models; took the same subject of Dolbaddern, and treated it after the manner of Wilson.

Previously to 1820, the date of the publication of Cromwell's "Excursions," but few works containing pictorial illustrations of Ireland were in existence; such were Weld and Milton's "Views in Ireland." Petrie was engaged to furnish the drawings, not only for the works of Cromwell and Brewer, but for that of Wright, which consists of three parts—the tours in Killarney, in Wicklow, and the coast

of Antrim. His contributions to Cromwell's work were from the counties of Dublin, Wicklow, Kildare, Meath, Westmeath, Kilkenny, Louth, and the King's County.

Among the names of engravers employed for these works we find those of Goodall, Higham, Barber, Wickel, Brewer, George Cooke, Gregg, Millar, and Stoners. In a letter from Brewer to Petrie in 1821, he says, "All those men remark of your works, 'Beautifully outlined.'"

The figure drawing in all Petrie's works is spoken of in the same letter as infinitely better than that of Shepherd.

It would be difficult to speak in adequate terms of the truthfulness, beauty, and finish of these illustrations. The following words, written after his death, by a friend and pupil of Petrie's, apply with singular felicity, not alone to the works of his middle and later life, but to those productions of his earlier days :—

His refined taste and love of truth influenced him, even at the commencement of his career, to discard all conventional tricks of art. He was emphatically our first draughtsman; and, so accurate was his pencil, that a drawing by Petrie, made during any period of his long artistic life, possesses the value for truthfulness of a photograph. But he was more than a draughtsman; his drawings and pictures were peculiarly imbued with that indescribable charm which, for want of a better word, has been styled feeling, and which only genius of the highest order can confer. His simplest sketch assumed the character of a painted poem; a green hillside, a shattered cross, a ruined watch-tower, as treated by his genius, became the subject of a picture, the indescribable charm of which rivetted the attention and set the imagination to work.—*The Dublin Saturday Magazine, March*, 1866.

To those who are not acquainted with Petrie's powers as a draughtsman and painter, this eulogy may appear overstrained; yet, even had they no other means of forming their judgment than is afforded by a careful study of these engravings, this praise would not appear too high. Such views we would instance as that of Puck's Castle, in the

county of Dublin, in its moorland and mountain solitude. This picture is truly a painted poem. The naked and solitary castle stands in the shade of a passing cloud. Yet all is not gloom, for, looking westward, we see the valley, the mountain, and the sky lit up by the rays of the hidden sun.

Among so many of these productions of Petrie's pencil, it becomes in a sense invidious to bring forward particular examples, as worthy of special commendation; but it would be wrong not to mention the two drawings of Lough Bray, the shattered ruins of the Castle of Clonmacnoise, the old Church of Deral-Ossory; the Church of Kilbarrack, Dunmore Castle, and the early Church of St. Fechin of Fore, with its Cyclopean doorway and walls.

Objections have been so often raised to Petrie's works as deficient in colour, that before dealing with the subject of his greatest and most highly finished paintings, it becomes necessary to say something as to his theory and method of translating nature. We may use the word *translate*, as the mere effort to copy nature should not be, in his opinion, the landscape painter's object. Nor was painting with him ever a mere mimetic art; one good reason for this being, simply, that absolute reproduction of effect is impossible. Take, for example, any one scene in nature: the landscape painter cannot give its brightest light or deepest shade.

There may be medium tints which are within his power to attain; but if such are given by the hand which fails to reach the fuller tones, to which they form the intermediate passages, the work is at once thrown out of harmony; the tones which should be secondary strike on the eye as vividly as those of primary importance, for want of proportionate strength in those which are beyond the painter's power to reach; so that a certain portion of truth must be sacrificed in these medium tints. Partial truth must yield to general truth, and the painter must think of his work as an instrument to be attuned by him to a key of a certain pitch, to

which every note must be brought into subjection and harmony.

Nor can it be said that the colouring of an artist who carries out this principle is false. So far as it goes it must be true. But the amount of truth to which he attains must depend upon the pitch of key to which the work is set; and in many of Petrie's works that this was low, and the whole kept in such just balance and subservience as to become extreme in delicacy, and almost colourless in parts, is a complaint that may, perhaps, be made with justice.

This sense of harmony, this power of weighing and attaining a just balance of parts, made every work, however small, executed by him, a perfect whole, and was one source of the expression of deep repose in Petrie's works, conveyed, not only in quiet scenes, but in such effects of storm and mist as in "The Fort of Dun Ængus," in Aranmore, or "The Reeks at Killarney."

In the year 1826 the Royal Hibernian Academy opened their first exhibition. Among the honorary members were Sir Thomas Lawrence and Sir Martin Archer Shee, while in the list of academicians and associates appear the names of James Gandon, George Petrie, Rothwell, and Haverty. This year Petrie exhibited one of his largest and finest works—Ardfinane Castle.

The pictures exhibited by Petrie in the following year seem to bear a twofold interest. In these works, as in very many of those of after-years, the subject chosen has an historic as well as a picturesque value. The scenes are—The Round Tower of Killbannon, in the county of Galway, and the great pagan fortress of Dun Ængus, which boldly faces the Atlantic on the summit of the cliffs of Aranmore.

The next year his name was enrolled among the academicians, and he exhibited two pictures, the Twelve Pins in Connemara, and the Last Round of the Pilgrims at Clonmacnoise. The latter was painted by him for the album of

Mrs. Haldiman, to which Turner, Danby, and others contributed at the same time.

He afterwards repeated this subject on a larger scale, and it was purchased by the Royal Irish Art Union for the sum of 100 guineas. The following letter will be read with interest:—

My Dear Sir,—I beg to acquaint you that I am now ready to place in the hands of the Committee of the Royal Irish Art Union my picture of Clonmacnoise, and I have also to beg that you will do me the kindness to express to that truly patriotic body my deep sense of gratitude, not only for the honour conferred upon me by their very liberal purchase of my work, but for their considerate kindness in allowing me such ample time to endeavour to make it, as far as my humble abilities could do so, in some degree worthy of their approbation, and conducive to their enlightened objects. I cannot, indeed, flatter myself that my labours have been to any large extent successful; but I trust, at least, that it will be apparent that I have not failed from any want of patient exertion, or anxious desire to give satisfaction. I trust also that it will be apparent that my aim was something beyond that of the ordinary class of portrait landscape, and, therefore, more difficult of attainment. It was my wish to produce an Irish picture somewhat historical in its object, and poetical in its sentiment—a landscape composed of several of the monuments characteristic of the past history of our country, and which will soon cease to exist, and to connect with them the expression of human feelings equally belonging to our history, and which are destined to a similar extinction.

In short, I desired to produce a picture which might have an interest and value, not merely pictorial, beyond the present time, and thus connect my name with that of the Art Union Association, and with the history of art in Ireland. And, with this feeling, I did my best to adhere to local as well as general truth at whatever cost to the pictorial attraction of the work, and to adopt such a treatment of effect as might conduce to the sentiment of the picture without unfitting it for the purpose of a popular print, if it should ever be deemed worthy to be engraved.

I again beg to express my gratitude to the Committee, and remain, my dear sir, &c.

In 1829 he painted a picture called "The Knight and the Lady," also with the object of illustrating at once the scenery,

antiquities, and ancient legends of his country. The scene is laid in Comeen Dubh, or the Black Valley, in the county of Kerry. This picture is perfectly exceptional, as regards the style of Petrie, from its singular depth of colouring. The second picture is of the Culdean Abbey, in the island of Inis-nambeo, or the Island of the Living, in the county of Tipperary.*

The office of Librarian to the Hibernian Academy was accepted by Petrie in the year 1830, and he then exhibited no less than six pictures. Of these, five are in monochrome, and were made to illustrate the "Northern Tourist." They are exquisite in drawing and effect of light and shade. The sixth represents the Holy Well of St. Bridget, in the county of Clare, and is intended to illustrate the custom of Well-worship so long followed in Ireland. This picture is now before the writer. A rapid rivulet runs round the steep banks of a little promontory, clothed on one side with wild wood. Behind this is the holy well, surrounded by kneeling figures. In the back-ground, their soft and golden hues changing into purple with the fall of the valley, rise the green hills of Clare. A pillar stone, bearing an inscribed cross, crowns the promontory, round which groups of pilgrims, in the old dress of red and purple, are in attitudes of prayer, or standing in meditation. This picture is a gem of colour—a history, not only of days gone by, but of the lasting hold which the early faith has taken on the hearts of the people in the present

* Of this church Giraldus Cambrensis says:—

"In North Munster is a lake containing two isles; in the greater is a church of the ancient religion, and in the lesser a chapel, whereon a few monks, called Culdees, devoutly serve God. In the greater, no woman, nor any animal of the feminine gender enters, that does not immediately die. This has been proved by many experiments. In the lesser no one can die. This is called Insula Viventium, or the Island of the Living."

The church, according to Dr. Reeves, was founded in the eighth century.

day. For these wells, originally belonging to pagan times, have a double claim to popular worship. They were places of healing in pre-Christian ages, and were sanctified by the blessing of the early missionaries; and the reverence still paid to them marks, not only the piety of the people, but the tenacity with which the Celtic races, when undisturbed, cling to their ancient customs. There is a passage in the "Leabhar Breac" which bears on the subject, where St. Columba is described as consecrating these wells—

> He blessed three hundred miraculous crosses.
> He blessed three hundred wells which were constant.

Two more paintings of holy wells were executed by Petrie, and are now in the possession of Sir William Wilde.

At the exhibition of 1831 he had nine pictures. Of these the most important were "Llanberis Lake;" "The Eagle's Nest," at Killarney; "The Glen of the Horse," also at Killarney, and "Gougane Barra." There are also three small pictures of scenes in Galway as well as of the Windmills at Rathgar, and of Knockmoy Abbey and Bridge. The most remarkable of these pictures is "Gougane Barra," now in possession of Mr. Callwell. The subject is the hermitage of St. Finbar, situated on a lake between Cork and Bantry. The lake is surrounded by hills, whose apparent height is increased by a shrouding veil of mist while the sky is overcast with dark clouds. There is a partial break in this gloomy canopy overhead through which a single sunray falls perpendicularly on the still waters of the lonely lake, on the ruins, and the wild wood which hangs above them, as if to show that even in its desolation and ruin, and in storm and darkness, some light from heaven still falls on this old scene of Christian worship. There is in this picture a depth as well as transparency of colour, and a solemnity of effect equalled only by that of the "Circle of Stones" of which we shall speak hereafter.

In the year 1821, Petrie first visited the islands of Aran. On that occasion he made studies for his picture of "Teampull Brecan." This work was then laid by. On the occasion of his second visit to these islands, in 1857, he corrected his original drawings, and in the following year finished this painting, having returned to it with a refreshed memory and more vivid impressions of the scene. To an ordinary artist the subject would offer but little attraction. In the three islands of Aran we see repeated in a more decided way that singular formation of the carboniferous limestone which extends for a great distance along the north-western coast of Clare. These islands lie low and flat, and, except at the western side, are devoid of anything like cliff scenery. Vast slabs of rock form the surface of the islands, and no tree is to be found, save here and there the mystic elder overshadowing the bed of some early saint. The growth of timber is rendered impossible by the absence of soil and by the masses of spray drifting across from the stormy Atlantic. Yet these singular islands cannot be called barren. In the deep fissures dividing these great masses of gray rock the forms of the "Maiden-hair fern" rise in luxuriance like a fringe of delicate green around them, mingled with wild flowers of every hue. The picture represents the Seven Churches or the College of St. Brecan. They stand in a little hollow, apparently produced by the sinking of the strata, and form, with their high-pitched gables, a lowly yet wonderfully picturesque group. Beyond them the rocky expanse falls towards the deep blue sea, while in the distance rise the high mountains of Connemara.

Petrie's works may be divided into two classes; his simply landscape pictures and those which have an additional interest as illustrative of national antiquities.

The most striking characteristics of his landscape works are the power of conveying simple poetry; the sense of solitude without gloom; his skilful use of effects of storm

and mist in giving grandeur to scenes otherwise insignificant; and his delicate aërial tones and sunlit mists. Perhaps the highest effort of his genius as a landscape painter is "The Home of the Heron." The scene is laid in Lough Atree; the view is taken from the southern shore of the lake, looking into one of the deep valleys in the Connemara range, called Glenhoghan, and embraces the little group of islands from which the lake has derived its name. These islands are adorned with trees of native growth now scarcely to be found elsewhere within the barony, and hence the largest island of the group has been taken possession of by the herons, which are numerous in the district, and which have been allowed to retain it as a sanctuary and a home. The day has been wet, but towards evening the clouds have dispersed, the sun bursts forth, and the mists, rising as steam from the mountain-sides in the western light, form a rainbow-tinted veil of a most ideal loveliness, softening the rugged outlines of the peaked and barren mountains, and mingling their distant summits with the delicate blue of the heaven above. The delicacy, tenderness, and transparency in the painting of this picture, the high imaginative power shown in the treatment of the subject, make it worthy of a place amongst the highest efforts of landscape art in the kingdom.

Of his works of the second class, those illustrative of our national antiquities, we would specify his picture of the monumental circle of stones on the Caah Hill, near Dungiven, in the county of Londonderry. The subject of this picture is one of the Celtic sepulchral monuments of pagan times, commonly called Druidic temples, and which are extremely numerous in many parts of Ireland. The circle is one of several still remaining on the mountain, which, according to the tradition of the peasantry of the district, are the tombs of the chiefs slain in a great battle fought here, and from these the mountain has received its name of

Caah or Battle-hill. The tall stones raise their dark forms against the saffron sky, through which the evening star is just appearing and shedding its soft light, while a few cattle stand perfectly motionless on the horizon. The sense of solitude and breathless silence conveyed in this picture, and the deep poetry in the simple treatment of the whole, can be felt only by those who have seen it.

The painter may become the interpreter of nature in a two-fold sense, not merely as presenting her forms and her colours to the outward eye, but as he has received, so also may he teach her more exalted lessons, and help to spread abroad her high and holy truths. We gain an insight into the artist life of Petrie when we remember that in his work this end and purpose was ever present to his mind. He painted less for the world's taste than to make his pictures subservient to a higher aim. Hence we may trace that idealization in so many of his works, where, without departing from truth of outline or form in the smallest degree, yet by the seizure of certain effects he could glorify scenes of perhaps little comparative interest, having the power of a mind which could turn all it touched to gold. Often has the writer heard him say: "We cannot get the full effect and beauty of nature; but we can paint her so as to convey her spiritual lessons in however faint a degree."

In all Petrie's drawings, from his early monochrome studies of architectural remains to the greater efforts of his later days, we may see how he has made the efforts of man, as well as those of nature, subserve the same purpose; and we should dwell on their perfect truthfulness of detail, and the undefinable and indescribable charm of spirituality with which they are invested. This quality is difficult to analyze; it does not depend on addition or subtraction of any detail of form, for his representations are faithful to the most minute particular; but it seems to arise from a power—of which the artist was unconscious—of

holding communion with his subjects. All the points of historical knowledge, all the memories of collateral events, and all the thoughts of a reflecting, poetic, and a loving soul, as to the past, present, and future of the people with whose story these remains were connected, arose before him as he painted; and so over all his works, a sad and sunset gold is made to shine, and we see the rude and early Oratory, the Primitive church, the Cistercian abbey, and the Norman castle, through the mental light of him who seemed born to be at once their preserver and their historian.

It may be profitable to search out the key to Petrie's mind, that mind which influenced him in all his labours, and gave to his paintings their distinctive character.

The poetry of Wordsworth had made a deep impression upon him. From his early years to the last period of his life, Wordsworth was the author to whose works he always referred, as affording examples of the highest poetic feeling, tempered by judgment, and as conveying lessons imbued with a calm and chastened philosophy. The descriptions of nature by this great poet bear a striking resemblance to the landscape painting of Petrie. In both we find the same perception of the beautiful, the same dwelling on scenes of simple nature, the same use of natural objects as means to an end, that end being the elevation of the heart, and the training of the mind to thoughts of purity and love. Great as he felt the powers of Shelley, Keats, and Byron to be in their word-painting of nature, yet he had comparatively little sympathy with works of poets who, gifted with a highly sensuous organization, felt more enjoyment than he did in the stronger effects of light, colour and gloom. Their descriptions which, in their truth and strength, are the language of vehement feeling, passion, grief, and even despair, were not in harmony with his nature. The wonderful word-painting of Scott, both in his prose and verse, he fully estimated; but it was in Wordsworth that he found a

responsive chord to his own genius—calm, sober, cheerful, and meditative.

He looked at nature as Wordsworth did, not alone in its beauty and its grandeur, to be considered as a source of pleasure or of wonder, but as a teacher, whose lessons embraced the right apprehension of all ennobling thought, all moral, all chastened pleasure,—all hope, and holy resignation—a teacher that told at once of origin and end, of birth and death, of beneficent purpose and charity, of change and immortality. To realize such feelings is a task difficult to all, and impossible to many; nor can any one be successful in so doing who is not given a mind at once philosophical and poetic, and who has not delighted in the quiet contemplation of nature from his earliest days.

Into the heart of such a man her lessons sink silently; he finds the workings of the law of love everywhere; sees God's beauty poured forth over the whole world, and feels his own mind advancing on the path which is to end in light.

CHAPTER II.

EXTRACTS FROM TOURS.

WHILE in other countries of Europe the progress of civilization for many centuries has caused the disappearance of a large number of their early monuments, the same cannot be said of Ireland, where such are still to be found in a strange abundance, and, if not in a perfect, at least in a fragmentary state. Sepulchral remains, from the lowly kistvaen to the great tumuli on the Boyne, monoliths, stone circles, and cromlechs, some presenting primitive carvings, abound. The remains of ancient military architecture, from the little rath to the great cahirs on the western coast are broadcast over

the land; and the same may be said of the early churches and greater ecclesiastical establishments. If to all this be added the richness of public and private collections in implements and weapons of stone and bronze, in early ornaments of gold and silver, and in examples of Christian art, to say nothing of the great mass of historical manuscripts preserved in the public libraries, at home and abroad,—it may safely be said, as regards Ireland, that few countries possess such abundant materials for the study of its history through its remains of antiquity.

The following words of Petrie, taken from the manuscript preface of his tours in 1821, should be read by all who seek to deal with the history of Ireland:—

The antiquities of a nation and its history are indissolubly linked together, and to shine brightly each requires a reflected light from the other. Indeed it may be truly said that ignorance of the one gives abundant proof of ignorance, or, at best, superficial knowledge, of the other. On the indispensableness of such an union, the literature of Ireland affords a striking example. We have had historians, who, knowing little or nothing of our antiquities, have given full scope to their imagination, and have substituted the wildest theories for historic truth; and we have had antiquaries who knew equally little of our history, and who have attempted to illustrate our ancient remains by bold assertion and fanciful conjecture, in the place of unprejudiced inquiry and historical research. The consequence is that both our history and antiquities shared the same fate, and were equally regarded by the literary world as undeserving of attention. This peculiarity in the literature of Ireland has chiefly grown out of the unfortunate circumstances in which the country has been placed, her historians, being, for the most part, of ancient native origin, suffering under the accumulated evils of poverty and degradation, have had neither leisure nor inclination to pursue the laborious study of antiquities, but have found a more soothing occupation in learning the romantic legends of her ancient bards, and in recounting to the world the tales derived from such sources, of the real or imaginary glory of their ancestors. The few who have turned their attention to the antiquities of Ireland have been of a different class and origin. These persons have taken up

the subject to bring it into contempt, and have consequently paid no attention to the historical documents by which they could be illustrated, as foreign to the object for which they, unworthily, laboured. Therefore it has been so often and so fairly asked, where are the proofs of the early colonization and ancient civilization of Ireland of which you boast so much? If those tribes who peopled Ireland had any claim to a rank superior to that of the rudest savages, should we be without a vestige of antiquity to give evidence of this elevation; and if Ireland, during the darkness that overspread Europe, was the lonely, distant, bright place, from which the light was brought that she now shines in, would that blessed sanctuary have preserved no living memorial of the mind of man, and of the arts by which he is ennobled, and which, however injured by time and barbarism, would be preserved by the owners of both, as sacred relics, the more dear on that account? To questions such as these, so triumphantly put, no answer has been given, but idle declamation built on authority that has not seen the light, and etymologies that should never have left the shade; and the learned have universally formed the natural conclusion, that the history and antiquities of Ireland, previous to the English invasion, are wholly unworthy of notice, or, at best, involved in obscurity and darkness, such as no sane mind would venture to penetrate. A conviction of this kind existed in my own mind, till an indulgence in my professional taste for the picturesque, gave me an opportunity of examining some of our ancient architectural remains. These ruins appeared to me so singular in their style, and so unlike what I had been previously acquainted with, that I became animated by a desire to see more of those interesting remains, and to endeavour by extensive observation, in conjunction with historical research, to ascertain the period to which such should be assigned. The notes made during this investigation suggested the ideas and furnished the chief part of the materials of the present volume. I present them to the public in the light form of a tour, in preference to that of a scientific and serious antiquarian work, because I am equally doubtful of my capability to write such a work, or the inclination of the public to read it. The plan I have adopted also gives me an opportunity of combining a quantity of matter relative to the present state of parts of the country and its inhabitants now little known, which may be more curious to the general reader and equally interesting to posterity. After all, however, I am not

without serious apprehension that I have indulged in a detail of architectural peculiarities that will require an antiquarian taste to tolerate. If so, I can only say that I was forced into these minutiæ by the novelty of the subject, and my desire to lead the unprejudiced reader to ascertain the truth of the conclusions which I had formed, by placing him in my own position, and by furnishing him, as far as the case admits, with the same opportunity of becoming acquainted with our antiquities as I had once previously enjoyed myself. Had the ground I have passed over been trodden before me, this attention to all the peculiarities of the road would have been less necessary; as it is, I have therefore only to hope that after the various tours in Ireland, hitherto published, which have been received with favour, one more immediately antiquarian and picturesque now added to the number will meet from the public a portion of indulgence.

From this extract it is easy to divine what was the opinion of Petrie as to the character of the three tours in Ireland brought out by Cromwell, Wright, and Brewer, of all of which it may be said, that their sole attraction consists in the illustrations from his pencil. So far as the antiquarian character of these works is concerned, we may regard them as utterly without value. In fact, the absence of any reference in them to the many beautiful antiquarian drawings supplied by Petrie, is at once curious and eminently characteristic of the times. However, Petrie's design of bringing out himself a series of tours, antiquarian and topographical, was never to be realized, and the information collected for this end was in part used in his greater scientific works in later years, while the beautiful descriptive passages—the little touches of human feeling and sympathy with all that is simple and holy in nature—have lain for more than forty years unknown and forgotten. Some such passages the writer will now bring forward, feeling assured that they will best reveal to his readers the tender nature, the calm and philosophic spirit of their author.

These tours commence with a description of his first view

of the Shannon and the contemplations that filled his mind when standing on the bridge of Athlone and gazing down into its waters. He then passes on to Clonmacnoise, Killconnell, Lough Corrib, Connemara, the islands off that coast, including those of Aran, ending with a detailed account of the antiquities and topography of the county of Clare.

It was in the year 1820, when, standing on the bridge of Athlone, I first saw the Shannon, that noblest river of the British Islands, which, flowing through the centre of Ireland, anciently marked the bounds of distant and generally rival principalities, and, still forming the eastern boundary, is distinguished by many peculiar and interesting features. In that year I followed the stream along its eastern bank to the ocean, and more recently I have traversed its shores to its source.

It is at all times a noble and interesting object, broad, deep, and clear, and in its flow quiet and majestic, frequently expanding into spacious lakes studded with green islands, once the hallowed retreats of ancient learning and piety, reflecting, as it sweeps along, many round towers and other interesting monuments of ancient times, which ornament its grassy banks. It rises at an elevation of 260 feet above the sea, and runs a course of 200 miles, washing in its progress the walls of several fair towns, of which Carrick, Athlone, and, above all, Limerick, first claim notice. Yet, for the most part, it pours along its mighty stream in solitude and silence. I have been for days continuously on its banks without seeing a single bark aslant its surface, and without hearing a sound except the solitary shot of the sportsman.

In ancient times this river, now so quiet and lonely, was usually studded with barks of wicker and hide. It was often the scene of fierce conflicts, and frequently bore upon its shining surface the fleets of the hardy northern invaders, who, for half a century, rode triumphantly on its waters, and carried death and devastation to the various religious houses seated within its islands or near its shores. To secure their dominion of the great river they built fortresses then deemed impregnable; and to the facilities afforded by the situation to a people so skilled in naval tactics, may be chiefly ascribed the temporary subjugation of Ireland to their lion sway.

Of his first impressions on visiting Clonmacnoise he writes :—

It was not without a considerable feeling of romance that we approached this, the most interesting spot that our island affords; nor without some emotion of awe that we entered its lonely and sacred precincts. Once the chief seat of piety and learning of the *Insula Sanctorum*, now a place hardly known to the inhabitants of Ireland, yet for ages held the most sacred and venerated; the Iona of Ireland, which her princes embellished, and containing the tombs of her noblest in blood. Journeying thither, we indulged our fancy in such pleasing anticipations as that we should find, among the ruins of those ancient temples, sufficient evidence that Ireland was not ignorant of architectural art, as practised in Europe during the early ages of Christianity; and that among the tombs we should discover inscriptions which would show her ancient history was not, as is generally believed, a fable. Those pleasing hopes were more than realized.

The following letter to his newly married wife has an interest in showing that while employed in working for the public taste as a professional artist, he was not unmindful of those higher objects to which he had at so early a period directed his attention :—

BIRR, August 1st, 1820.

I have been for two days at Clonmacnoise, a wild spot on the banks of the Shannon, where there are the remains of ten or eleven churches and two round towers. I have got some delightful subjects, and have been so singularly fortunate as to meet with several Irish monumental inscriptions of the sixth and seventh centuries, which will go further towards establishing the truth of our ancient records, than all the writings of the learned for the last two hundred years. The event has, in truth, put my mind into a greater state of fermentation than I can recollect to have experienced for several years. To-day I have been till now (four o'clock), sketching a nobleman's seat here (Lord Rosse's) which, though very fine, cost me a great deal too much time; but, in fact, it has been the same with all the subjects of that character which I have hitherto done; less than four or five hours will not suffice for one sketch. The weather continues broken and windy. I should not have been able

to sketch to-day but for the leeward side of a haycock, which I had the good fortune to meet with. Notwithstanding the very bad weather we have had, I have made a considerable number of sketches for the time.

GEO. PETRIE.

FIRST VISIT TO CLONMACNOISE.

The road from Shannon Harbour to Cluain M'Noise presents no interesting feature. Extensive views of flat moory ground partake indeed of the character of desolation that surrounds and harmonizes with the solitary ruins we were journeying to, but not sufficiently so to affect the mind, and we look in vain for the Irish Ganges, the mighty Shannon, which is shut out from view by a range of calcareous hills along the eastern shore, to relieve the mind from the oppression of the surrounding dreariness.

At about a mile from Clonmacnoise we ascended these hills, and saw the ivied round towers on an eminence below us, but the Shannon was still concealed, and neither the towers nor the scenery assumed a striking character till, on descending through these hills, we found ourselves suddenly among the ruins on the bank of the great river. Here, indeed, we looked at each other with expressions of excited astonishment, and involuntarily exclaimed, "This is worth having travelled for."

Let the reader picture to himself a gentle eminence on the margin of a noble river, on which, amongst majestic stone crosses and a multitude of ancient grave-stones, are placed two lofty round towers and the ruins of seven or eight churches, presenting almost every variety of ancient Christian architecture. A few lofty ash trees, that seem of equal antiquity and sanctity, wave their nearly leafless branches among the silent ruins above the dead. To the right an elevated causeway carries the eye along the river to the ruins of an ancient nunnery, and on the left still remain the ruins of an old castle, once the palace of the bishops, not standing, but rather tumbled about in huge masses on the summit of a lofty mound or rath, surrounded by a ditch or fosse, which once received the waters from the mighty stream, now no longer necessary. The background is everywhere in perfect harmony with the nearer objects of this picture; the chain of bare hills on either side, now sere and wild, but once rich with woodland beauty,

shut out the inhabited country we so lately left, and the eye and mind are free to wander with the majestic river in all its graceful windings in an uninhabited and uninhabitable desert, till it is lost in the obscurity of distance! Loneliness and silence, save the sounds of the elements, have here an almost undisturbed reign. Sometimes, indeed, the attention is drawn by the scream of the wild-fowl, which inhabit this solitary region, or the shot of the lonely sportsman. At other times we could hear the measured time of the oar, or rather paddle, of a solitary boat, long before the little speck in the water became visible; and the melancholy song of the shepherd or the milk-girl, might sometimes be heard in the boggy flat, although the singer was too remote to be visible. To such sounds I have been glad to turn for company during the course of the day.

Readers who have had no experience of the feelings excited in the mind by scenes like this, can have little idea of the deep effect they are capable of producing, and will, perhaps, smile when I tell them that I have felt a degree of regret when the song of the milk-girl ceased, and the paddle of the boatman would be no longer heard, and when the little dusk figure of the fisherman was no longer found on the margin of the river, like the depression caused by parting with a friend whom we do not expect to meet for a long time again.

This landscape, so striking and harmonious, is rendered still more affecting by the appropriate figures of groups of pilgrims that give at once increased interest and picturesqueness to the scene.

This is but an outline of Clonmacnoise, such as may be intelligible to general readers. The deep interest which this astonishing place afforded in detail, can only be appreciated by the enthusiastic painter or accomplished antiquary. The former will understand the kind of delight with which I was inspired by those groups of pilgrims, clothed in draperies of the most picturesque form, and the most splendid and varied colours. The aged sinner supported by his pilgrim's staff, barefooted and bareheaded, his large gray coat, the substitute for the forbidden cloak or mantle, sweeping the road, his white hair floating on the disregarded wind! The younger man, similarly attired, whose face betrays the deepest guilt, hurrying along with energetic strides. The females of all ages, to whom uninquiring faith and enthusiastic devotion seem natural and characteristic; but, above all, the young and beautiful

girl, with pale face, blue eyes, long black eye-lashes, and dark hair, whose look betrays no conscious guilt, in the midst of her sighing prayers, but rather a feeling of love and devotion; who, notwithstanding her religious duties, is not so entirely unconscious of the power of her beauty, but that she can spare an occasional glance towards the strangers who are endeavouring to fix her figure on their paper or on their memories—a figure, as a friend well observed, that no one but Raphael could draw.

Such are the poor remains of the once celebrated Cluainmacnoise, for a considerable time the chief retreat, not alone of piety, but also of such learning as the age possessed. A place which the petty kings of three of the provinces of Ireland contributed to adorn; a spot so sacred, that all that were high in the land desired it as their last resting-place.

In another journal he adds:—

It will be seen from the above outline, that the scenery of Clonmacnoise is of a character altogether lonely, sublime, and poetic. These qualities are rather enhanced than abated by the appearance of the figures usually found here, and which are so identified in character with the ruins, that they may be truly said to belong to each other. These figures are of pilgrims who come hither from various and frequently the most remote parts of Ireland, to court the favour or avert the displeasure of God by a long and painful penance. Their simple costumes, of every varied colour, give animation to the landscape, while the character of their countenances presents subjects for observation of the deepest interest.

They consist chiefly of females and men of middle age, in whose physiognomies the indications of intense devotion or despairing guilt are often strongly defined. Characters of a more pleasing kind, however, are by no means uncommon. The anxious mother may be seen endeavouring to procure health for her decaying child; the blind and decrepid to obtain deliverance from their ailments; the unfortunate to obtain a cessation of their afflictions; and the aged, with their white locks floating on the wind, shortening their road to a better world by a toilsome penance in this. Their attitudes too, and the situations in which they are grouped, are often in the highest degree picturesque and striking. Sometimes kneeling or prostrated round a grassy hollow—the ruins of some holy

shrine; at other times creeping on their bare knees to some place of still higher sanctity; now arranged in silent prayer round the rude but gorgeously sculptured stone cross, which they afterwards kiss with the utmost fervency of devotion; and now, hurrying rapidly along to some more distant object of worship. In all their movements there is an abstracted intensity of feeling that carries the mind back to remote times, and a rapturous expression of devotion and holy love may occasionally be observed, which a philosophic observer might, perhaps, envy or wish to participate in. The casualties of season or weather are wholly disregarded, and the observations of strangers unnoticed. Figures of a higher rank and less picturesque costume seldom appear here, and such indeed I have seen but once. They were a lady and her two daughters, habited in elegant mourning dresses, who, entering the graveyard with hurried step, advanced to a tomb of recent erection, round which they knelt in silent prayer for an hour or two, while the tears which flowed continually down their cheeks showed the intensity of the sorrow which brought them hither. After they had retired, I had the curiosity to examine to whom the monument had been raised. He was a gentleman of the name of Coghlan, a descendant of the ancient princes of the country.

Such are the figures usually to be seen among the ruins of Clonmacnoise. Few days however pass over, in which it does not, for a while, present a scene of wild commotion, when the silent solitude is disturbed by the *ulligaun* or death-cry, raised as some peasant of the country is borne to the grave of his ancestors. On those occasions the sorrowing kindred of those interred here, give full vent to their excited feelings of grief and affection at sight of their graves, throwing themselves on the grassy hillocks, which they kiss and press with melancholy ardour, now praying fervently, and now making the most distressing lamentations. These noisy, temporary visitors are not less in character with the place than the silent pilgrims who usually haunt this desolate ruin. Both alike come for those purposes that brought others here for more than a thousand years, with the same customs and ceremonies, the same lamentations and death-cry, and the same peculiar and intense feelings. Then, indeed, when the *ulligaun* was raised, it was for some person of the highest rank or glory, and among the pilgrims might be seen the richly-adorned figures of princes leaving their caps and sandals at the church door,

and, with staff in hand, performing the routine of penances now only the duty of the peasant.

But Clonmacnoise herself was then proud and splendid, the bells of her lofty towers were heard with joy by the distant traveller, and her temples, shaded by the solemn gloom of the sacred grove, resounded to the eternal praises of the living God. The figures seen here on those days were, therefore, not more appropriate than those found now, which, like the falling temples they wander amongst, and the dead and dying trees that shade them, all equally belong to other times and other feelings.

The number of pilgrims who came annually to *perform* at Clonmacnoise was, even to a recent period, very great; but their number is daily declining—so much so indeed, that on a recent visit here we have passed a whole day without seeing one. What can be conceived more solitary than Clonmacnoise at such times! It is in scenes like these that the social habits of man are most strongly felt; for the deserted memorial of man's former greatness strikes the imagination with a greater sense of loneliness than the most dreary mountain solitude.

The appearance of a canoe on the silent stream, or a fisherman—a little speck on the river's bank—or a fowler pushing his boat through the long rushes in pursuit of the wild birds that make such solitudes their homes, these have been marked by us at Clonmacnoise with pleasing interest; and the loud sounds of the boatman's paddles, the disappearance of the fisherman, or the discontinuance of the sportsman's shots, have excited a feeling of regret that we should have hardly supposed possible but for such experiences.

To the student of Irish history there is not a lesson more striking or more sad than may be drawn from the state of desecration of our ancient churches and places of sepulture. Without and within the abbey walls, neglect and confusion are everywhere apparent. The church is often a shelter for cattle, while noisome weeds grow through the confused mass of broken tombstones. From a natural clinging to the sanctity of the place, the poor peasant seeks to inter the remains of those he loved within the walls of the old church, ruined though they be. Old graves are thus violated, and heaps

of skulls and whitened bones fill the corners of the building. This is no exaggerated picture, as they will find who visit many of the ruined abbeys of Ireland, of which the remains still exist to tell the story of centuries of violence, confiscation, and decay.

On this feature of the country, Petrie, alluding in his journal to the condition of the ruins of Clonmacnoise, thus wrote nearly half a century ago :—

The graveyard has ever been held sacred to pensive meditation and to moral thought. It is there that the tears of the child, which the cares and the pleasures of life have dried up, burst forth afresh for the parent whose beloved voice can never in this world be heard again. Thither the good repair, to offer their tribute at the shrine of departed excellence, and the lover of liberty and truth, to give honour to the noble and virtuous. In such a place none but the best feelings of our nature are called forth; and he must be base indeed who can depart from the solemn abode of death without being excited to useful thought, and feeling a wish that he had been, or might yet be, a better man. Hence the pious care that the tomb has ever received among civilized communities; and there cannot be a more striking proof given of the want of proud and honorable feeling, or the excess of national debasement, than in this reckless indifference to the sacred monuments of the dead.

Happy England! Well may she boast of her clean and ornamented cemeteries, and well may she glory in her national mausoleum. What a contrast do the former offer to the neglected and unsightly graveyards of Ireland, and how striking and impressive the living splendour of the latter, as compared with that which contains the best blood of Ireland!

Both are situated on the banks of mighty rivers, but that which reflects the lofty towers of the one, shows them surrounded with the splendour of the proudest city of the world, and it bears along its surface the busy hum of a free and happy people. While the equally noble stream which washes the banks of the other, pours its mass of waters through a desert, and reflects no object but the passing cloud and the round towers of other days; and its silence is only disturbed by the occasional wail for the dead, or the scream

of the lonely wild bird that haunts its waters. The temples of the first are still fair and perfect, for they have been since their foundation objects of perpetual care; those of the other are almost gone, for they have been for nearly the same period of time the objects of sacrilege and plunder, till its sanctuaries, no longer worth violating, were consigned to the elements and time to complete the work of ruin.

There is not, perhaps, in Europe a spot where the feeling heart would find more matter for melancholy reflection than among the ancient churches of Clonmacnoise. Its ruined buildings call forth national associations and ideas. They remind us of the arts and literature, the piety and humanity, which distinguished their time, and are the work of a people, who, in a dark age, marched among the foremost on the road to life and civilization, but who were unfortunately checked and barbarized by those who were journeying in the same course and ought to have cheered them on.

Space will not permit the insertion of all Petrie's notes of his tour along the shores of Lough Corrib. The following extract, however, describing his visit to Cong, a village at the head of the lake, will be read with interest:—

It was nearly sunset before we thought of leaving this beautiful and interesting island, yet we could not depart until we ascended its highest promontory, which shelters a beautiful little sandy bay from the western gales, to take a farewell view of Doon Hill, and the mountains of the west, illuminated by rays of the setting sun struggling through ponderous masses of dense clouds. We then embarked, and directed our course to Cong, a small village, once the occasional seat of the Connaught kings. Our voyage was as delightful as could be imagined. The wind abated as the sun sank; and the moon, streaming along the silent lake, arose in harmony with our feelings. Under such circumstances, the romantic beauty of Cong, with its hoary ruins and its ceaseless babble of water, lost nothing of its interest; and we felt, on entering its silent village, as if in a land of fairy romance rather than seeking a night's lodgings amongst a few poor cottages in the west of Ireland.

Will it be believed that the celebrated traveller, Doctor Pococke, has declared that, in all the countries which he visited, he saw no place that possessed so many charms as a little town in the west

of Ireland? He has, however, said so; and that obscure spot is Cong! Such praise from an authority so distinguished may well excite our astonishment, and incline us to doubt its sobriety. But this romantic town possesses, in its charming situation, its picturesque scenery, its varied ruins, its sparry caverns, and subterranean streams, a combination of beautiful and uncommon features, such as could hardly fail to excite enthusiastic admiration in an elegant and cultivated mind.

Cong is situated near the eastern extremity of Lough Corrib, in a wild region of rugged limestone rocks with grassy valleys intervening, which separate that lake from Lough Mask, and through which the waters of the one find their way to the other by subterranean streams, occasionally receiving in their course a dim gleam of sunlight, and again sinking into darkness, until they finally burst out into broad daylight a little above the town, surrounding and embracing it with a joyful and unceasing babble, then uniting form a rapid but silent and beautiful river, flowing into the lake.

This little island town, thus encircled by crystal streams, and full of romantic beauty, contains within its circle about forty houses; the ruins of a noble monastery, a new church, a chapel, and a barrack, and it has three small bridges thrown across the surrounding streams.

The church is a small, tasteless, modern fabric; the house of God, as established by law, being here, as in most other places in Ireland, a building of an inferior sort; it shines forth, however, in all the splendour of whitewash and plaster.

I have more than once had to express my contempt for the wretched architectural abortions in the shape of churches; buildings, which, if taste be progressive with civilization, will be monuments of barbarism to succeeding ages, disreputable to the people, the clergy, and the Government. For the Roman Catholics some apology may be made, arising from the political situation of that portion of the community. The laws have been calculated to make them poor and barbarous; and their religious edifices are the work of a population whose resources were totally inadequate to the creation of nobler buildings. They are, it is true, but wretched barns; but it must also be remembered that they make no pretension to anything more. But can the same plea of poverty and ignorance be made for those strange deformities which meet the

eye everywhere in the shape of churches? Is the Protestant community so poor, and does the Church want means; or is it that want of architectural knowledge and of taste are equally characteristic of the members of the Church Establishment? Surely if a religious establishment be necessary to a State, the edifices connected with it should be dignified. If splendour be necessary to strike the imagination of the vulgar and unphilosophical, it should be displayed as much in the temples of religion as in the luxurious equipages of its dignitaries. The fact is, that however lukewarm may have been the piety of the Church Establishment, and the manner in which its great wealth is appropriated contributes to make it so, it is still more characterized by neglect of the cultivation of those arts which refine and give dignity to civilized life.

Thus it is, that even in those instances where a desire animated by piety has existed, the means have been wanting, and so it has rarely called forth anything worthy of its object. The same bad taste that makes the Church dignitaries regardless of the preservation of the interesting remains of the piety of former ages, causes them to bring into existence works undeserving the respect of future time.

The Roman Catholic chapel is a larger edifice, but equally rude in structure and less decently kept. They adjoin each other, and are both erected on the ruins of ancient churches demolished for the purpose.

Such is modern Cong, once the residence of kings, and the seat of a splendid monastery. Its possessions, the gift of the chief of the land, were ample; and in later ages its abbots enjoyed the dignity of the mitre.

The abbey is said to have been founded about 624, by Donald, the son of Hugh, the nephew to Ainmire, king of Ireland; and the great St. Fechin, of Fore, is stated to have been the first abbot; but to the latter honour, St. Molacca seems to have at least an equal claim.

Though we are without any account of the re-erection of the abbey, yet we have abundant evidence, in the style of the present ruins, of its having been rebuilt in the twelfth century, a work which was probably necessary, in consequence of its having been destroyed by fire in 1137.

Immediately after this time it became the retreat of several persons of the highest rank in this country, as Muireadach O'Dubhthaig,

Archbishop of Connaught, who, dying here in May, 1150, was interred in the abbey, and Florence O'Dubhthaig, Bishop of Elphin, who died here in 1168, and Roderick O'Conor, the last king of Ireland, who, borne down by his misfortunes, retired here some fifteen years before his death, which occurred in the eighty-second year of his age, A.D. 1198.

To him the rebuilding of the monastery may, I think, with every probability, be assigned, and it was during his time that it ranked among the Connaught bishoprics. In succeeding ages it has had the honour of giving interment to many eminent persons, particularly of the family of O'Dubhthaig.

At the general suppression, the abbot, Eneas MacDonnald, made a voluntary surrender, and the extensive possessions of the monastery, lying chiefly in the neighbouring baronies of Ross and Kilmain, were granted, with other lands, by Queen Elizabeth, to the Provost and Fellows of the College of the Holy Trinity, near Dublin, for ever, at the annual rent of £24 10*s.* 9*d.*

The interior of the church, as well as the other parts of the abbey, is filled with large monumental flagstones, among which I searched in vain for any of historical interest or remote age till, on the evening preceding my departure, I was told there were two ancient monuments buried deeply in the choir, near the high altar, which had not been uncovered for half a century, and that one was the sepulchre of an abbot and the other of a king of the house of O'Conor.

Being unwilling to leave Cong without discovering whether such curious monuments existed, I had them uncovered by candle-light, and though the result did not answer my expectation, the singular and romantic effect of the search was more than sufficient compensation. While the excavation proceeded, I stood removed from the crowd to enjoy the scene. The figure of the man who was digging was thrown into strong light, from the candles held by those who immediately surrounded him, while, behind, a crowd of shadowy spectators, with outstretched necks and anxious looks, watched in silence the progress of the work.

The strong effect of light and shade on the crowd, and the mystery of the scene, were greatly heightened by the solemn stillness of the background, formed of the ivied wall of the church, while a tranquil moonlight sky was seen through its lofty windows. At the depth of about three feet, they came to the tomb of

O'Conor. It was in front of the altar already noticed, and is undoubtedly a monument of early antiquity; but unfortunately without inscription. A cross was carved down the centre, in the way usual in ancient monuments, and a zigzag ornament adorns the margin.

The tomb of the abbot is also situated immediately in front of the altar, and is probably of even earlier antiquity. It is a marble flag about seven feet long, but broken in the centre, on which is a cross, and an ancient Irish inscription (but part of the cross has been obliterated, and the inscription rendered illegible) for the purpose of commemorating in large raised Roman letters, the name of Abbot Patrick Lynch, who was interred in 1704.

Cong presents another interesting relic in its market-cross, or rather the base of it, for the cross or pillar itself is but a modern substitute for the ancient one.

On the base there is an inscription, in the Irish language, written in Mezzo-Gothic characters of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, commemorating another of the family of O'Dubhthaig, with whose history that of Cong is so closely united, and which has shared in the fate of its decay. The inscription, when translated, reads as follows:—"A prayer for Nichol and for Gillebert O'Dubhthaigh [O'Duffy] who were abbots of Cong."

This cross is one of the very few monuments of the kind that have outlived the everlasting storms of religious zeal. In England such remains are generally regarded as harmless and interesting memorials of the feelings and customs of ancient times. But with the powerful portion of the community here, they are considered only as the idolatrous monuments of a superstitious multitude, which it is our duty to destroy.

It is wonderful, then, that even a fragment of such memorials should still occasionally be found; and this of Cong has been but recently rescued from the destroying zeal of the parish clergyman. His motive was, no doubt, conscientious; but the act—for the cross was actually taken away—was hasty and ill-judged. In a busy and populous town, composed of persons of various creeds, a monument of the kind would probably be but little regarded, and its destruction excite but little regret. But the market-cross of a Catholic village is not merely an object of religious veneration, but also of a variety of enduring associations. It is the spot where the aged meet at the twilight hour for rest and social converse, and

where they have seen their fathers seated before them. It is the spot round which they have played in their youth with companions perhaps no longer to be found. Could the removal or destruction of such a monument be viewed by the little community with apathy? Not in Ireland. The feelings of the inhabitants of Cong were violently excited. The gentry of the neighbourhood were appealed to, and they had the humanity to make the matter a common cause. The press, of course, took it up; but all would probably have been vain, if the law had not been appealed to. An action was marked against the rector, who, to avoid the odium, or, perhaps, the expense attendant upon either victory or defeat, had the obnoxious monument restored to its original situation.

I have to add a few words relative to the natural beauties of Cong, and will first speak of its caves, or pigeon-holes, as they are there called, from being the resort of the wild pigeons. These are either caves, gloomy and terrific as the legends connected with them, or chambers in the living rock, which we may enter at one aperture and come out at another, after proceeding from fifty to one hundred feet; but the most beautiful are those through which rapid streams flow among rocks variegated with transparent calcareous spar, and enriched with plants of verdant brightness. Of this kind, the most striking is about a mile from the village. From above it appears an irregular oval chasm of unimaginable depth; a few ash trees rise from its precipitous sides, from whose graceful branches festoons of ivy hang into the abyss below; a narrow path leads to an angle of the side of the opening, in which is placed a rude but artificial flight of stone steps, sixty-three in number. As we cautiously descend this romantic staircase, and our eyes become accustomed to the dim light of the chasm, we behold, with wonder and admiration, a rapid stream hurrying along below us, with perhaps a few figures on its bank of girls drawing water in vessels from the stream. When we have reached the bottom of the cavern, our wonder is still more excited; we see the river emerging suddenly from the rock on one side, and hurrying along for a while in the illuminated opening of the cavern, and then on the other side entering a dark subterranean gallery, about thirty feet in height, of whose depth we can form no accurate idea. This gallery, from its perpendicular sides and level roof, gives us more the idea of a rude but magnificent work of art than of a sportive creation of nature. In a spot so uncommon and de-

lightful, the imagination becomes excited into extravagance, and every object around us seems the work of enchantment, or the fanciful creation of the mind; we are told it is the abode of fairies, to which we irresistibly assent. Our attention is directed to a large and beautiful silver trout, which, followed by a number of smaller ones of darker colour, struggles incessantly but in vain against the current, unintimidated by the wondering spectator. We are told that this is a beautiful princess who, with her attendants, is thus transformed, and held in magical thraldom.

RENVYLLE.

August.—To-day Mr. Blake had his boat ready to take me to Inniscahir, a large island belonging to the barony of Murrisk, about four leagues distant, which contains an ancient church, cave, and other antiquities; but the weather not proving favourable, we were obliged to be satisfied with a shorter voyage to the Crump Islands, a cluster lying at about the distance of a mile immediately opposite the shore of Renvylle.

Inniscahir, or the Island of the Fort, constitutes one of the ten united parishes of Connemara. I could learn nothing of its antiquities.

The Crump Islands are three in number, and they are individually called Oilen da Chruinne, or the Island of the Shrine; Oilen-nanoinry, or Calf Island; and Oilen-na-Ballybeg, or the Island of the Small House. Of these the first is considerably the largest, and is inhabited by a herdsman and family.

Oilean da Chruinne, like all the islands on this coast, contains a little rude oratory, venerable and interesting for its remote antiquity, having been erected by St. Rioch, or Rue, the holy nephew of the Apostle of Ireland. Our history only tells us that this saint was abbot of Innisbofin, an island of Lough Derg, in addition to which tradition has preserved a recollection of his residence on this remote island, and on the adjoining shore, at the little Killery harbour, where a romantic cemetery, shaded by a group of venerable trees, contains the saint's relics, and is an object of wonder as well as veneration to the rude peasantry who come to worship at the shrine.

There is a cemetery also attached to St. Rioch's church, on Oilean da Chruinne, containing several very ancient headstones,

sculptured with crosses. These graves, according to the tradition of the country, contain the remains of forty strangers, companions of the saint, who had accompanied him from beyond the sea; and it is a singular and interesting instance of how long a fact may be preserved by oral tradition, that these holy persons are invoked in the Litany of St. Aenghus, in the eighth century.

This cemetery is held so sacred by the inhabitants of the adjoining shores, that it would be deemed a crime of the deepest dye to disturb the ashes it contains. They believe that the body of any person interred within its holy precincts would be indignantly exhumed by the spirits of the place, and cast on the neighbouring shore. In proof of this belief, they say that this mode of expressing ghostly indignation actually occurred in the only instance in which their temper was tried, when, about forty years ago, a corpse was interred here for the first time, it was found above ground on the following morning, in a little cemetery on the opposite shore; and here it was deemed most prudent to leave it instead of subjecting it a second time to the anger of the spirits.

KILFENORA.

The notes of Petrie's visit to Kilfenora consist mainly of architectural details of its ancient churches, with an account of the sanctuary crosses of the old establishment, three of which have disappeared since the following account was written :—

Of the seven crosses of Kilfenora five only remain. Of the other two one fell about three years ago and was destroyed. The second fell and was broken last year; but has, as I understand, been sent to Killaloe, at the desire of the present bishop of that diocese, to be re-erected there, where it will serve as a memorial of feeling and good taste, too uncommon, I regret to say, in this country.

In the early ages of Christianity, crosses were erected for various purposes, but most usually as sepulchral monuments. The custom originated in the necessity of distinguishing the graves of the Christians from those of the pagans, or, as Jerome has it, "The sheep from the goats." "So," he adds, "might the worshippers of Christ, beholding the sign of life, understand that a servant of the faith of the cross was there buried, and delay not to offer to their Creator their prayers for his soul." And, it appears,

from the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick, that even so early as that saint's time, the usage had become common in this country. It is not extinct yet in some of the wild parts of the island, as I remarked at Kilmacduach.

Of the crosses of Kilfenora, three only appear to belong to this class. They are in the churchyard, one standing, the others prostrate, neglected, and almost hidden by the accumulation of earth and weeds about them. They are not very large, but are among the most curious I have seen from the singularity of their sculptures.

The four remaining crosses were of a more splendid character, and appear to have been erected as termini or boundary stones, to define the limits of the sanctuary of the church. Instances of crosses supposed to have been erected for this purpose in England, are to be found at Ripon, in Yorkshire (Hist. of Ripon, p. 86), and at Hornsby, in Norfolk (Archæologia, vol. xiv., 40); but the obviousness of their intention and the peculiarity of their situation are less strikingly pointed out in those examples than in that of the crosses of Kilfenora.

These stones stand on the four great roads, which run at right angles into the town from the surrounding country, and though two of them have been long destroyed, there is little reason to doubt that they marked the extremities of the sanctuaries at the period of their erection. But their use is more clearly demonstrated by a prophetic malediction, originally intended to aid the object for which they were raised, and still traditionally preserved, though its purpose has been long forgotten. Its import in English is, that the MacDonagh, chief of a neighbouring clan, generally in hostility with the O'Conors and O'Loghlins, "who should spill blood within the four crosses of Kilfenora will be accursed, and meet his death within the year."

The fate of two of these cresses has been already told. That which is totally destroyed stood at the entrance into the town from the eastern side. That which has been removed to Killaloe, stood at the south of Innistymon road, about a quarter of a mile from the present extremity of the town. The third, which is on the north side, is still more distant, and is likely soon to follow the fate of the first, being at present broken and prostrate.

This is called the cross of Bishop Shanny, or, probably, Seanach, a prelate whose memory is held in great veneration, and who,

according to tradition, erected the cross and lived here in old times. If any weight be allowed to oral record, this is a curious instance of its preserving facts that history had lost. The names of the bishops of Kilfenora are unknown prior to its erection; but the probability of the truth of the tradition is much increased by the existence of a monastery church of great antiquity in the immediate neighbourhood, called Killshanny, built by, or dedicated to, a saint of that name; and it is also remarkable that though several saints of the name flourished in Ireland during the earlier ages of the Church, it is impossible to point out, with any certainty, the see to which even the most remarkable belonged.

The fourth cross is situated at the extremity of the village on the east side, and is the only one that I had an opportunity of examining; but, as I was told by the inhabitants, these crosses were in every respect similar, so that a description of one may suffice for the rest. It is a single block of gray marble, ornamented on all sides, 16 feet high, 1 foot thick, and 3 feet wide at the base, but decreasing a little as it ascends.

The sculpture on the west side is merely ornamental work, and exhibits at the centre a number of concentric circles, and a variety of knots or trellis-work, composing crosses of various figures. This front is much worn from its exposure to the Atlantic winds.

The east front is more interesting, and in higher preservation, The upper part is occupied by a figure in pontificals, the arms extended into those of the cross, and the head tonsured in the Roman manner—that is, shaved on the crown. This circumstance shows it to be later than the seventh century, when the Irish mode of shaving across the front of the head, from ear to ear, was wholly laid aside. Below the figure various intricate patterns are seen, and the sides are sculptured with similar devices.

Such are the principal ecclesiastical remains that came under my observation in this ancient place. But Kilfenora boasts a monument of a different description, wholly unnoticed by former travellers, of still higher antiquity, and not less interest. I allude to a round stone fort, outside the town on the west road, built without cement, and similar to that on the Kenmare river, concerning which so much interest has been excited. As this ancient monument is of the same kind as several others which I shall describe in the course of this volume, I will not detain my readers

at present with more minute particulars of its construction. I could not find that tradition has preserved anything relative to it whatever but the name, Cahir-imun (cathair fiamuin), the city or castle of Fiamun, and history, as far as I can discover, is equally silent.

This visit to Kilfenora in 1821 was ever afterwards spoken of by Petrie as attended with the saddest recollections. In addition to its usual state of wretchedness and poverty, the town had been visited by the great epidemic of typhus fever which had then spread over most of Ireland, and to whose ravages so many thousands had fallen victims. The day was one of darkness and continual rain, but few of the inhabitants were seen, except such as followed him and his companion, while into whatever house the strangers entered, the dead, or those who "in lonely want retire to die," were to be found.

During the two or three hours which we spent examining and sketching some of these antiquities, we were attended by a crowd of idle peasantry, who, with that ardent curiosity for which the lower orders in Ireland are so remarkable, patiently watched our proceedings.

The appearance of great poverty in some, and, indeed, of actual want in others, was painfully striking. But few of them were comfortably clothed, and several wanted not only stockings, but also shoes. Many, unaccustomed as we were to the sight of Irish misery, would have been glad to escape from such a crowd, and, for myself, I confess that at first I felt their presence a considerable annoyance; but a little conversation with them made me ashamed of having indulged such an unmanly prejudice, and gave me another proof, in addition to many I had already met with, of the superiority in natural politeness, feeling, and sense of this class of society in many parts of Ireland, to that immediately above them. Their curiosity never becomes vulgarly obtrusive, or their easy familiarity in the slightest degree disrespectful.

Warmed by kindness of manner, which they knew was not affected, they were, to the utmost degree, obliging without being servile.

Of their distress they made no complaint, and of its causes they spoke sensibly and dispassionately, the chief of these being the absence of resident gentry in this part of the country, and the want of employment. "We have," said they, "no friend whatever but the priest. He, to be sure, is a good man, there is no better far or near. He does everything in his power for us, late and early. If he could help it we would not be worse off than others; but 'tis little he can do for us, for want of some gentleman of the country to second him in making our situation known." They were not, however, without hope that something would still be done for them; and, I should not forget to add, that for the aid which English benevolence had supplied, they seemed most truly and feelingly grateful.

The patience and even cheerfulness, which the Irish peasantry display under the severest sufferings resulting from poverty, have been too often remarked on to need illustration now. Of these qualities, however, an example came under my observation just previous to our departure from Kilfenora, so striking and, at the same time, so characteristic of the national amusements in the remote or wild parts of Ireland, that I feel little hesitation in trespassing on the reader's patience with a notice of it. Having gone to the western extremity of the town in search of bread, which search, by the way, proved fruitless, while Major P—— was getting the car ready for our further journey, I observed the door of the Roman Catholic chapel lying open, and curiosity led me to look in at the interior of the edifice. It was highly characteristic of the poverty of the place—bare, whitewashed walls, and a rugged earthen floor. The altar, with its humble ornaments, raised upon a semicircular elevation, surrounded by a railing, alone pointed out the purpose for which the building had been designed. On this platform a crowd of forty or fifty persons were assembled, chiefly youthful, whose attitudes and occupation seemed scarcely appropriate to a temple of religious worship. On an elevation in the centre of this assemblage, stood a wild-looking, but well-formed, and rather youthful figure, his hair black and long, his neck bare, and his dress ragged; but his enthusiastic and impassioned gestures indicated the presence of a spirit not usual in one thus attired, and which seemed to have fixed the attention of the surrounding group as if they were spell-bound. An expression of intense interest marked

the faces of the eager and delighted listeners, and—should I be ashamed to confess it?—as I got within the circle, I too became charmed and motionless. The cravings of hunger, the uncertainty of finding a resting-place, the friend I kept waiting for me, all were forgotten, and my only uneasiness for the time arose from the fear that the cause of this enchantment should be interrupted. The reader will, perhaps, scarcely expect to be told that the effect thus produced was by a pathetic Irish tale, sung with a sweetness and expression actually bewildering. Many, I am sure, will doubt its possibility, and consider my description extravagant. Those only to whom music is a chief luxury in this life, and who have experienced the touching influence of melody, when the heart has been softened by melancholy impressions, will understand the effect on this occasion; but to have a perfect idea of its power, they should have felt how much the influence of Irish song—the most touching national music of Europe—is increased by the thousand tender associations which it excites in the mind of one who loves and pities the country that gave him and it a kindred existence.

My presence, for a few minutes, caused no interruption to their enjoyment. The singer was unconscious of any intrusion, his back being turned to me; and those who observed me made no stir lest it might disturb their entertainer. But the direction of their gaze towards the door drew by degrees the eyes of others in the same way, and the singer at length, observing the movement, turned his head suddenly round. In an instant the place became as silent as if it were empty. This interruption presented me with a new object of interest in the strongly marked countenance of the singer. It was oval, well-formed, enthusiastic, and intellectual, but the expression was melancholy, and denoted, as I thought, some sign of insanity!

The melody he had been singing was one most characteristically Irish—flowing on in a rapid, graceful stream, but carrying in its bright current the flowers that belong only to the fountain of sorrow. I had never before heard it, and would have given anything to have fixed it in my memory, but as I was advancing to the singer to endeavour to induce him to recommence, my steps were arrested by my friend, whose patience had been exhausted by my delay. It was vain, I saw, to expostulate, explain, or persuade him to let me remain, so, mounting once more our crazy

car, we bid adieu to the melancholy but interesting town of Kilfenora.

> "No mermaid warbles (to allay the wind
> That drives some vessel towards a dangerous beach)—
> No thrilling melodies—no caverned witch,
> Chanting a love-spell, ever intertwined
> Notes shrill and wild with art more musical.
> Alas! that from the lips of abject want
> And idleness, in tatters mendicant,
> They should proceed—enjoyment to enthral."
>
> *Wordsworth.*

About thirty miles west of Galway, lie the three Aran Islands—Inishmore, Innishmain, and Innisheer, and our last extract shall be from the journal of Petrie's visit to these islands, which are so little known, but which present to the student of antiquity such unequalled opportunities for the study of pagan and Christian remains—the latter manifestly of the earliest periods.

Here are many gigantic forts of uncemented stone, the works of a by-gone race, rearing their ruined crests above the ocean, or crowning some central point, each surrounded by its walls of circumvallation, and in some cases with a chevaux-de-frise of upright stones. Here may be seen villages of bee-hive houses, stone-roofed or covered with clay; solitary uncemented dome-topped structures, the dwellings or oratories of some early ecclesiastics or hermits; churches of the rudest architecture, and others—such as those of Saint Benignus and Saint MacDuagh—startling in the cyclopean character of their masonry and their doorways, with groups of collegiate churches and other buildings, including the remains of the round tower of Saint Enda.

Of these singular islands, though previously described by O'Flaherty, Petrie may be said to be the discoverer—at least in an antiquarian point of view—and he bears witness to the character of the inhabitants, so long known as being that of a people kindly, pious, and peaceable. The old influences still hang about them; the old traditions of the time when

the early saints of Ireland made holy their sea-girt and barren rocks; and for the last ten years, out of a population of three thousand three hundred, and with only one magistrate, the committals to prison have not annually averaged one per thousand of the people, and not one has been sent for trial at assizes or quarter sessions.

What an answer is this to those shallow and conceited writers, who maintain the necessary connexion between the amount of crime in Ireland and the prevalence of the Celtic race.

ARAN.—CHARACTER OF THE ISLANDERS.

"The wild Irish are at this day known to be some of the veriest savages in the globe!!!"—*Pinkerton's History.*

I had heard so much of the virtues of the Aran islanders, of their primitive simplicity, their ingenuous manners, and their singular hospitality, that I could not help doubting the truth of a picture so pleasing and romantic, and felt anxious to ascertain, by personal observation, how far it might be real.

The result of much inquiry and attentive observation was a conviction, that though from recent circumstances the brightness of this picture should now be somewhat lessened, and that the Araners can no longer be considered the simple race unacquainted with crime, such as they were generally depicted, yet that enough still remains of their former virtues to show that the representations of them were but little, if anything, exaggerated.

The introduction, a few years since, of a number of persons into Aranmore for the purpose of erecting a lighthouse, has had an injurious effect on the character of the native inhabitants of the island. Their unsuspicious confidence and ready hospitality were frequently taken advantage of and abused, and their interesting qualities have consequently been in some degree diminished. Till that time robbery of any kind was wholly unknown in the island. "Such was their honesty," said one who has passed his life amongst them, "that had a purse of gold been dropped in any part of the island, there would have been no uneasiness felt respecting its safety, as assuredly it would be found at the chapel on the Sunday or Holiday following, no instance having ever occurred of anything

lost not being restored in that manner." There is some reason to doubt that this would be so now. Several petty thefts have occurred, and though they have uniformly been attributed by the islanders to the strangers lately settled among them, it would perhaps be rash to conclude that they themselves have hitherto wholly escaped the vicious contagion.

The proximity of the island of Innisheer to the Clare coast rendering an intercourse with the parent country easy, has long given to the inhabitants of that island a somewhat distinctive character, not more remarkable in the Munster dialect of the Irish which they speak, than in the superior shrewdness, marked with occasional want of principle, which causes them to be dreaded in their dealings, and in some degree disliked by the other islanders. Of the existence of this peculiar sharpness as well as desire for gain, not at all observable in the other islanders, I had myself sufficient opportunity of judging.

In the island of Innishmain alone, then, the character of the Aran islander has hitherto wholly escaped contamination, and there it still retains all its delightful pristine purity. Collectively, however, the inhabitants of the Aran islands may be said to exhibit the virtues of the Irish character with, perhaps, as little intermixture of its vices as the lot of humanity will permit.

They are a brave and hardy race, industrious and enterprising; as is sufficiently evinced, not only by the daily increasing number of their fishing vessels—the barren rock which they are covering with soil and making productive—but still more by the frequency of their emigration from their beloved country and friends to a distant wilderness, led solely by the hope that their indefatigable labour may be employed there to the greater ultimate benefit of their families.

They are simple and innocent, but also thoughtful and intelligent, credulous, and, in matters of faith, what persons of a different creed would call superstitious; but being out of the reach of religious animosity, they are *as yet* strangers to bigotry and intolerance. Lying and drinking—the vices which Arthur Young considers as appertaining to the Irish character—form at least no part of it in Aran; for happily their common poverty holds out less temptation to the one or opportunity for the other.

I do not mean to say that they are rigidly temperate, or that instances of excess followed by the usual Irish consequences of

broken heads do not occasionally occur; such could not be expected when their convivial temperament, and dangerous and laborious occupations are remembered. They never swear, and they have a high sense of decency and propriety, honour and justice. In appearance they are healthy, comely, and prepossessing; in their dress (with few exceptions), clean and comfortable; in manner, serious yet cheerful, and easily excited to gaiety; frank and familiar in conversation, and to strangers polite and respectful; but, at the same time, wholly free from servile adulation. They are communicative, but not too loquacious; inquisitive after information, but delicate in seeking it, and grateful for its communication.

The Araners, in short, like the race that inhabit the south-western parts of Ireland, and of which they constitute a part, are remarkable for fine intellect and deep sensibility; but unlike them, they are happily placed in circumstances which more generally call forth *only* the good feelings which that sensibility engenders, while the bad ones, which equally belong to it, are left to slumber.

If the inhabitants of the Aran islands could be considered as a fair specimen of the ancient and present wild Irish—the veriest savages in the globe, as the learned Pinkerton calls them—those whom chance has led to their hospitable shores to admire their simple virtues, would be likely to regret that the blessings of civilization had ever been extended to any portion of the inhabitants of this very wretched country. But, fortunately for them, they cannot thus be designated; much of their superiority must be attributed to their remote, insular situation, which has hitherto precluded an acquaintance with the vices of the distant region, while the wisdom and benevolence of their late proprietor, which from its rarity might be supposed of insular growth also, has not required them, for his selfish gratification, to experience the want and wretchedness that would otherwise reign there. They are still wild Irish, perhaps, and poor certainly—for they have no opportunity, except by smuggling, to become rich—but they are at least well dressed savages, without tails, I believe, and with comfortable houses, and generally enough to eat. These fortunate circumstances of their condition, give them some elevation in the scale of *savage* life, and they are therefore to be considered, not as a fair specimen of the wild Irish of the present day, but rather as a striking example of what that race might generally be, under circumstances equally happy.

To the preceding general observations on the social state of the Aran islanders, I am desirous to add a few traits of individual character that came within my notice.

Society presents but few gradations of rank in these remote, ocean-beaten wilds.

The proprietor of the islands is, of course, an absentee. The aristocracy may be said to consist of two gentlemen, who claim the title more from ancient family rank than from wealth or landed possessions. If to these individuals be added the solitary pastor of the undivided flock, the lightkeeper, and the revenue officers;—a list is formed of the whole aristocracy of the three islands of Aran.

Below this, the only distinctions to be observed are those arising from the entire possession of a fishing vessel, or an advantageous lease of a few acres fit for the purposes of pasturage or agriculture.

We had no opportunity of becoming acquainted with Mr. O'Mally. His brother, a worthy Araner, received us on the shore at our landing, conducted us to the house of Mr. O'Flaherty, to whom we had previously signified, through a friend, our intention of becoming his guests, and in the free spirit of the place, stayed with us for some days to add to our hilarity and comforts. Would that I could convey to the mind of my reader even a faint outline of the character of our never-to-be-forgotten host! But as the most skilful artist finds beauty of form beyond his most laborious efforts to embody, so the beauty of character seems equally difficult for language to describe.

The deviations from symmetry, the irregularities of outline may be accurately traced, and the peculiarities of character may be forcibly depicted, but beauty both of character and form, which is most impressive and delightful, arises altogether from a want of such characteristic features, and is produced by an harmonious concordance of a variety of contrasted parts, and such, though ever so deeply felt, is of all things the most difficult to describe. Mr. O'Flaherty is a native of Aran, and he has never been farther from his native rocks than to the city of Galway and the adjacent coast of Thomond. Even such journeys have never been entirely voluntary; and so deeply does absence from home afflict him with melancholy, that he appears on those occasions a man of quite different character to those who have seen him among the loved scenes of his philosophic musings. He is curious to see Dublin,

but he has felt the pains of home-sickness so severely that he cannot trust himself upon a journey that would expose him so much to its severity.

What, then, reader, do you suppose such a man to be? A child, perhaps, or a rustic simpleton. A child he is in innocence and simplicity, but in wisdom and understanding he is most truly a man: nay, more, in manner and conduct a polished gentleman.

Such is the unaffected grace of his politeness, the mild charm of his conversation, and the sincere warmth of his hospitality, that though uninvited strangers, we were but a few minutes in his house when we felt all the full freedom of enjoyment that could belong to our own firesides, with old and congenial friends to share it. From such an abode we could feel no haste to depart; and it is to those circumstances, joined to the capability of our host to give information, and his kindness in procuring it, that the following pages owe their origin, as well as any value they may be found to possess.

Mr. O'Flaherty may be justly denominated the *pater patriæ* of the Araners. He is the reconciler in all differences, the judge in all disputes, the adviser in all enterprises, and the friend in all things. A sound understanding and the kindest of hearts make him competent to be all those; and his decisions are never murmured against or his affection met by ingratitude. Of the love they bear him many instances might be adduced, but the following will be deemed sufficient, and too honourable both to them and him to be omitted.

In 1822 a great number of the islanders had determined to emigrate to America. A ship lay at anchor at Galway to convey them, and they proceeded thither accompanied by Mr. O'Flaherty, to aid them to the last with friendship and advice. Several days elapsed before the vessel was ready to set sail, and Mr. O'Flaherty still continued with them; but at last the hour to bid an everlasting adieu arrived. They must know the Araners that could fancy the scene that then ensued.

Men and women all surrounded him—the former with cheeks streaming with tears, and the latter uttering the most piercing lamentations—some hung on his neck, some got his hands or arms to kiss, while others threw themselves on the deck and embraced his knees.

It is no discredit that on such an occasion the object of so much

affectionate regard was more than unmanned, and it was a long time before his health recovered the injury, or his face lost the sorrowful expression caused by the grief of that parting.

I shall add another anecdote scarcely less striking. Mr. O'Flaherty had accompanied a number of the people of Aranmore to a small adjacent uninhabited rock or island, for the purpose of saving some pieces of timber, objects of great value to them, the wreck of a vessel that had been cast ashore in a late storm. They gained the rock with difficulty, as the weather was still boisterous, and while employed on the island, the storm increased so much that to return became utterly impossible. In this state they had to remain for three days, without provisions or any other covering but their boat, which they had hauled up.

While in this situation, Mr. O'Flaherty had been accosted on the evening of the first day by one of his companions, to whom he had shown some kindness, and requested to follow him to a remote part of the rock, where they were concealed from view of their companions. On complying, the poor fellow took from his pocket part of a loaf of bread with which he had provided himself for the day's luncheon or dinner, and begged Mr. O'Flaherty to accept it, adding that it was probable they might be confined some days in their present situation, and that it was fitter he should suffer than his benefactor. Mr. O'Flaherty would have declined taking it, but it was impossible, and he therefore consented to take a small cut of it, forcing him to eat an equal portion, and in this way it helped to support them till assistance arrived, the poor fellow never touching it except as his benefactor obliged him, and after it was exhausted; carefully collecting the crumbs and forcing Mr. O'Flaherty to accept them.

All this time their friends were looking at them in this dreadful situation from the great island, but could offer no assistance, till, on the third day, one more daring than the rest, whose brother was among the sufferers, determined to aid them or perish in the attempt.

He accordingly put a quantity of provisions into his currach, and provided himself with a long rope, one end of which was fastened to the boat, and which on coming into the breakers he flung to those on shore. Providence favoured his heroism, and he had the good fortune to be drawn from the dreadful position into which he had thus so nobly adventured.

Mr. O'Flaherty has read a good deal, but thought more; his opinions bespeak at once a noble and liberal feeling, and a singularly sound and dispassionate judgment. The grandeur and sublimity of the objects by which he is surrounded seem to have sunk into his soul and formed his character. He is deeply religious, but altogether free from narrow prejudice. All good men are to him alike. His religion has something of a romantic character, and he feels his piety more excited in the little deserted, roofless temple, among the rocks, beside his own house, than it possibly could be in the most crowded and magnificent church. In this solitary ruin he offers up his morning and evening prayers; and his figure in the centre of the nave, looking towards the mouldering altar, in the act of adoration, as I saw it once by chance, will never be effaced from my recollection.

Mr. O'Flaherty's table is for his guests, everything that a man accustomed even to luxurious living could desire; but, in his own habits, he is singularly abstemious, rarely taking any other beverage than milk, although, when entertaining his friends, he conceals his habits and sets an example of a more free but still temperate enjoyment. His house, however, bespeaks the simplicity of the place, as well as the usages of remote times. It is an oblong, thatched cottage, without a second story, containing five or six apartments, with a long porch, forming a kind of hall, attached to the centre of the front. The parlour is not boarded, nor do the chairs present the luxury of a soft seat.

In the parlour are a few pictures, two of which, the portraits of a fine gentleman and lady, the work of a court painter, excited my curiosity to inquire of whom they were, and in what manner they had found their way to this secluded situation. "That," said Mr. O'Flaherty, pointing to the gentleman's portrait, "is the picture of an uncle of mine, and the other that of his lady. He was one of six brothers, all men of fine and striking appearance. He went to England to seek his fortune, and that lady, who was daughter of Sir Henry Englefield (a respectable English Catholic), and who had a large fortune, fell in love with him and married him. He was much attached to my father, and had those pictures painted for him."

This was the only time I ever heard him make the slightest allusion to his family. Mr. O'Flaherty is of the middle stature, blue-eyed, but dark-complexioned and dark-haired. His face is

long and oval, and in its expression mild, philosophic, and benevolent. His dress is that of the islanders, differing only in the substitution of a heavy cap for the hat usually worn, and boots for their rude sandals.

I am unwilling to close this chapter without a short notice of two other persons of humbler rank in society with whom I became acquainted, and to whom I am beholden for some of the topographical information which these pages contain. One of these persons is an eccentric character named Tom O'Flaherty, who, with an originality somewhat Hibernian, combines the honourable practice of medicine, with the less reputable calling of a tailor, thus making himself doubly useful to the Araners, in healing their bodily complaints and protecting them from the inclemencies of the seasons. Tom is not himself an Araner. He came hither in the year after the memorable rebellion of 1798, in which, it is suspected, he was somewhat concerned, and, finding an unoccupied theatre for the display of his varied talents, has continued exercising them ever since, to the perfect satisfaction of all ranks. Of the extent of these talents I, of course, cannot speak, but if the health and longevity of his patients be considered as a criterion of his skill in his higher capacity, the Araners have no reason to complain of the absence of a more regularly instructed practitioner.

Tom is really what many doctors are not, a clever fellow. He has a sharp and clear intellect, and a singularly retentive memory, stored with a variety of information, historical, traditional, genealogical, and topographical, relative to the west of Ireland. He has a romantic imagination, and is never happier, he says, than when wandering about ancient ruins and among lakes and mountains. He is a great talker, a great lover of tobacco, and a great drinker—not a great drunkard—for it would be very difficult to make him drunk, and a great humourist, qualities which are all very Irish. A pint of whiskey he considers a small daily allowance; and on a late occasion, while attending Mr. O'Flaherty in a typhus fever, he was limited to six glasses, he begged that the whiskey might be given to him in two equal portions or drams, morning and evening, so that, as he expressed it, "he might feel the good of it."

His humour is dry and original; the following may be taken as a specimen. Expressing my surprise to him one day on the extent of his legendary lore, I inquired of him in what way he had acquired it. This was his answer, "Faith, an' it's easily told. Not being

like them poor people (the Araners) you see, but having an independent profession," drawing his arms like a tailor, "I spent my time visiting from one gentleman's house to another, and as I was always sure of a welcome, and having had a particular taste for old stories, I always contrived to get myself into the best possible situation for learning them, and faith, I may say, the best part of my life has been spent there." "Where?" I inquired. "Faith, just behind the whiskey bottle!"

It is not, however, for these qualities, but those of a better order which the Doctor possesses, that I have introduced him to the reader's notice. He is remarkable for humanity and active benevolence. In the spring of 1822, some very bad cases of typhus fever occurred in the island, one of which was of a stranger lately settled there. The islanders, who, like all the poor Irish, have a deep terror of this frightful disease, fled from him; he was without money or friends, and thus circumstanced he must have perished but for the courage and humanity of Tom O'Flaherty. He first removed him, on his back, from the infected house to a more airy situation—one of the old Irish stone houses—which he had prepared for his reception. He then went to Mr. O'Flaherty and peremptorily demanded five shillings. "For what purpose, Tom? is it to drink?" said the other. "No, trust me with it without asking any questions, I'll make no bad use of it." The money was obtained, and immediately sent off to Galway for medicine for the sick man. With this assistance, in addition to his own resources, he was enabled to bring the poor man successfully through the fever. He visited him several times each day, sat with him, washed him, and performed all the duties of a humane and skilful nurse. At the same time he would never let either his own family or friends know that he was thus employed, but gave them to understand that the man was dead, and would always proceed from home in a different direction from that which led to the place of the patient, and reach it unseen by a circuitous route; nor is it likely that he would ever have undeceived them, if he had not had the pleasure of bringing the man back to society whom he had thus rescued from the grave.

Excellent and entertaining Tom O'Flaherty! my fingers would deserve to be parted from my hand if I neglected telling the tale of your courage and benevolence!

Tom's independent spirit is equal to his other good qualities.

For several days attendance on me to various parts of the island I could not induce him to take any remuneration. I was also told that he had a strict regard for truth. I shall only add one more feature of his character, which is peculiarly Irish—namely, his pride of ancestry. Tom boasts the Milesian blood of the ancient princes of east Connaught. On tracing Mr. O'Flaherty's pedigree for me one day, I inquired if he, too, was an O'Flaherty. "That I am," said he, drawing himself up with some expression of pride, "as good a one as Pat O'Flaherty himself!"

An equally singular, though in many respects very different character, was presented to me in the person of Molly M'Auley, a woman of about seventy years old, of such singular mental powers, as to command, in a remarkable degree, the respect and admiration of all the Araners. There was not a day during my residence on the island that I did not hear her name mentioned in such a manner as to express these feelings. If I asked a question of anyone which he was unable to answer, I was always referred to Molly M'Auley, or if they forgot a particular of any circumstance that had occurred long since in the island, the observation was, "Oh, Molly M'Auley will recollect it!" and these circumstances excited my curiosity to see this extraordinary person, which was greatly increased by observing that the islanders seemed uniformly to entertain towards her feelings of deep respect and affectionate regard. I obtained of Mr. O'Flaherty that gratification. Never was I so much surprised as on that occasion. I had expected to meet with a talkative and ignorant old woman; but how unlike the beautiful and interesting person that I found! To a figure that even in decay bespoke the most perfect symmetry, was added a face still beaming with beauty, intelligence, and sensibility—a face, indeed, far more perfect and interesting than I had ever seen in one of her years. Her manners and conversation were equally attractive—they were mild, sensible, and ladylike, and her voice tremulous, but sweet and touching. We found her in a little garden at the rere of her daughter's cottage—a young woman who is married, and with whom she lives. Mr. O'Flaherty acquainted her with the object of our visit, and we all sat down on a group of rocks beside her cottage. She expressed a desire to supply any information that she possessed, but doubted much that she knew anything that was worth telling. "What," said she to him, "could an uneducated woman like me know? I had, indeed, a

desire for information, but never the means to gratify it." I found her, however, most curiously well-informed in the traditional tales and topography of the islands; but she was evidently suffering under an affliction that had absorbed her mind and somewhat impaired her memory; so that if Mr. O'Flaherty had not been with me to call up various associations of ideas, I should, perhaps, have learned but little. She confessed this decay herself, in the course of our conversation, and, as an apology for it, made me acquainted with its cause. "Sir," said she, "a heavy affliction that I met with in my old days, has deeply preyed on me, and has caused me to forget many things that it might possibly interest you to hear. But, sir, I lost my son. Oh! sir, you are a stranger, and can't feel the loss I have had; but *you*, Mr. O'Flaherty," turning to that gentleman, "you know it. Sir," said she to me, "my son was the best of sons, and I the happiest of mothers. He lived only for me. He went a voyage to the Indies, hoping he would gain something that would make us more comfortable. He gained nothing. But what did I care? for he came back to me, and said that nothing in the world would make him leave me again. But it was not the will of God to leave him with me long. It was too much happiness for this world. My boy, sir, while fishing, was drowned in a storm off the cliffs of Mohir, and I had not even the consolation of embracing his corpse." Here her voice became inarticulate, and she stopped while she wiped the tears from her cheeks—she then added, in a still more tremulous tone, "Oh, God forgive me this grief, which I cannot help." After another pause she added—"Dear Mr. O'Flaherty, you knew my boy—you knew my happiness. You knew he never cost me a tear of sorrow till the day I lost him." "Poor Molly M'Auley," said my friend, as we walked away slowly from her dwelling, "she was the rarest woman I ever saw. There was no one in the island so industrious as she was—no house like hers for order and cleanliness. From sunrise to sunset, no one ever saw her idle; and along with that, she was matchless for sense and kind-heartedness." "And she must have been wonderfully handsome," I said. "She was, I am sure," he answered, "the most beautiful woman that was ever seen in Aran."

FATHER FRANCIS O'FLAHERTY.

In these trifling memorials of the Aran Islanders, it would be unjust to omit a notice of their venerable pastor. Father Francis O'Flaherty is a native of Aranmore, and received his education in a college in Spain. After spending a few years as a curate in some part of Connaught, he was appointed parish priest of his native islands, whither he returned never again to leave them, and has now been the unassisted teacher of his flock for upwards of forty years. The unremitting toils attendant on such a situation may be conceived; but the dangers with which they are here accompanied, and the courage necessary to meet them, can only be appreciated by a recollection of the singular and peculiar region to which his duties belonged—namely, a cluster of islands washed by the waves of the Atlantic, presenting in most places an iron-bound coast, and separated from each other by rapid currents that never assume a tranquil appearance, and are seldom entirely free from danger. Courage is, indeed, a striking trait in the character of this venerable man, and is strongly marked on the lip and brows of his manly but toil-worn and weather-beaten countenance—a face that a physiognomist would look at for hours with pleasure, so harmonious are its parts, so steady its expression of serious but mild thought, and of manly firmness and simplicity. Of his virtues I need say but little, as they may be considered as appertaining almost of necessity to his station and professional habits. Let imagination fancy the qualities that should adorn the priest, and the ideal attributes will not be much unlike those that really belong to Father Francis O'Flaherty. But some of the peculiarities of his opinions respecting men and society deserve notice, not only as illustrative of the purity of his own mind, but as affording the surest testimony of the humble virtues of the simple people from whom his knowledge of mankind has been derived. Of these peculiarities the most remarkable is a too favourable idea of the excellence of human nature in general, an opinion that is clearly the result of an almost total ignorance of its vices. This leads to a scepticism that appears extraordinary in one of his understanding, in matters told him that are at all opposed to such opinion, and an equally remarkable credulity regarding things that are not so. In fact, he will believe almost anything not impossible, because he cannot suppose anyone would be so base as to impose on

him by an untruth; but with him it is beyond belief that vice or depravity can exist among mankind, except in rare and solitary instances. In illustration of this singular trait, I was told many interesting anecdotes, one of which I will venture to repeat.

Some time since one of the islanders, being about to emigrate to America, applied to a stranger in the island for written instructions how to act in a world of which he had no experience, and which he had heard was different from his own. The request was complied with, and the instructions were such as the writer thought necessary to a simple and innocent mind, entering into a state of society where it would be likely to meet many ready to take advantage of its artlessness and inexperience. The simple Araner, affrighted at the dangers thus presented to his imagination, submitted the paper to Father Frank, that he might be assured whether they were real; and the priest, on reading it, indignantly tore the paper to pieces. "Believe not," said he, "what this man says—he must be a bad man that would lead you to entertain so vile an opinion of mankind. Suspect no one. There are, I fear, some bad men in the world, but I trust and believe they are few. But never suspect any man of being so without a perfectly sufficient reason."

Father Frank is poor. The unglazed windows of his humble cottage, and the threadbare appearance of his antique garments, bespeak a poverty beyond even that of most of his flock. He is, in fact, altogether destitute of the comforts that should belong to old age. This is not the fault of his parishioners, by whom he is ardently beloved. They would gladly lessen their own comforts to increase his, and have frequently tried to force on him a better provision, which he has as often refused. "What," said he on a late occasion to Mr. O'Flaherty, who was remonstrating with him on this refusal—"what does a priest want more than subsistence? and that I have. Could I take anything from these poor people to procure me comforts which they require so much more themselves? No, no, Pat,—say no more about it."

The figure of the good priest is unique in appearance, from the peculiarity of his costume, which, except in the articles of hat and long trowsers, is not different from the dress common to the Araners. He wears a long coat of antique cut, and over that a similar one of larger size; both are of the same dark blue colour, and are, I should suppose, the only habiliments of the kind in the

island. They are characteristic of their owner, old and almost worn out, but still uncommon and respectable.

I saw Father Frank frequently. Sometimes near his cabin, moving along slowly, supported by a stick that was once the handle of an umbrella, and attended by some of the islanders receiving his advice; at other times in the morning, on a rugged pony, similarly attended, descending some rocky path to his home, after passing the night with a sick, or perhaps dying, islander. During the last two days that I passed in Aran, I met him amid scenes so striking and characteristic of this remote region, and, at the same time, so strongly contrasted with each other, that I am anxious to present my readers with a sketch of their principal features. The first of these days was the Sabbath. I rode down to Kilronan, where Father Frank resides, and where I had learned that Mass was to be celebrated, that I might see the assembled congregation. The day was calm, bright, and lovely—scarce a cloud was to be seen. The gray rocks lost their bleak and rugged character in the warm blaze of sunshine. The dark blue sea looked tranquil, and the white sail moved along its surface slowly and without rocking. On one side the Connemara mountains displayed all their picturesque variety of peaked forms, and here and there a long and graceful line of curling smoke arose from the unseen hamlets, while on another side the gloomy promontory of Blackhead and the cliffs of Mohir arrayed themselves in a dress less than usually terrific. The ceremonies of religion were over, but the assemblage which had been drawn together still remained, dispersed among the rocks in a variety of picturesque groups, bright as nature in costumes and in appearance, equally impressed with the character of quiet and enduring happiness. In one place a number of men in youthful prime were drawn together in sober converse; in another, the old people sat silent and contemplative. Here, too, might be seen groups of young and unmarried women, with their hair tied up into graceful ringlets, and their cloaks, carelessly disposed into picturesque draperies, while their attitudes, some lying in each others' laps, and some with their arms about each others' necks or waists, bespoke the presence of youthful affection and innocent simplicity.

This picture was equally striking and characteristic; for the colouring of the dresses of the peasantry was such as the painters of the Roman school have always loved. Positive, rich, and

varied, but not gay or gaudy. Thus the deep red and blue tints of the female costumes, were relieved by the azure dresses of the men; and these strong colours, contrasted by the gray tones of the surrounding rocks, received an additional effect of richness and splendour.

Had the scenery of this picture been that of a river bank in a sylvan valley, instead of a wild rocky shore in the Atlantic, the subject would have been truly Arcadian; as it was, however, it might be considered more novel, and scarcely less striking or delightful.

How different did the same scenes appear on the day following, the last that I spent among these insular wilds.

The morning was cloudy and squally; the wind strong from the north-west; and the sea rough. Mr. O'Flaherty endeavoured to persuade me to defer till a better day my projected visit to the smaller islands; but a letter which I received from home in the morning, which contained an account of the illness of a dear child, determined me on proceeding.

We passed along the northern shore of the island, and when we came within sight of Kilronan, now gloomy and lonely, I could not help being struck with the different appearance which it presented to that of the day preceding. I endeavoured to single out the priest's house, and I pictured him to my imagination, his figure reposing by his little fire after the toils of his week's labour. He was at this time suffering severely from a cough, which he confessed to me had deprived him of rest for many nights; and when on bidding him, as I thought, a last adieu, I endeavoured to impress upon him the necessity of a little nursing and confinement, he assured me it was his intention to follow my advice from that day. Little then did I suppose that I should ever again see him.

In an hour we dropped anchor about a furlong from the shore of Innisheer, at the only landing-place which it presents—a deep shelving strand, then beaten by a sea of wild breakers. "I fear," said Mr. O'Flaherty, "that we have had our labour in vain. With the wind in this point, there is no venturing nearer the shore, except in a currach, and the breakers are so high that I doubt whether the islanders will venture out to us." Almost immediately, however, we saw a number of men descending the cliffs towards the beach, among whom, to my great surprise, we discerned the long-coated figure of Father Frank! Thus it was that he was nursing

himself. "He has come," said Mr. O'Flaherty, "to attend some sick person, and no doubt waits to return in our safer boat, as I told him we should be here." And after holding, as it appeared, a consultation with him for a few moments, we saw the men carry down to the beach one of the currachs, and after one or two unsuccessful efforts of their united exertions to launch her fairly among the breakers, we saw her boldly contending with their turbulent fury. Sometimes the frail vessel would be altogether invisible, and again my alarm for its safety would be removed by its sudden reappearance, as she got clear of the breakers, and her course was more rapid and steady, making her way like the wild sea birds, tossed about on the surface of the waves, now turned one way and now another, but still floating in all the security of a creature to whom these rough waters were but its natural element.

The scene was altogether grand and striking. The mass of white waters tumbling about in the little bay, above which the castle of Teague O'Flaherty, situated on a bold rock, frowned among the dark clouds in proud though deserted grandeur; the gloomy obscurity of the objects, the noise of the elements, and the screams of the wild sea birds, produced such an effect as a painter would occupy himself at least in admiring.

Having received particular instructions, while the currach was approaching, how to conduct ourselves in it, as the chief danger to be apprehended in these canvas vessels is that of an overturn, from the want of their being steadily balanced, we committed ourselves to the guidance of its crew. Nothing could be more admirable than the skill and coolness which the boatmen displayed. They seemed impelled by one mind—at one time following rapidly the course of the gone-by wave, at another pausing till the vessel quietly rose above the swell of its successor; now flying to escape the breaker that seemed to threaten instant destruction; and again, with the quickness of thought, turning its lofty prow to the billow, when there was no longer safety in retreat. The situation, to one unaccustomed as I was to such perils, had something terrific in it, but was at the same time grand and exciting, till, as we neared the shore, when in the returning confidence of safety, I began to give free scope to my enjoyment, I suddenly felt myself violently struck down by a weight of waters that completely covered me. For a moment I did not know where I was, nor where I should find myself; but the feeling was only momentary, for as the breaker

retired after this exhaustion of its fury, we were pulled by the persons on shore out of the danger which a second one might produce, and we jumped on *terra firma* with an alacrity quite laughable, having suffered no greater injury from our adventure than a little fright and a thorough wetting.

By the time that we set out on our homeward voyage, the weather had abated something of its severity. The old man, exhausted by the day's fatigue, and too feeble to bear the pitching of the boat, except in a lying posture, stretched himself on a small mattress in the cabin, where he lay for some time apparently slumbering—his limbs stretched, his eyes closed, and his hands locked in each other and resting on his bosom, reminding me forcibly of the figures of some of those dying saints which the Italian painters have so often imagined. But though his body was at rest, his mind was not so; for, as I afterwards found, it was busily occupied with the welfare of his flock. He had received, on the preceding evening, for the poor of his parish, thirty pounds of that money which the noble benevolence of England had supplied to her suffering sister, and he was anxiously considering the best means of discharging the trust reposed in him. After some time I heard him call Mr. O'Flaherty in a low tone of voice, and on consulting with him, it was agreed that he should send, on the following day, to Galway for the worth of the donation in oatmeal.

When I parted from this venerable man, I did not think it probable that he could outlive the coming winter. It gives me pleasure, however, to add that he still exists, and is at present in tolerable health.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST LITERARY WORKS.

PETRIE'S first contribution to Irish literature seems to have been the leading article of a journal called *The Dublin Examiner*, dated May 1st, 1816, where he refers to the state of the Fine Arts in Ireland, and, especially, to the various attempts made to establish an Academy of Arts in Dublin, which led to the exhibition of works of Irish painters in 1809 and 1810. But, although the exhibitions were creditable and well attended, the society was not successful. Dissensions arose among its members, ending, as is so frequently the case in Ireland at the present day, in a division into two rival bodies. They adopted the not very distinctive, though suggestive titles, of the Irish, and the Hibernian Society of Artists. The patronage of the public, at first so promising, died away, and the two bodies ultimately became amalgamated with the Dublin Society.

The whole story is a sad one, and well illustrates the condition of society in Ireland at the time. The apathy of the public mind as to the importance of national art, the want of intellectual culture in the artists themselves, and the total absence of public feeling, are but too striking evidences of the state of collapse into which Irish society had fallen after the Union, and from which it seemed unable to emerge until a new generation had sprung up.

Petrie was then but twenty-six years of age, and already as much in advance of his contemporaries in art, as in general cultivation of mind. In subsequent essays he dealt with some of the causes of the decline of art in Europe, and, among these, the fact that the artists of more modern times were inferior in education to the earlier workers in sculpture, architecture, and painting, and consequently lower in their social

position. The tendency to look on art as a business, in which success depended upon cultivating the imitative power only, had become general, and the principle so happily expressed by Mr. Ruskin, that art is to be considered as a writing or language, the value of which must depend on what the artist has in him to say, was unrecognized by the public and by the artists themselves.

Of the paramount importance of intellectual cultivation to the artist no one could be more aware than Petrie, and, in his observations on the schools of the Dublin Society, he dwells on the error of placing the special before the general education, and the calamities that befall the individual who has been induced to attempt the calling of an artist, himself uneducated and illiterate. Would that these views were followed out in other professions! His articles on this question, continued through five successive numbers of the journal, show a spirit of independence and a severity of stricture upon the conduct of public men, not to be found in any of his later writings, except, perhaps, in his answer to Sir William Betham, written in 1837, when that gentleman impugned the decisions of the Royal Irish Academy as to the papers on the Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Ireland, and the Antiquities of Tara. In truth, when we consider the gentleness and charity of his nature, ever more ready to excuse than to condemn, to forgive than to retaliate, we must conclude that there was great cause for such strong reprobation. Looking, also, at the state of society in Dublin at that time, when independent thought was almost a crime, and independent action was nearly impossible, we cannot help admiring the spirit which inspired the young and struggling artist to denounce measures so much in correspondence with the social condition of the country at large.

Several minor papers from his pen appear in the journals of 1816–1818. There are letters of great interest describing his first visit to Killarney, and a lengthened article on

Irish music. This latter will be noticed in speaking of his work on the ancient music of Ireland.

The year 1832 saw Petrie engaged in an undertaking which greatly influenced the taste for historic study in Ireland. The success of Lord Brougham's project of a penny journal, from which politics and polemics were excluded, led the Rev. Cæsar Otway, a distinguished and patriotic clergyman, to bring out a work of the same class in Dublin; and Petrie, ever ready to help in any effort for public good, became associated with him. At the close of the first year, the editors, seemingly satisfied with the success of the experiment, published an address in which they showed that the *Penny Magazine for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge*, could hardly be acceptable to a people so long accustomed to the stimulus of religious and political animosities.

To such a people the useful knowledge afforded by the *Penny Magazine for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge*, could have offered but little attraction, and the historical subjects and illustrations with which they were accompanied, though well calculated to excite a spirit of pride and national glory in the minds of Englishmen, had but little such talismanic power of association in the minds of Irishmen. The subjects were, in fact, too useful to attract a person unacquainted with the practical value of arts and manufactures—too foreign or too British for Irish sympathies—and too generally serious for the mercurial and laughter-loving temperament of the people of this country. Had they been better adapted to Ireland, the *Dublin Penny Journal* would not have been thought of, for its conductors were as much above the temptation to infringe for the sake of gain, on the ground previously occupied by others, as above the folly of supposing that they had the superior ability to do so, which would insure their success. But the unsuitableness of those excellent works to the peculiar tastes and feelings of the country appearing so obvious, they thought that the opportunity afforded by the novel excitement of penny periodicals of a more varied character, should not be wholly lost, without an effort to make it more generally applicable to Ireland. Agreeing, therefore, with its valuable predecessors only in the exclusion of

politics and sectarian religion, and in the general desire to be useful and instructive, the *Penny Journal* started on new and exclusively national ground, and with national as well as useful objects in view. The subjects chiefly chosen were such as were most likely to attract the attention of the Irish people, next to those of politics and polemics—namely, the history, biography, poetry, antiquities, natural history, legends and traditions of the country, subjects which can never fail to interest the feelings of a people. The plan was novel and experimental, and, at the same time, animating to minds zealous for the moral improvement of the country.

The first number of this work appeared on the 30th of June, 1832, and in little more than twelve months the journal passed into other and inferior hands, and after a few years ceased to exist. The weekly numbers, edited by Mr. Otway and Petrie, amounted to fifty-six—the last four forming the commencement of the second volume; his views, however, as to the usefulness of such a work remained unchanged, for in ten years later he became sole editor of another work, similar in character and aim, called the *Irish Penny Journal*, which he carried on for a year.

Many of the most important articles in the first two volumes of the *Dublin Penny Journal* were contributed by Petrie and O'Donovan. Those by Petrie consist of short notices of objects of antiquity, together with an historic sketch of the rise, progress, and decadence of the Fine Arts in Ireland. This is continued through several numbers, and is an answer to the statements of Pinkerton, that no traces of civilization in remote times are to be found in the country. The exaggerated accounts given by former writers of the splendour of the palaces and sepulchres of ancient Ireland, were, in Petrie's mind, a proof that such compositions were comparatively modern.

Still, while rejecting these histories as fabulous, he points to the material antiquities of the country as evidences that in times before the introduction of Christianity, art was not

wholly unknown in Ireland. Our gold and silver ornaments, our bronze weapons, so abundantly discovered, and our sepulchral urns, show at least an early acquaintance with the forms in use among a refined people.

Yet he is far from asserting that during the early colonization of Ireland, these arts were extensively practised:—

> Infant colonies do not carry a knowledge of the Fine Arts along with them. Such is only to be found where luxury and peace have fixed their abode. The domestic arts, the traditions, the religion, poetry, and music of a people will accompany them everywhere, for these are fixed in their minds, and transferred from generation to generation. The Irish colonists, we are told, brought with them their priest, their artificer, their bard, and their musician; but we hear nothing of their painter, their sculptor, or their architect.

Although a few specimens of exquisite designs in bronze have been discovered, bearing no character of Christian art, yet the practice of the Fine Arts in Ireland may be said to have commenced soon after the introduction of Christianity, and this is attributed by Petrie to the great influx of foreigners from the most civilized parts of the world, continuing for centuries, and obtaining for Ireland the name of "Insula Sanctorum;" while that of *Insula Sacra* seems to have been given to her even before the time of St. Patrick. It was so called by Avienus, a Latin writer, who lived about A.D. 400, and who was also the author of a geographical poem, an edition of which was printed by Mattaire, in his "Corpus Poetarum Veterum," 1713, vol. ii., p. 1334. Among the evidences of this influx of holy and learned men, attracted by the bloodless conversion of a country, and desiring to lead a life of seclusion and peace in the Western Isle, Petrie quotes from an ancient litany of the eighth century, in which the protection of the foreign saints interred in Ireland is invoked. This is given in part in the "Ecclesiastical Architecture." See Appendix.

Again he says, in the same journal:

The arts thus propagated in Ireland, were corrupt and debased; but they had still a touch of the Greek and Roman glory. The building and decorating of churches and other religious edifices, the illuminating of religious books, the carving of tombs and crosses, and, above all, the manufacture, in brass and other metals, of shrines, crosses, croziers, and other sacred utensils, were the chief objects on which the arts were employed; and to what other purposes, in those ages, could we expect them to have been applied?

The rise and progress of Christian art in Ireland, and its final decay between the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries, was more fully worked out by Petrie in after-years; and his various essays on this subject will be noticed in their proper place.

There is no more striking evidence of the absence of public opinion, and the want of interest in the history of the country on the part of Irish society, than the failure of these two works: and it is remarkable that the principal demand for them was from London and the provincial towns of England. In literary merit, indeed, they were anything but failures, as might be expected, when it is considered that, besides the names of Otway, Petrie, and O'Donovan, we have among the contributors to the second work mentioned, those of O'Curry, Wills, Anster, Ferguson, Mangan, Aubrey de Vere, and Carleton. It is told of Southey, that he used to say, when speaking of these volumes, that he prized them as among the most valuable in his library.

In his farewell address, Petrie, speaking of the opinions of the press upon these works, observes:—

That such commendations have not been altogether undeserved, and that the promises made in the original prospectus have not been left unfulfilled, the proprietors fondly anticipate will be the permanent opinion of the public; and they indulge, moreover, the pleasing conviction that the volume now brought to a termination will live in the literature of Ireland, as one almost exclusively Irish,

and possessing what may be considered as no trifling distinction for such a work—a spirit throughout its pages wholly national, and untinctured by the slightest admixture of prejudices either political or sectarian.

This brief notice of the penny journals would be incomplete, without giving some examples of the style of Petrie's communications to them. These, which were in general historical or antiquarian, often took a wider range, when he indulged in reflections induced by the history of the ruins and their surrounding scenery. Thus, in his account of Monasterboice, in the county of Louth, in the *Irish Penny Journal*, he says:—

To the observing and imaginative traveller, our island must present a great number of peculiarities of aspect which will not fail to excite his notice, and impress themselves indelibly upon his mind. The scantiness of wood—for its natural timber has nearly all disappeared—and the abundance of water, are two of the characteristics that will most strike him; and, next to these, the great extent of prospect usually afforded to the eye in consequence of the undulating character of its surface. Sparkling streams are visible everywhere, and shining lakes and noble rivers come into view in rapid succession; while ranges of blue mountains are rarely wanting to bound the distant horizon. The colours with which nature has painted the surface of our island are equally peculiar. There is no variety of green, whether of depth or vivid brightness, which is not to be found covering it. They are hues which can be seen no where else in equal force; and even our bogs, which are so numerous, with all their mutations of colour—now purple, and anon red, or brown, or black, by their vigorous contrasts, give additional beauty and life to the landscape, and assist in imparting to it a sort of national individuality. Our very clouds have, to a great degree, a distinctive character—the result of the humidity of our climate; they have a grandeur of form and size, and a force of light and shadow, that are but rarely seen in other countries: they are *Irish clouds*, at one moment bright and sunny, and in the next flinging their dark shadows over the landscape, and involving it in gloomy grandeur. It is this striking force of contrast in almost everything we look at, that the peculiarity of

our scenery chiefly consists; and it appears to have stamped the general character of our people with those contrasting lights and shades so well exhibited in our exquisite and strongly-marked national music, in which all varieties of sentiment are so deeply yet harmoniously blended, as to produce on the mind effects, perhaps, in some degree saddening; but, withal, most delightfully sweet and soothing. A country marked with such peculiarities is not the legitimate abode of the refined sensualist of modern times, or the man of artificial pleasure and heartless pursuits, and all such naturally remain away from it or visit it with reluctance; but it is the proper habitation of the poet, the painter, and, above all, the philanthropist; for nowhere else can the latter find so extensive a field for the exercise of the godlike feelings of benevolence and patriotism.

Yet, the natural features of scenery and climate which we have pointed out, interesting as all must admit them to be, are not the only ones that confer upon our country the peculiar and impressive character which it possesses. The relics of past epochs of various classes; the monuments of its Pagan times, as revealed to us in its religious, military, and sepulchral remains; the ruins of its primitive Christian ages, as exemplified in its simple and generally unadorned churches, and slender round towers—the more splendid monastic edifices of later date, and the gloomy castles of still more recent times—these are everywhere present to bestow historic interest on the landscape, and bring the successive conditions and changes of society in bygone ages forcibly before the mind; so that an additional interest, of a deep and poetical nature, is thus imparted to views in themselves impressive, from their picturesque and wild appearance. So perfect, indeed, is this harmony of the natural and artificial characteristics of Irish scenery, so comprehensively do both tell the history of our country, to which nature has been most bountiful, and in which, alas! man has not been happy, that if we were desirous of giving a stranger a true idea of Ireland, and one that would impress itself on his mind, we should conduct him to one of our green open landscapes, where the dark and ruined castle, seated on some rocky height, or the round tower, with its little parent church, in some sequestered valley, would be the only features to arrest his attention; and of such a scene we should say emphatically, "This is Ireland!"

The closing words of this notice of Monasterboice show his powers as a word-painter, of which many examples are to be found in his earlier writings. The descriptions of scenery by Sir Walter Scott, like the giant head of Michael Angelo, are outlines from a master hand of pictures which the mind easily fills up, while those of Petrie resemble his own poetic landscapes in their delicate drawing, and are characteristic of a mind which made the lesser as well as the greater features of a scene subservient to his art.

In concluding these notices of a spot so long the abode of piety, art, and learning of remote times, we may add, that in its present deserted and ruined state, it is a scene of the deepest and most solemn interest; and the mind must indeed be dull and earthly in which it fails to awaken feelings of touching and permanent interest; silence and solitude the most profound are impressed on all its time-worn features; we are among the dead only; and we are forced, as it were, to converse with the men of other days. In all our frequent visits to these ruins we never saw a single living human being among them but once. It was during a terrific thunder-storm, which obliged us to seek shelter behind one of the stone crosses for an hour. The rain poured down in impetuous torrents, and the clouds were so black as to give the day the appearance of night. It was at such an awful hour, that a woman of middle age, finely formed, and of a noble countenance, entered the cemetery, and, regardless of the storm raging around, flung herself down upon a grave, and commenced singing an Irish lamentation in tones of heart-rending and surpassing beauty. This wail she carried on as long as we remained; and her voice coming on the ear between the thunder-peals, had an effect singularly wild and unearthly; it would be fruitless to attempt a description of it. The reader, if he knows what an Irishwoman's song of sorrow is, must imagine the effect it would have at such a moment among those lightning-shattered ruins, and chanted by such a living vocal monument of human woe and desolation.

THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

It is easy to understand that the torpor which affected society in Dublin between 1800 and 1821, should be shown

in the working of our public institutions. But this was not to last, and, after a few years, the mental energies of the country seemed to wake up. Great reforms in the University education and system were commenced by the late Dr. Lloyd, afterwards Provost of Trinity College. The Ordnance Survey of Ireland was undertaken; numerous private schools of medicine and its accessory sciences sprang up, while those belonging to the old chartered bodies were imbued with a new life; scientific and literary journals were established and ably supported; while the successful career of so many of our distinguished countrymen may be said to commence from this period. This was the time of Hamilton, the younger Lloyd, Lord Rosse, MacCullagh, Apjohn, and Robinson; in literature of Todd, Anster, Butler, Hincks, and Petrie; in medicine, of Graves, the representative man of Irish medical science; and of many more whose labours in various paths of original investigation have so advanced the honour and the interests of their country.

In 1827 the Royal Irish Academy was joined by Hamilton, and in the following year by Petrie, in company with many of the distinguished men just mentioned, and from this period it began to show a renovated life and energy. In all its departments, and especially in that of antiquities, it had fallen behindhand, and in the latter deplorably so. It possessed no museum and but a scanty collection of our ancient manuscripts, while the meetings of the committee of antiquities were often suspended for long periods of time. It is true that the Academy possessed a small collection of stone weapons and implements presented by the King of Denmark. Yet these were left on the floor of an upper room and so exposed to depredation that the most valuable of them were lost, while a few specimens of Irish antiquities were deposited for safe keeping in Trinity College.

On his election to the council in 1829, Petrie's first care was to collect these scattered remains, and to arrange them in safety; and so to him is owing the foundation of that

museum which, as a national collection, may be said to be equal, and, in some respects, superior in value to the great museum of Copenhagen.

COLLECTION OF MANUSCRIPTS.

Although the collection of Irish manuscripts possessed by the Academy up to 1830 was a very limited one, it contained much that was valuable; for example, the Book of Lecan, which had been carried away from the library of Trinity College by James the Second, and deposited in the Irish College in Paris, by which institution it was generously given up to the Academy. In like manner the Book of Ballymote, a manuscript of equal value, which had also belonged to Trinity College, was presented to the Academy by one of its members, the Chevalier O'Gorman, and the "Leabhar Breac," a manuscript scarcely inferior in literary importance, was obtained by purchase at a very moderate cost. These manuscripts were all that were then in the possession of the Academy, while previous to the granting of the Charter in 1785, the great manuscript of the Brehon Laws, was, through the influence of its antiquarian members, backed by the exertions of Edmund Burke, restored to Ireland, and deposited in the library of Trinity College, with a view to their translation and publication.*

The limited funds allotted for increasing their collection of manuscripts were naturally intrusted to Petrie, who lost no opportunity of adding to the collection, nor did he hesitate to draw on his own resources for the purchase of various manuscripts which he afterwards gave to the Academy at cost price. In 1831 the library of Mr. Austin Cooper, which had originally belonged to Colonel Burton Conyngham, was offered for sale, when a sum of fifty pounds was placed at the disposal of Petrie and Mr. D'Alton, for the purpose of

* This manuscript had been for a century in the possession of the Seabright family (see Petrie MSS.)

securing several valuable works for the Academy contained in it. At the close of this sale it was the good-fortune of Petrie to discover and secure the autograph copy of the second part of the Annals of the Four Masters, an unnamed and neglected manuscript. This without hesitation he added to the Academy collection although large sums were offered him for the book. His letter to the council on this occasion is given in full by Dr. O'Donovan in his splendid edition of the work,* and is mainly directed to the evidences of the authenticity of the manuscript, but the opening and concluding passages may well appear in these pages.

To the President and Members of the Royal Irish Academy.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Having recently had the good-fortune to obtain for the Royal Irish Academy the most important remains of our ancient literature, the original autograph of a portion of the first part or volume in which the same manuscript was deficient, and the whole of the second volume of the work usually designated as "The Annals of the Four Masters," I feel it incumbent on me to lay before you a statement of the proofs of its authenticity together with such circumstances connected with its history as have hitherto come within my knowledge.

With regard, in the first place, to our acquisition being the undoubted original autograph of this most invaluable work, it is to be observed that the manuscript itself furnishes the most satisfactory internal evidences for such a conclusion, evidences even more decisive than those which have been brought forward in support of the autograph originality of the first part, now the chief treasure of the magnificent library of His Grace the Duke of Buckingham, and which has recently been published through the munificence of that patriotic nobleman. . . . . .

* "Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland, by the Four Masters, from the earliest period to the year 1616; edited from MSS. in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, and of Trinity College, Dublin, with a translation and copious notes by John O'Donovan, LL.D., M.R.I.A." Dublin, Hodges and Smith. It is dedicated to five members of the Academy—the Marquis of Kildare, the Earl of Dunraven, the Rev. Dr. Todd, George Petrie, and James Hardiman.

Before we proceed further, let us reflect for a moment on the matter furnished by those interesting documents, to which the writers were so anxious to give all possible durability. How prophetic were the just apprehensions of that chief compiler, "that if the work were then neglected, or consigned to a future time, a risk might be run that the materials for it should never again be brought together." Such, indeed, would have been the sad result. Those fearful predictions were made on the very eve of that awful rebellion which caused a revolution of property, and an extent of human affliction, such, perhaps, as no other country ever experienced. In that unhappy period, nearly all the original materials of this compilation probably perished, for one or two of them only have survived to our times. Even this careful transcript was supposed to have shared the same fate, and its recent discovery may be considered as the result of a chance almost miraculous. What a solemn lesson, then, is here given us of the necessity of giving durability, while yet in our power, to the surviving historical remains of our country, and thereby placing them beyond the reach of a fate otherwise almost inevitable. To me it appears a sacred duty on cultivated minds to do so. Had this compilation been neglected, or had it, as was supposed, shared the fate of its predecessors, what a large portion of our history would have been lost to the world for ever. . . . . .

Under all these circumstances, I trust I shall not be deemed rash in concluding, that the manuscript now bought for the Academy is not only the original autograph of the work, but also, that there is scarcely a doubt of its being the very copy which passed from the representative of the O'Gara family into the hands of Mr. Charles O'Conor, and which subsequently became the property of Colonel Burton Conyngham, at the recent sale of whose books I had the good-fortune to purchase it.

I have now no ordinary feeling of pleasure in resigning to its most proper depository, the library of the Royal Irish Academy, this most inestimable work, which in the words of Mr. O'Reilly, is far above all our other annals in point of value; and as I have had the good-fortune to purchase this work at my own risk, and might, by letting it pass out of the country, have been a great pecuniary gainer, I trust it will not be deemed presumption in me, to indulge the hope, that the resignation of it will be received as a memorial of my attachment to the ancient literature of my country, and of

my zeal for the interests of the learned body to which I feel it so great an honour to belong.

GEORGE PETRIE.

March 5, 1831.

The discovery of the nature of this precious manuscript was made known in the sale-room by Petrie after he had become the purchaser, when he was offered by Mr. Cochran, the agent of Sir Thomas Philips, £100 over the purchase-money for the manuscript, and subsequently pressed to name any sum that would induce him to resign it. In acknowledgment of the zeal evinced by Petrie in the service of the Academy, and the pecuniary sacrifice involved in it, he was unanimously elected a life member.

The manuscript library of the Academy now rapidly increased. Transcripts of important works, which were inaccessible to the public from being in private hands, were faithfully made. The valuable collection of the Chevalier O'Gorman, which had long passed out of the country, as well as the State Papers of James the Second, in the Southwell collection, were purchased. Subsequently the great collection of Messrs. Hodges and Smith was secured, chiefly by public subscription and by a Government grant of equal amount, obtained through the liberality of Sir Robert Peel. Finally, the large collection of Sir William Betham was added, mainly through a similar liberality, and in these zealous efforts Petrie was ably aided by the Secretary of Council, the Rev. Charles Graves, D.D., now Bishop of Limerick.

The value and importance to the student of Irish history and general literature of the great mass of manuscripts thus brought together, and which, but for the exertions of the Academy, would have been lost to the country for ever, can scarcely be too highly estimated. It embraces many thou-

sand distinct tracts of various ages, from the earliest to the latest period of our literature, and it is not, perhaps, too much to say, that as a whole no such collection has ever been made, or can again be formed.

In the department of printed books, especially through the active exertions of the Rev. Dr. Lloyd, the Academy, on the principle of mutual exchange, became possessed of a vast collection of the transactions of British and Foreign scientific bodies. One thousand pounds were placed at the disposal of the council to make the collection more complete in the several departments, and of this sum one-half was allotted to the department of science ; £350 to that of polite literature, and the residue to that of antiquities. Subsequently, however, and on the motion of Petrie, a further grant of £200 was made for the purchase of works relating to the history and antiquities of Ireland.

MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES.

Thus to Petrie may be ascribed not the foundation of the museum only, but, in a great measure, that of the manuscript library also. The enlargement of the museum had never been lost sight of by him, and those who sustained him in the council. Yet it was not until 1837 that an opportunity was afforded of materially adding to the museum. In this year Petrie induced Mr. Underwood to offer a small but valuable collection of antiquities for sale to the Academy; and this at once formed an important nucleus for the museum. Articles of interest were now added by the members, and a vital influence was given to the movement by the election of Professor MacCullagh upon the council. Entering warmly into the views of his friend Petrie, he became, and continued up to the time of his ever to be lamented death, his most ardent supporter. In this spirit, on being made acquainted by Petrie with the historic value and interest of the venerable reliquary called the Cross of

Cong, he proposed in the summer of 1839, that the latter should go down to Cong and secure its purchase, for the purpose of presenting it to the Academy. Petrie, however, did not himself undertake the negotiation, but intrusted it to Mr. George Smith, a gentleman of known tact and ability, by whom it was chiefly undertaken at his own cost, and who finally secured it for Professor MacCullagh at the price of one hundred pounds.

About the same time the magnificent golden torques found at Tara were exhibited by Petrie to the Academy, and, through his interest mainly, purchased by subscription for the museum. They were presented by him to the Academy, together with the names of the subscribers, on the 24th of June, 1839, the same evening that the Cross of Cong was presented by Professor MacCullagh.

The next important accession to the museum was that of the collection of antiquities which had been commenced by the Dean of St. Patrick's in 1832. He had seen what could be accomplished in this way in the valuable private collection of Petrie, and the creation of a museum became the dominant object of his life. It was, however, with no selfish or unworthy object that he devoted himself to this pursuit. It was, as the friends most honoured with his confidence well know, with the sole object in view of presenting the collection to the Academy as soon as its magnitude and importance should render it worthy of their acceptance; and during the two years preceding his untimely decease, he frequently expressed his desire that cases should be provided for his collection. He died intestate, leaving his family in circumstances which did not justify their making so great a sacrifice as the gift of the museum would be. Fortunately, however, for the country, the intention of the Dean of St. Patrick's was known to his high-minded widow, who, with the noble devotion to what she believed would have been her husband's desire, would not accede to the

wish of some of her husband's relations that the collection should be sold in London, where it was believed a much larger sum could be procured than would be obtained in Ireland. In the following year, Mrs. Dawson intrusted to Petrie and to Dr. Aquilla Smith the valuation of the museum. That of the coins was made by Dr. Smith, and of the other antiquities by Petrie. This precious collection was purchased for the Academy by public subscription, at the price of £1,000. Following on these acquisitions were those of the celebrated reliquary called the Domhnach Airgid, a shrine of the fourteenth century, and of Irish manufacture, as shown by its inscription; of the museum of Major Sirr, and of the great collection of antiquities contributed by the Shannon Commissioners and the Board of Works. Upon the Domhnach Airgid Petrie read two papers to the Academy in 1832 and 1837, in which he has established that the treasure which this shrine was made to preserve with so much care, was of an interest far surpassing that of the outer shrine itself, being a copy of the four Gospels probably given by St. Patrick to his disciple, St. MacCarthen, first bishop of Clogher. It was in 1831 that he had become acquainted with the existence of this shrine in the county of Monaghan. He suggested its purchase to the Dean of St. Patrick's, but the negotiation failing, it was secured, for a comparatively small sum, by a friend, who offered it to Petrie at cost price. Having discovered its great value, he generously declined the offer, and it was finally purchased by Mr. Westenra, afterwards Lord Rossmore, for three hundred pounds, with the view of preserving it to the country. On this occasion, Lord Rossmore wrote to Petrie requesting him to communicate to the Academy and the University that he would be at all times ready to surrender it, at the price paid, to either of these national institutions, or to the Dublin Society, as a proper depository for its preservation.

Nearly fourteen years passed without any steps having

been taken; and it is almost certain that the shrine would have been lost to the country, had not Professor MacCullagh again come forward and requested of Petrie to negotiate its purchase. It was thus secured to the museum, and Professor MacCullagh was reimbursed for his timely generosity by a subscription from the members of the Academy.

The collection having assumed such proportions, it afterwards became Petrie's care to commence the writing of a catalogue; and at a stated meeting, held March 14, 1858, a resolution was passed by the council of the Academy commissioning him to prepare the work. But difficulties not anticipated soon beset him. The very nature of the task was misunderstood, and its great difficulties were underrated by some in whose minds the notion of a list and of a catalogue appears to have been the same, and who overlooked the surpassing advantage of having a catalogue from the hand of the only living antiquary fitted for the task. Time passed on, murmurs arose at the delay in the appearance of the work, and the step of taking it out of his hands was resolved upon by the council, unhappily for the country, for the value of the collection, and for the interests of antiquarian science.

Yet it may be questioned whether, when we look at the nature of his mind, this decision, painful in the highest degree as it was to him, and doubtless also to many of the members of the council, was not on the whole to be desired. The work could hardly have been completed during his lifetime, and would besides have fully occupied his time, to the exclusion of all other pursuits. His views, as to the nature of such a work, and the principle on which it should be carried out, are given in the following fragment, which was meant to form a portion of an introduction to the catalogue of his own precious museum, on which he was engaged at the time of his death.

As the primary, if not only, useful object in the formation of a col-

lection of the portable antiquities of a country is to help, by an inductive process, the antiquarian investigator in his efforts to trace and, if possible, illustrate the origin and progress of its people from its earliest and rudest state to its final achievement of civilization and refinement; it follows, as has been the usage in all countries in which antiquities have become a study, that the arrangement and descriptive catalogue of such a collection should be made with the greatest possible attention to the principle of chronological succession. An arrangement made on any other plan can have no pretension to a scientific or instructive system; and a collection so treated, though it may be still valuable to the well informed and experienced antiquary, who will be enabled by his knowledge to extract information from the most chaotically jumbled assemblage of ancient remains, can convey but little, if any, useful instruction to the less enlightened multitude, and may even lead to the formation of conclusions mischievously erroneous in the minds of the more inquiring searchers after knowledge among observers of this class. It is true, indeed, that the arrangement and description of a collection of antiquities on a scientific system is a labour so surrounded by difficulties that it can be satisfactorily accomplished only by an antiquary of great experience and sound judgment; and it may be further added that, even in the mind of such a person, in the present state of antiquarian knowledge, a great amount of uncertainty would exist respecting the age, or even the use, to which articles, or classes of articles, in the collection should properly be assigned, and that a rational approximation to a right conclusion, founded upon a knowledge of the circumstances under which articles, and similar ones in other countries, have been discovered, is all that fairly should be expected. I allude more particularly to those articles of stone, wood, bone, and such simple materials, rarely exhibiting ornamentation, and that always of the rudest character, which have been so abundantly found in Ireland, and in the northern parts of Europe—articles indicative of the least cultivated state of society, and the age to which antiquaries have usually referred to a pre-historic period. In all such cases it is obvious that no definite conclusion as to their ages and uses can possibly be arrived at, except by an accumulation of such facts as I have above alluded to; and hence it necessarily follows, as in the highest degree desirable, that at least the descriptive account of such antiquarian collections should be undertaken by those who formed them,

or should that be impracticable, by those next best fitted for the task by their knowledge of the history of the collections, and of the circumstances and localities under which the articles contained in them were found.

In accordance with the opinions which I have above expressed, the soundness of which I feel assured of by the example afforded me in the arrangements and descriptions of the articles in the great Copenhagen Museum, by its founder, my revered friend, Dr. Thomsen, together with his pupil and illustrious coadjutor, my valued friend, Dr. Worsaae, and also in concurrence with the opinions expressed to me by my ever-to-be-lamented friend, the late J. M. Kemble, I have arranged the articles in my own small collection in what appeared to me a chronological order, and now venture to write a descriptive catalogue of them, as a duty I owe to my country, and to the advancement of antiquarian science, conscious, indeed, of my inability in many respects to accomplish the undertaking worthily.

I have also followed in the arrangement of this collection that division of the articles into three classes which was originated by the northern antiquaries, and which they named as the stone, the bronze, and the iron periods, feeling assured that, in a general way, this tripartite division is a convenient and a correct one. For it seems the only rational conclusion that man in his normal state would form the implements necessary for his existence of such simple materials as were most easily obtained, and required the least amount of skill in their manufacture; and that his knowledge of the use of the metals and of the art of compounding them must have been the result of a considerable advance in civilization.*

The writer has before him the first part of the catalogue of the Academy museum, from the pen of Petrie. It deals with the stone axes, of which 363 specimens are individually and minutely described, as to their measurement, form, material, and the localities in which they were found.

* This catalogue of his own remarkable museum Petrie did not live to finish. The fragment which remains is of infinite value, and will, as we trust, be published in time. In it he treats of stone axes, chisels, spear-heads, disks, perforated disks, bronze celts, with and without ornament, copper celts, pins, and bronze statuettes. There are also notices of two stone chalices.—*Petrie MSS.*

These specimens he divides into twenty-eight classes, in their regular succession of artistic development, so as to show the relative chronological order in which these weapons or implements were produced. That a catalogue, such as the one thus commenced, of a museum so great, with a relative if not a positive, chronological arrangement and history, as well as an antiquarian description of every specimen, enriched by the vast stores of his accurate knowledge, would have been about the most remarkable archæological work of the kind in the world, is certain, and it is possible that an approach to the completion of such a work might have been attained in Petrie's lifetime, had not the coming visit of the British Association to Dublin made the council desirous of having a catalogue rapidly prepared—for such a task, carried on under such circumstances, Petrie was evidently unfitted. His mode of thought, his minute and patient investigation of each object, rendered it impossible for him to work against time; nor would any consideration induce him to undertake such a task. But that he felt deeply pained by the necessity which compelled him to resign this labour was apparent to all his friends; and when writing to the Earl of Dunraven, in the year 1859, he thus expresses himself:—"For a long period of my life it was my most anxious and cherished desire to undertake it. I sought for knowledge in every available quarter with an ardent and untiring devotion, so as to render myself, as far as I could, not unfitted for a task which it was the dominant ambition of my life to accomplish."

To those who watched the growth of the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, from the time when Irish archæology was first studied in a scientific spirit, and Irish antiquities appealed to as the witnesses of the country's history, it is plain that for its existence Ireland is indebted to one master-spirit. His grave is covered only by the grassy sod, but this Museum, created by his energies, and advanced by the feeling which he inspired, is his true and fitting monument.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ORDNANCE SURVEY MEMOIR.

THE most eventful period in the life of Petrie was that from 1833 to 1846, as during that time he not only became connected with the Ordnance Topographical Survey of Ireland, but produced his two greatest works, the "Essay on the Antiquities of Tara," and "The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland." As the first of these was intended to form part of the Ordnance memoir for the county of Meath, it becomes necessary to give some history of the Topographical survey, its rise, progress, and final abandonment.

The Trigonometrical Survey of Great Britain arose from an application by the French Government in 1783 to connect the observatories of Greenwich and Paris. The necessary triangulation for this purpose having been completed, a general military survey of the country was ordered. This was carried on under the direction of Colonel Williams, R.A., and of Captain, afterwards Major-General Mudge, who was succeeded by Colonel Colby, R.E.

In 1824 the House of Commons recommended a survey and valuation of Ireland; and the report of the committee, after noticing the addition of "terriers," *i.e.*, descriptive particulars, such as may be found in several surveys, and in Domesday Book, stated that a similar course might be followed in the survey of Ireland. It also recommended that the work should be conducted by the ordnance officers, and that a geological survey should be made in connexion with the mapping of the country.

In 1826 Captain Larcom, R.E., now Major-General Sir Thomas Aiskew Larcom, K.C.B., was attached to the Irish survey, and in 1828 appointed Director of the central office, at Mountjoy, near Dublin.

It would be difficult to estimate the amount of good which resulted from this appointment of Captain Larcom. His clear and vigorous mind at once took the measure of the work that lay before him, and he saw that, however valuable the accurate surveying and mapping of each county, as well as the description of its geological features, might be, the work would be deficient if it did not embrace all attainable knowledge of its topography, including its natural products, its history and antiquities, economic state, and social condition. This great and comprehensive thought, this truly imperial idea, he lost no time in putting into effect. A staff of civil assistants was organized, to some of whom the duty of making social and statistical inquiries was intrusted; while to others, who were Irish scholars, the more difficult task of orthographical research, with a view to obtaining the correct names of the baronies, townlands, and parishes throughout the country, was allotted. The investigation of all existing remains, whether Pagan or Christian—the cahirs, raths, tumuli, cromlechs, and other monuments of primitive times; the lowly bee-hive houses of the early saints of Ireland, their oratories, churches, towers, crosses, and monumental stones; and, to come to a later period, the description and history of the Celtic and Norman castles, and of the later monasteries and abbeys were required. A memoir embracing all these subjects was to accompany the map of each county; so that, when completed, the work of the ordnance survey would embrace, not the geographical features of the country alone, but also the geology, natural history, ancient and modern records, antiquities, economic state and social condition of each and every barony, townland, and parish throughout the length and breadth of the land.

It will be well now to quote from Sir Thomas Larcom's statement of his plan of arrangement:—*

Subjects, however various, if connected with locality, are separ-

* Prospectus of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland.

able into classes, on the simple principle that man by his reason devises artificial means for improving to his uses the productions of nature. On this principle the memoir of each parish is divided into three parts, of which the first describes the state in which nature has placed it; the second, the condition to which it has been brought by art; and the third, the uses now made by the people of their combination.

Thus the map exhibiting the physical features of the ground, the first part of the memoir commences with their description, their aspect, climate, and geological structure, as introductory to the several branches of natural history, which in a great degree depend upon them. The second part, in like manner based upon the map, describes in detail the roads, the buildings, and other works of art, whose positions are shown upon it; the modern being noticed first, because immediately following the natural state, they combine with it to complete a picture of the country as it now exists, and prepare the mind for an inquiry into its past history, as a prelude to the proper understanding of its social and productive state. This historic inquiry naturally directs itself, in the first place, to the ancient buildings and other monuments, and to such accounts, historical or traditional, concerning them, as may yet remain; and, in the second, from the buildings themselves, to an account of the people by whom they were erected, and the state of society, of which they constitute the memorials. From this point the third part commences; its first division, social economy, beginning with the earliest history of the people, the septs or clans, whose descendants still may inhabit the district, and the various changes or improvements which have gradually led to the present establishments for government, education, benevolence, and justice. This account of the people and their establishments, leads naturally to the productive economy, which closes the work; as resulting from the means the people have been shown to possess for calling into beneficial action the natural state at first described.

Petrie's zeal for the furtherance of such great designs caused him in a great measure to forsake his profession as a painter, and he threw himself into the undertaking with all his energy and spirit. He collected around him a staff of Irish scholars, whose minds he imbued with his own spirit, and he thus formed a school of archæology from which

sprang such men as O'Donovan, O'Curry, Mangan, and others, whose subsequent works have done so much for the history, the literature, and the language of ancient Ireland.* The department of geology and natural history was intrusted to Captain Portlock, the local and statistical inquiries to Captain Dawson, and their respective assistants, which, with the antiquarian and orthographical investigations under Petrie in Dublin and the country, rendered the department complete. Never was there such a combination of varied talent as existed in the military and civil officers of this survey, all, from the highest to the lowest, animated with the desire of producing a work perfect, so far as this end was attainable, in the minutest detail, whether as regarding the present or the past.

A still clearer insight into the views of Sir Thomas Larcom, as to the necessary connexion of the memoir with the map, will be given by the study of his introduction to the first and only published volume of the work which he had so nobly planned.†

A perfect map, with a perfect memoir, should constitute the statistics of a country; such a combination has been attempted in the survey of Ireland, and though it is not to be assumed that perfection has been attained, no pains have been spared to fulfil the enlightened intentions of the legislature. Geography is a noble and practical science only when associated with the history, the commerce, and a knowledge of the productions of a country; and the topographical delineation of a county would be comparatively useless without the information which may lead to, and suggest the proper development of its resources.

The first part of the memoir describes the natural state and circumstances of a district. We see the glacier on the northern, and the vineyard on the southern side of the Alps, at nearly equal elevations. The position of mountain chains is therefore of importance. The supply of water may be noxious or beneficial in its natural state, as it flows in fertilizing streams, or is lost in

* The names of O'Connor, O'Keeffe, Downes, Du Noyer, and Wakeman may be mentioned as distinguished among the topographical staff.

† Preliminary Notice to the Ordnance Memoir of the County of Londonderry.

alternate inundations and drought. From the combined influence of these circumstances with atmospheric phenomena, we arrive at the principal modifications of climate. In looking to the geological structure of particular localities, we find certain plants flourish on particular strata; on different rocks adjacent to each other different plants prevail, and peculiar fertility is often found at their junction; this has been attributed by geologists to the mixture of their detritus, and the soil and subsoil thus produced. To notice such occurrences, leads at once to the basis of agricultural chemistry, and involves the subject of natural history generally; for on these and similar circumstances will mainly depend the quadrupeds, birds, and even fish which prevail in a district in the wilder regions, predaceous, and in the cultivated, more domestic and familiar. The estuary of the ocean, the larger lake, the sequestered mountain pool, and the tranquil stream, has each its peculiar tribe of animated nature.

The second part describes the artificial state in which the works of man are or have been conspicuous—viz., the towns, the roads, and buildings, in their present condition and prospects, with those they have successively replaced. And in tracing this succession, we have a certain guide to the states of society at the various epochs of which such works of art were, or still remain the monuments. The historian, the antiquary, and the philosopher, will trace the relics of military tenure, of feudal grandeur, and monastic seclusion, amid the hamlets, villages, and rising towns which mark the present state of civilization. The solitary tumulus, the stone circle, the massive cashel, and the earthen rath, preserve all that remains of Pagan times—as records of the insecurity which rendered every home a fortress, and of the longing for immortality which reared tombs, whose remains survive the names and memory of their occupants.

The third part, devoted to the general state, commences, in continuation of the subject of the second, with the earliest notices of the septs or tribes located in the district, and the progress of society from those early periods to the present social state, as shown in Education, Benevolence, Justice, and the general relations of the community. The occupations of the people, and the results of their productive industry are the necessary consequence of the favourable or unfavourable combination of all the preceding subjects, and their consideration closes the memoir, exhibiting, in a tabular form, the agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, and the

necessary connexion between them, as branches of human industry, which can never be so successfully applied as when in conjunction, and when each supports and assists, instead of rivalling and opposing the other.

The first volume of the ordnance memoir was published in 1839, with a preliminary notice setting forth the objects and plan of the work. The peculiar condition of Ireland, as to its social and productive state, rendered it necessary that the maps should be constructed not only on such a scale as to correct the unequal pressure of taxation, but so that they should serve as graphical indexes to other and higher works. Among the objects to which the maps were likely to be applied, that of local improvement was prominent—and this required an amount of detailed information which the maps could not give. Hence the necessity of their being accompanied by the memoir, for, while the map would indicate the facilities or difficulties of great works, the view of their necessity must depend on other considerations.

The direction in which a railroad or canal should be made might be indicated by the maps, but the necessity for making it must be sought in the objects to be attained by it when made. This required a knowledge of the social and industrial state of the people, of the effects which had been produced by similar improvements under similar circumstances; and in order that the present condition of the country might be exhibited in every useful light, it was necessary to divest history of fable and error, and to hold up the past as a beacon and a guide to the future. The various questions which filled the public mind—the education of the people, their employment, and the connexion of both with their general state—the interests of commerce, of agriculture, and manufacture, and the investment of capital; all were pausing for knowledge, or opposing each other from prejudice and the want of knowledge. A general survey might naturally be expected to furnish information useful for all these objects, but it soon appeared that the urgent demand for the maps, on which the attention of the country was fixed, would not suffer any abstraction of the time or labour employed upon them; every energy was required on the part of the officers

to guide the great machine in its rapid motion, and their utmost intelligence was taxed to prevent deterioration of quality from being the cost at which quantity was purchased. Pursuits, therefore, which would have been far more interesting, were inevitably laid aside or deferred; and though material for many such volumes as the present is already collected, the disadvantages under which this has been compiled, render it a very humble specimen of what a general and organized exertion may achieve. It has grown gradually, but slowly, and only from particular portions of the work. Thus, a subject of the earliest necessity to the maps themselves, afforded a basis for historic inquiries. The mode of spelling the names of places was peculiarly vague and unsettled, but on the maps about to be constructed, it was desirable to establish a standard orthography, and for future reference, to identify the several localities with the names by which they had formerly been called; and as the townland, and other divisions under various denominations, have existed over the whole of Ireland from the earliest times, it soon became apparent that a sufficient extension of the original orthographic inquiries to trace all the mutations of each name, would be, in fact, to pass in review the local history of the whole country.

When, by these researches the original name of the townland, parish, or barony, had been arrived at, it was frequently found to be indicative of some early sept or tribe, some ecclesiastical establishment, or ancient chief, and this primitive inhabitancy formed an appropriate introduction to the important subject, social economy. This latter subject combined numerous branches of immediate interest. Social economy embraced the establishments for education, benevolence, justice, and all the varied wants of the community. All were necessary to the completeness of the scheme, but each required separate investigation. A department had been framed for combining the outlined maps and delineating the features of the ground upon them. This department followed the general survey, and afforded an opportunity of collecting the information necessary to complete these several subjects.—*Ordnance Memoir of the County of Londonderry.* Dublin, 1839.

This exhaustive memoir, comprising about 350 closely printed quarto pages, contains the most minute details as to the natural state of the country, its hills, lakes, rivers, its

geology, botany, and zoology; so again as to its artificial state, the consideration of which is divided into the modern and ancient, comprising, in the first place, the towns, the seats of the gentry, communications, and general description of the country; and in the second, the townlands, pagan antiquities, and ecclesiastical and military remains; while, for the city of Londonderry, are given all details regarding municipalities, education, benevolence, justice and community. The third part embraces the social and productive economy of the district.

Although the general superintendence of the work was intrusted to Petrie, our present business is more with the merely antiquarian portion, which was peculiarly his own. The list of the townlands and the researches given as to the nature and origin of their respective names, open up a new and vast field of archæological research into the most ancient history and language of the country, and is of deep interest. The account of the remains of pagan times, is still more important, in reference to the trustworthiness of our ancient records. In the county of Donegal, on the confines of Derry, stands one of the most ancient remains of Ireland, called to the present day the Grianan of Aileach. In many of the most ancient Irish histories and poems a residence of the Northern Kings is noticed under this very name. It was described as situated on a hill in the vicinity of Derry, close to the eastern shore. It is stated to have been a place of great magnificence and strength, surrounded by many circular walls, and of all the residences of the Pagan kings of Ireland the most remarkable, with the exception of Tara. In the Dinnseanchus, a topographical poem of the ninth century, the names of the builders are recorded as having lived centuries before the Christian era; and it is described as "a rath of beauteous circles," while in connexion with its history, traditional genealogies, stretching back to the most remote times, are given. It is stated to have been built by the Tuatha de

Danaan, a people to whom with the Firbolgs or Belgæ and the Fomorians, is attributed the building of all the uncemented monuments remaining in Ireland, whether military or sepulchral. Now, on the summit of a hill rising from the eastern shore of Lough Swilly, stand the remains of a circular fort or castle, called to this day the Grianan Aileach, while the two adjacent townlands are called respectively Aileach-more and Aileach-beg—or the Great and Little Aileach. Thus the name of the monument has remained unchanged for more than a thousand years. But the science of comparative architecture gives good ground for assigning to it a far greater age, and thus throws a ray of light on traditions of the most dim antiquity. It corresponds in its situation and character with what has been stated in legends called bardic, or fabulous, and gives them some character of truth. It was truly "a rath of beauteous circles," while its great antiquity is proved by the character of its masonry. In the map given in the ordnance memoir, and the illustration which accompany it, we see that the structure was circular, with a square-headed doorway, and, like the walls of Tiryns and Mycenæ, built of great polygonal blocks of uncemented stone. It is surrounded by three circular fortifications of earth and stone. In the old histories it is described as having five of these ramparts; two of these have probably disappeared by the influence of cultivation. The word "Grianan" is proved by all authorities in old Irish to mean a royal residence or palace, and was especially so applied when such residence was in a beautiful or sunny situation. In illustration of this is given a quotation from a poem mentioned in the "Annals of the Four Masters"—

> The aged, calm, and pious Cathalan,
> Passed to heaven, *to the bright Grianan*,
> On the festival of Ciaran of Saiger.

In the Dinnseanchus, the oldest topographical work possessed by any country, there is given the origin of the names of

the most celebrated places in Ireland. In these ancient histories it is laid down by the learned Pinkerton that confidence may be placed in their geographical statements, for in dealing with these there is no temptation to fiction, but, on the contrary, every inducement to preserve the grand features of the country, and even the greater facts of history, to colour tales, some of which may be fabulous. Hence, even those who had not seen the Ordnance Survey might safely believe that the places mentioned had a real existence; and again, that the principal persons connected with them had at least a traditional existence, or the legend would have no interest or credibility at the period of its compilation. Here, then, is the argument: the most ancient history, itself quoting from the most dim traditions, indicates the name, locality, and purpose of a certain monument; its remains are found corresponding in name, place, and obvious purpose with the old account, itself borrowed from sources older still, while its architecture is that of the most remote Pagan period, and so the monument verifies the history and the history identifies the monument, and both become mutually illustrative.

Irish historical traditions ascribe a certain degree of civilization to the inhabitants of the country at distant times, and, in support of this statement, point to monuments of which vestiges still remain. Do these monuments then belie the historical traditions? Apparently not. The ruined fort of Aileach presents an example of barbaric art, not imitative of the refined art of the Egyptians, the Greeks, or the Romans, but of that ruder and more distant effort at civilization belonging to the heroic ages, of which so many vestiges have been recently found in various countries—an example of the architecture of that race who have left so many other evidences of their existence in Ireland. In the general characteristics of this ancient work the antiquary will at once recognise the features of the first efforts in architectural art, "les ouvrages d'un art sans art," as they have been fancifully called, which, whether ascribed to the cyclopeans, pelasgians, or wandering architects, are found to pervade so extensive a portion of the old world.

It is true that this monument does not, either in its parts or as a whole, exhibit the colossal grandeur which characterizes the cyclopean walls of Tiryns or Mycenæ in Greece, or of Norba and other towns in Italy; nor should such grandeur be expected in the efforts of feeble colonists in a remote region; but in the polygonal and unchiselled character of its masonry, and the general style of its details, its features are most conformable with those which antiquarians generally consider as indicating the earliest cyclopean works.—*Op. Cit.*

Before the circumstances are detailed which led to the breaking up of the topographical department, at a time when its organization was so complete, and when, during the thirteen years of its existence, a vast amount of successful labour had been employed on it, the following sketch of the working of the staff under Petrie, written by one of its members, Mr. Wakeman, may well be given:—

How well do I recollect my first sketching journey, when employed on the intended ordnance memoir. Dr. Petrie was the head of that particular department of the survey to which I was attached. In the little back parlour in Great Charles-street we used to meet daily; by we, I mean John O'Donovan, Eugene Curry, Clarence Mangan, P. O'Keefe, J. O'Connor, besides two or three more. The duty of the office was to collect every possible information, antiquarian or topographical, about that particular portion of the country which was at the time being surveyed. All sorts of old documents were examined, old spellings of names compared and considered. O'Donovan and Curry, even then the first Celtic scholars of the age, settled the orthography of the towns, villages, baronies, or other divisions of land, so that the ordnance maps might be as correct, in a literary sense, as they undoubtedly were as surveys. At the same time Petrie's great work on the "Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland," as also his admirable essay on the "Antiquities of Tara Hill," were being completed. Indeed we lived in such an atmosphere of antiquarianism, that a thousand years ago seemed as familiar to us as the time when we first donned breeches. For my own part, I felt as if I had a personal acquaintance with Niall of the Nine Hostages, or Con of the Hundred Battles (or bottles, as poor Mangan humorously misstyled the hero), or with Leogaire, who would not

mind the exhortations of Saint Patrick, but insisted on being interred, sword in hand, in his rath at Tara, with his face turned to the east, as bidding defiance to the men of Leinster. Petrie, as head of the office, superintended everything; and the mass of antiquarian and topographical information collected far exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine. A miserable system of false economy caused the memoir to be abandoned; and, from the character of the matter collected, we can judge how great has been our loss that the work had not been continued for at least a few years longer. But if I stop at the office I shall not get to my subject, which is a sketch of a journey to the famous islands of Aran, made by John O'Donovan and myself, in the year 1839, and yet I should like to dwell a moment on the scene of that very happy time when we used to meet in Dr. Petrie's back parlour. There was our venerable chief, with his ever ready smile and gracious word; then poor Clarence Mangan, with his queer puns and jokes, and odd little cloak and wonderful hat, which exactly resembled the tiles that broomstick-riding witches are usually represented with, his flax-coloured wig, and false teeth, and the inevitable bottle of tar-water, from which he would sip and sip all day, except when asleep, with a plain deal desk for a pillow. By-the-bye, it was in that office Mangan penned his since famous ballad, "The Woman of Three Cows," and I verily believe the composition did not occupy him half an hour. Mangan was a man of many peculiarities. In addition to the curious hat and little round cloak, he made himself conspicuous by wearing a huge pair of dark green spectacles, which had the effect of setting off his singularly wan and wax-like countenance with as much force as might be accomplished by the contrast of colour. Sometimes, even in the most settled weather, he might be seen parading the streets with a very voluminous umbrella under each arm.

At this time O'Donovan was about thirty years of age. As in the case of almost every man who has risen to distinction, he was an unwearied worker, never sparing himself, and evidently holding his occupation a labour of love. With all employed in the office he was a general favourite, and in the intervals between his most serious business, would often give us some of his experience as a traveller, telling his tale in a rich emphatic manner peculiarly his own.

Then there was O'Connor, the companion of O'Donovan in very

many of his topographical expeditions, a man of kindly feeling, and possessed of a very considerable amount of information on Irish subjects. He died early, however, and without having given more than a promise of taking a high place amongst those who have made Irish history and antiquities their peculiar study. I must also mention P. O'Keefe, perhaps at that time the most learned and accomplished of all the men employed in Petrie's department of the survey. His duties were very similar to those of O'Donovan, and his loss to the survey, when he retired to a non-literary or antiquarian life, was considerably felt.

At the time I write of, Eugene Curry had really commenced that course of application to the illustration of ancient Irish history which has gained for him the proud appellation of the Chief Brehon and Lexicographer of Ireland. He, too, belonged to our staff, and, during the summer time, was engaged chiefly in travelling, and collecting information about old names and places for the use of the ordnance authorities.

Among the names of the members of Petrie's staff those of O'Donovan and O'Curry soon became the most prominent, and are now too well known to the student of Irish literature and archæology to require more than a notice here. These genuine Irishmen, racy of the soil, were taken to their rest before the decease of their loved teacher and master, to whom, in life and in death, they had been faithful and true, and their best epitaph will be that they had long, earnestly, and generously worked with him, and for him, in dispelling error and laying the foundations of a true history of the country.

Some notice of the remaining members of this staff will be given in the Appendix, should space permit.

The appearance of the first of the ordnance county memoirs, that of Londonderry, in 1839, was hailed with unmixed satisfaction by all classes in the country, not only on account of the intrinsic merits of the memoir, but as an earnest of the nature of the great work which was to illustrate every county in Ireland in the same manner. The daily, weekly, and quarterly periodicals joined in its commendation.

Scientific and literary bodies received it with enthusiasm. The British Association addressed the Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Mulgrave, thanking him for the work, and expressing the hope that it should be carried on without delay, and completed in the same enlightened manner. This resolution was moved by Mr. Babbage, who declared that the gentlemen engaged in the preparation of the memoir "had earned a right to the lasting gratitude of their countrymen, as national benefactors." M. Pictet wrote of it that it was "un document fort précieux;"* and Lord Brougham, in a letter addressed to Sir Thomas Larcom, speaks of the memoir "as a corollary to the survey more valuable than the survey itself." The mind of England saw in it a source of reliable information on all points connected with the state of Ireland, and Irishmen of all sects and parties felt that in the completed work they would have, for the first time, the materials for a true history of their country.

But these hopes were not to be fulfilled. The memoir of Londonderry had hardly appeared when difficulties as to the cost arose on the part of the Government. This led to a partial suspension of the Topographical Survey, and finally its operations were put an end to by an order from the Master-General of the Ordnance. The staff were discharged, and the vast mass of material, comprising, among other things, upwards of four hundred quarto volumes of letters and documents relating to the topography, language, history, antiquities, productions, and social state of almost every county in Ireland, were directed to be kept in the central office of the survey.†

At this time the place of Master-General of the Ordnance was filled by Lord Vivian; Mr. Spring Rice, afterwards Lord Monteagle, was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Viscount Melbourne First Lord of the Treasury.

The order of Lord Vivian was that the Geological Survey

* Minutes of the Committee of Recommendations, August 19, 1835, extracted by John Phillips, Assistant General Secretary, July 14, 1843.

† See Appendix.

in Ireland, previously performed by Captain Portlock, should thenceforward be conducted as that of England was under Sir Henry de la Beche, and that Captain James, R.E., who had devoted much attention to the subject, should be employed on that duty, as soon as he had arranged the specimens already collected.

The objections raised on the part of the Treasury to the continuance of the work so well begun, had reference to the amount of detail in the information given, to the cost to be incurred as to the memoirs, and lastly, to the necessity and the propriety of the Government undertaking such a work. In vain did the heads of the department urge upon the executive that the minuteness of detail in the memoirs was necessary to make them capable of illustrating maps made with such attention to detail. In vain was it shown that the Londonderry memoir was to be taken as a tentative work, and not as an exact model for the future publication, and that the sale of the memoirs, judging from that of the part already completed, would in all probability defray the whole expense to be incurred.

It was objected further, that to employ the engineer officers for literary and scientific purposes, apart from their proper labours, would be likely to turn their attention from duties more pressing and important; that it was unjust to compete with private enterprise by means of public money; that the memoirs embraced history, politics, and political economy, and would re-open questions of Irish party divisions; and that to make a work for all Ireland similar to the "Bibliotheca Topographica" was not to be thought of.

Now, in answer to the first of these official objections, it was represented that no officer was ever employed for purposes apart from his other duties, and that it was really because the memoir had been compiled in connexion with the survey that it assumed its peculiar value. The maps improve the memoir, the memoir improves the maps. And as to the production of the memoir delaying the maps, it

appeared that the year before the memoirs were even commenced only 500,000 acres had been mapped, whereas in 1836 not less than 2,600,000 acres were completed.

The evidence of the Rev. Thomas Romney Robinson may be referred to, as showing the extraordinary accuracy, in a geographical point of view, of the work, as well as its value to the history and antiquities of the country.*

Nothing could be feebler than the objection on the ground of injustice to private literary efforts. A similar objection was raised against the mapping of the country by the professional surveyors, but they soon found that, owing to the improvements of the country which followed on the publication of the maps, their occupation was largely increased, and so it would be as to private literary workers, the class most interested in the success of the undertaking. These works on county history which have been published in Ireland are as like the memoir as the old county maps are like those of the survey; and both classes of works only show that, excellent as they may be, they can never be but deficient as the result of private labour.

It is true that the memoir embraced history, and so far politics, as well as political economy; but in doing so, robbed them of their sting, by simply recording events in connexion with locality. They are not treated in the abstract as questions of debate, but simply related as an enlightened resident would relate them. It was argued that if events such as the siege of Limerick, or the defence of Londonderry, had never occurred, or could be buried in oblivion, it might be better. But as they have occurred, and their effects continue, it would be better for the public to take their history from an impartial record than from that of partisan writers on either side. They are facts, and should be stated as such; they are local history, and on neither side are the facts yet known.

* "Minutes of Evidence taken before the Commissioners of Inquiry into the Ordnance Memoir of Ireland," page 19.

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Lastly, the anticipation of a work for the country similar to the "Bibliotheca Topographica" was the highest laudation of the proposed effort.

But nothing availed. The Royal Irish Academy addressed the Lord Lieutenant on the subject in vain, and the work of preparing the memoir, of which a great part had already been effected, was, in accordance with the views of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, finally put an end to.

Years had passed away, another government had succeeded that which stopped the work, when, through the energy of Viscount Adare, now Earl of Dunraven, a large and remarkable meeting was held in London, at which it was agreed that a deputation should wait upon Sir Robert Peel, and press the resumption of the work thus interrupted upon him. The Minister consented to appoint a commission to take evidence, and to make a report on the entire question.

This commission, consisting of Lord Adare, Mr. Young (one of the Lords of the Treasury), and the Clerk of the Ordnance (Captain Boldero), having received instructions as to the line of inquiry and a list of persons whose opinions Sir Robert Peel was anxious to obtain, held their first meeting on the 14th of July, 1843, and presented their report in the following November. The commission recommended that the work should be resumed with certain modifications in plan, and that its superintendence should be intrusted to Captain Larcom,* with the aid of Sir Robert Kane and Mr. Petrie as principal assistants in the preparation of the economic and historical parts of the inquiry.

Among the multitudinous reports of commissions in reference to Ireland, it may safely be said that, whether the subject matter or the character of the witnesses be considered, there are few others possessing so deep an interest. This report, though an Irish one, does not deal with any political question, with any divisions of party, or sectarian differ-

* See Appendix.

ences. But it deals with matters much more closely related to the real interests of the country, and which come home in an especial manner to the minds of all who have her social welfare and material progress at heart.

In one of the paragraphs of the report of this commission we have these words—"The well-known and scientific attainments of the witnesses who have appeared before us, and their practical acquaintance with the matter in hand, will, we are persuaded, ensure for the evidence an attentive perusal."

The commissioners were unanimous in recommending to the Government—

I. That the geological survey should be separated from the topographical department, which should embrace historical, statistical, and antiquarian research.

II. That the contouring of the maps should be continued, and that the superintendence of this portion of the work be intrusted to the same persons who had hitherto directed the operation with such ability and success.

III. That a memoir, embracing the topography and antiquities of each county be undertaken, and that to each memoir an economic section be appended, treating of the practical applications to the district of geology and agricultural chemistry.

The views of the commissioners as to the value of the topographical department are thus set forth:—

The publication of topographical and antiquarian memoirs is advocated, not merely on the ground of their inspiring general interest and their important bearings on history and ethnography, but specially on the ground that a great mass of materials, whose value is highly appreciated by competent judges, has been already collected; that in its present state it is and must remain inaccessible and useless, and that there is no effectual mode of preserving it except by publishing. Much attention was excited, both at home and on the Continent, by the volume which has already appeared, and a resumption of the work would, it is likely, be acceptable in many quarters. If each county memoir were to be

divided into three or more parts or sections, according to the subjects treated, and sold separately, different tastes would be gratified, and the number of purchasers probably augmented; but this is a minor arrangement, which had better be left to those who may have the conduct of the work, in case it be sanctioned and continued. Much light has been thrown on the literary and ecclesiastical history of Ireland by Archbishop Ussher, Sir James Ware, and Colgan, while the topographical and monumental antiquities have had but meagre notice. The subject is therefore unexhausted, indeed almost untouched, and no inquirer, until the officers of the survey commenced their labours, has ever brought an equal amount of local knowledge, sound criticism, and accurate acquaintance with the Irish language to bear upon it. There are at present more monuments of early antiquity existing in Ireland than in England. Some districts are particularly rich in them; but from the injuries of the weather, neglect, and the increase of cultivation, they are rapidly disappearing. So that if Irish antiquities are to "escape the shipwreck of time," it would seem they must do so now or never—the best possible opportunity for collecting the materials presents itself—there are at hand admirable instruments for the task in Mr. Petrie and his assistants, trained as they have been in the orthographic department of the survey; such persons are of rare occurrence, and the limits within which the Irish language is spoken are year by year becoming narrower, while "the monuments, names, words, proverbs, traditions, private records, and evidences from which an exact and scrupulous diligence should recover somewhat" are fading away and passing out of memory.

It is right here to give the names of the principal witnesses whose evidence exhibits such a knowledge of the social state and wants of the country. Many of them were already distinguished for their labours in her behalf, and all were untinged by political or sectarian influence:—

Colonel Colby, R.E.	John Phillips, F.R.S.
The Rev. Thomas Romney Robinson, D.D.	Sir Henry de la Beche,
	Sir Denham Norreys, bart.
The Rev. J. H. Todd, D.D.	Sir Frederick Madden,
Sir Thomas Larcom, K.C.B.	Thomas Wyse, esq., M.P.
George Petrie, LL.D.	Henry Warburton, esq., M.P.

Mr. John Blackwood and Mr. J. Harding Evans, publishers.

With reference to the historic and antiquarian questions, some parts of the evidence of Petrie may well be studied. After showing that scarcely anything had been done to illustrate the topographical and monumental antiquities of Ireland, he dwelt on the necessity of such an investigation for the settlement of the early history, not only of the British Islands, but of Europe generally.

The preservation in Ireland, not only of the ancient language, the laws, manners, and customs of the people, in whom the peculiar characteristics of various races may still be traced, give importance and facilities to such researches as regard Ireland. And the history of the middle ages in Europe would be largely illustrated by this investigation. On the decline of the Roman empire, Ireland became the refuge of the learned during the convulsions which distracted Europe; and it is admitted that her missionaries were amongst the earliest propagators of Christianity. In Italy churches were founded by Irishmen. Many of these early missionaries retired to spend their closing days in Ireland, and doubtless brought with them the knowledge of the arts of civilization which they saw practised abroad, and so it might be naturally expected that evidences of this knowledge should be found in our ancient ecclesiastical monuments, in architecture, and metal work. The essential value of such remains, so abundant with us, is that they are found in a country in which the Romans had no settlement, so that her remains cannot be confounded with Roman antiquities, as has so often occurred in England and Scotland.

On the same subject the observations of Dr. Robinson are most valuable. He says—

The Irish Academy has been in existence sixty years. It has published nineteen volumes of transactions, a part of which is always especially devoted to antiquarian research; they have spent a considerable sum of money in proposing prizes for essays on these subjects; they have made efforts almost beyond their means, aided very much by the voluntary contributions of their members, to form a museum of Irish antiquities; and yet I think I may say that in all those nineteen volumes the only part relating to Irish antiquities which can satisfy a reasonable mind, or can be considered without some feeling of dissatisfaction, is the "Memoir

on the Antiquities of Tara," which was published in their "Transactions," by the permission of the Government, as a specimen of the kind of information which had been collected in the course of the survey. I think that, with the exception of that, the result of their sixty years' labour in the study of Irish antiquities has been almost worse than useless. This, I think, will explain to you my opinion of the improbability that the exertions, either of individuals or of associated societies working by themselves, would be able to effect anything at all proportionate to the treasure which has been collected in the course of this survey.

It will be remembered that, among the official objections to the continuance of the memoir was one specious enough to such as were unacquainted with the country. It referred to the probability of the revival of old animosities by the indication of the ancient territories and history of Ireland. To this objection the answers of Petrie and of Dr. Todd are most valuable—

Such a publication (says the former) might have that tendency in the hands of persons who selected particular matters for a political purpose; but, generally speaking, a work in which historical facts only were fairly stated, would, I think, have decidedly the opposite effect. I am quite sure that such a work would tend to disabuse the popular mind of a vast mass of prejudices, which are the results of false notions of the former condition of the country, and the total ignorance of its real state from its earliest times. I think that fallacious impressions of the past state of the country are commonly believed, and that those impressions are eminently calculated in themselves to excite animosity and acrimonious feelings; but the publication of the real truth must diminish such feelings. The little that has hitherto been popularly put forward of the history of Ireland has had more or less a political object. Indeed, with the exception of O'Flaherty's Ogygia, which relates chiefly to the pagan history and territorial state of Ireland, I can scarcely call to mind a work on Irish history in which the political prejudices of the writer do not more or less appear.

In this view Dr. Todd concurred; and in answer to the same question he replied—

No, I do not think so; I should say quite the reverse. In the

first place, I do not believe that any harm can ever result from the publication of truth on any subject, least of all on such a subject as the history of a nation. But, besides this, nothing can be more mischievous than the present vague state of our knowledge of ancient Ireland. The political events of former times may now be quoted by any party, and turned with equal facility to their purpose; while, from the general ignorance that prevails of the real character of those events, the public are unable to detect the fallacy. The popular notions of ancient grandeur and independence can now be propped up with almost any evidence; but if the original sources of history were understood, and correct views of our ancient history popularly disseminated, it would gradually come to be as impossible to make use of the ancient Irish history for the propagation of political animosity as it is to make use of English history, which is only less dangerous.*

But the report of the commissioners bore no fruit, and in the estimates for the House of Commons for the following year no notice was taken of the survey, so far as its topographical and historical department, as carried out on the principles indicated by Sir Thomas Larcom, was concerned. The vast stores of unpublished information, collected from almost every county in Ireland, and carefully classified, corrected, and indexed, were deposited in the offices of Mountjoy Barracks.

To the honour of the Royal Irish Academy, that body applied to the Government for the custody of a portion of these records. The request was acceded to. In November, 1860, more than one hundred volumes of MSS., with eleven volumes of antiquarian drawings, fully indexed and bound, were presented to the Academy; and after a vote of thanks to Colonel James and Lieutenant-Colonel Leach, by whose hands they were deposited, the Academy resolved—

That it desires to acknowledge on this occasion the importance of the services rendered to the history and antiquities of Ireland by Major-General Sir Thomas A. Larcom, under whose superintendence

* "Minutes of Evidence before the Commissioners of Inquiry into the Ordnance Memoirs of Ireland," page 34, par. 336.

the plan of collecting materials for the illustration of the ancient topography of Ireland was organized and successfully carried into effect.

The Academy recognise the gift as the most valuable accession ever made to their library, and expect that scholars engaged in historical and topographical studies will largely avail themselves of the materials thus liberally placed within their reach.

Thus ends the story of the rise, progress, and final extinction of the "Topographical Memoir of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland," and the dispersion of the rarely constituted staff employed upon it, a staff which it is safe to say can scarcely ever be again equalled.

In its endeavours to draw closer the ties of friendship between the countries, and to foster good will and peace, the educated mind of England has felt and complained of the want of reliable information as to the social state and history of the Irish people. Here would have been the knowledge so wanting, undisturbed by politics, passions, or sectarianism. But it was unhappily rejected, while the means, through the agency of which such success had been attained, was broken up and scattered abroad.

The question will be hereafter asked, why was all this so? Why, with such vast materials already collected, and with so unequalled a staff, from the highest to the lowest, for the completion of the undertaking, was the object abandoned? From a review of the official objections to the continuance of the work, and from considering the tenor of some of the questions put by the Commissioners of Inquiry, so ably answered by Sir Thomas Larcom, Dr. Todd, and by Petrie, it seems as if some strong, though concealed, influence had been brought to bear on the Government in reference to the danger of re-opening questions of Irish local history. These onesided views prevailed, and the great undertaking, so earnestly desired by all who wished for the future prosperity and happiness of the country, was finally given up.

Looking at the relative conditions of Great Britain and

Ireland, at the social relations of the countries, at the ignorance of the Irish, as well as the English, public, of the true history and resources of Ireland,—and at the desire expressed by all classes for the completion of the work, it is hardly too much to say that this step was an error in statesmanship of the greatest magnitude.

CHAPTER V.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF TARA HILL.

THE first fruits of the Ordnance Survey was the essay read to the Academy by Petrie, in November, 1837, on the History and Antiquities of Tara Hill. It was prepared by him as part of the memoir which was to accompany the map of the county of Meath, and was read by permission of Colonel Colby, then head of the Ordnance Survey.

Of this paper, which, in a few years, followed the prize essays on the Round Towers and the Military Architecture of Ireland, it is not too much to say that it forms the key to all the reliable ancient history of the country. While it shows the value which would have belonged to the Ordnance Survey County Memoirs, had the design of Sir Thomas Larcom been carried out, it exhibits even more strongly than in the Ordnance Memoir of Londonderry, the method employed by Petrie in all his archæological and antiquarian work, which was ever to test the truth of history and tradition by existing remains.

This severe and scientific method was employed in the present instance with so much success, that, from the date of the publication of the memoir the reliability of our ancient records is every day less questioned.

In dealing with times so remote, and a state of society so

rude, it is of vast importance to fix even one single point in history, for truth irradiates from truth. A similar method was followed as to the ecclesiastical and many of the pagan antiquities of the country; and it will be found that the more we employ this mode of research the more will be the instances of verification, not of our ancient written annals alone, but of traditions heretofore neglected or despised. As Sir William Hamilton has observed:—*

> It is this clear establishment of the authenticity of what had been commonly thought doubtful, this employment of a manifestly rigorous method of inquiry in what had seemed to many persons a region of fancy and fable, in a word, this evident approach to the character of scientific proof which has made (I own) a stronger impression on my own mind, and (I believe) on the minds of others too, than even the literary and antiquarian interest of those curious and valuable details (such as the Hymn of St. Patrick, and the particulars respecting the Lia Fail, or ancient coronation stone of Ireland) brought forward in the present essay.

The Royal Tara, a grassy hill of moderate height, yet commanding a most extensive prospect, is truly the locality in Ireland of the deepest interest to all inquirers into our national history. The oldest bardic legend ascribes to it the honour of having been the seat of a long line of Irish kings, stretching back to the times of the Fir-Bolgs and the Tuatha de Danaan, and down to the time of Patrick and of Christianity, and in addition, notices of Temur of Tara, as a chief seat of government from the third to the sixth century, are held as reliable.

Here, too, the various lives of St. Patrick agree that Christianity was first preached to the King of Ireland, and its spread throughout the country dated from this period. It was natural, then, to anticipate that in the existing remains on Tara Hill, so long a place of great importance, some verification of the ancient manuscripts relating to it

* Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, vol. i., p. 351.

would be obtained, while these, in their turn, would throw light on the monuments themselves.

The first step taken was the laying down, by the officers of the Ordnance Survey, of a special map of the Hill of Tara, with the existing vestiges of antiquity to be found upon it, while, at the same time, a careful search was made in all accessible ancient Irish manuscripts for such documents of a descriptive or historical character as would tend to identify or illustrate the old remains.

The map having been prepared, Petrie, in company with Captain Larcom, Captain Bord, the officers who had charge of the district, and Mr. O'Donovan went over the ground with the map in order to assure themselves of its accuracy. In doing so several important features were observed, not previously noticed, and which required the eye of an antiquary to discover. In this way, also, some traditional information was obtained in reference to objects either changed or obliterated.

So anxious were Petrie and his friends to guard against the temptation of distorting anything in order to support a theory, that no use was then made of the written documents. These were the Dinnseanchus and the Leabhar Gabhala, or Book of Conquests, translated by O'Donovan.

A second inquisition was now made, the remains being examined in the order pointed out in the ancient descriptions. This was done with little difficulty, as the first object mentioned was a natural feature, namely, a remarkable spring whose position on the side of the hill was distinctly pointed out in these ancient topographical tracts.

Pursuing the same course, monument after monument was identified—the Rath na Riogh, or Royal Fortress, and the Rath Laoghaire, the House of Cormac, or Palace of Tara; and so on through the rest of the remains, numbering not less than twenty.

And thus the veracity of these ancient documents has

been proved beyond the possibility of rational doubt, by many of the principal monuments which they describe, and which still remain, and from this light the names of these monuments which had been lost to tradition for centuries have been restored on the Ordnance Map, where they are likely to be preserved for ever.

Two maps accompany the memoir, the first that originally executed by the officers of the Survey of still existing remains, and corrected by Petrie, Sir Thomas Larcom, and O'Donovan. The second is a map laid down according to the ancient documents. The comparing of these maps is a matter of the deepest interest, for their similarity is almost perfect, the former being deficient only in those monuments which have been obliterated by time.

By bringing the light of historical record to bear on the probable period of the construction of these works, and carefully comparing them one with another, Petrie concludes that they were probably contemporaneous, and dating from the reign of Cormac in the early part of the third century.

There is also evidence to show that about this time may be placed the dawn of letters in Ireland. To Cormac is attributed, by the earliest annalists, the composition of the tract called the "Teagasc na Riogh, or the Instruction of Kings," as well as a compilation of the "Laws of Ireland," and the "Psalter of Tara;" a summary of the chronicles of the country.

But, though he shows unquestionable evidence of the great antiquity of these manuscripts, he comes to the conclusion that their original authorship by Cormac is not yet fully established. This applies more particularly to the "Instruction of Kings."*

* Of this tract translated specimens are given from the books of Glendalough and Ballymote, in the "Dublin Penny Journal," vol i. In the memoir, he observes, that the whole would be well worthy of publication, as affording the best evidence now to be obtained of the wisdom and amount of civilization current among the Irish at very distant times.

Yet, he adds, that even without conceding the use of letters to the Irish generally, before the establishment of Christianity in the country, there is nothing improbable in the supposition that their use might have been known to a few, and, among these, especially to Cormac. The ancient tradition of his being an author, the conclusive evidence of his belief in the true God, and his general enlightenment of mind; his knowledge of Roman civilization, and his creation of a standing army, probably intended to resist a Roman invasion, must be taken into account. Further, it is learnedly shown in the Memoir, that before the middle of the fifth century Christianity had made some progress in Ireland; of this many proofs are given, including that from the record of Prosper, of the mission of Palladius.

Ad Scotos in Christum credentes ordinatus a Papa Celestino primus episcopus mittitur.

Following the line of kings from Cormac down to Laoghaire, who, according to the Annals of the Four Masters, succeeded in A.D. 429, we come to the preaching of Christianity by Palladius and Patrick during his reign, and this, as Petrie observes, invests that reign with an interest which does not belong to any other period of Irish history.

Yet, even though it may be safely conceded that at this time letters were generally introduced into Ireland, still he admits, that while a clear and authentic account of the preaching of the Gospel in Ireland might be expected to be preserved, the fact is otherwise; indeed the life of Patrick is involved in certain obscurities which the learned, from the time of Ussher, have not yet satisfactorily explained.

Yet this is not to be wondered at. The knowledge of letters was probably at first confined mainly to St. Patrick and the clergy who were his immediate attendants, and as the latter became heads of ecclesiastical foundations, where sacred books were required, they and their respective brotherhoods were probably so much employed in the copy-

ing of portions of Scripture, and in the writing out of hymns and litanies, as to have little leisure for compiling any history of the preaching of Christianity in the country.

In most of the MSS. relating to this period, the distinction of being the place where St. Patrick first preached is assigned to Tara, on which occasion he converted the King Laoghaire to Christianity. In all the lives of St. Patrick examined up to the time of Lanigan, and in those since quoted from the Book of Armagh, although they exhibit a mixture of fable relating to miracles performed by the Saint, there is nothing which should throw any doubt on the truth of the account of the time and place of his first preaching.

In the library of Trinity College, Dublin, is preserved the celebrated MS. called the "Liber Hymnorum;" a manuscript which Ussher in his day held to be a thousand years old. In it is to be found a hymn attributed to St. Patrick, and which he is stated to have sung with his followers on approaching Tara, when he was surrounded by his Pagan enemies. This hymn is admitted by scholars to be probably the oldest written monument of Celtic literature. It is given by Petrie in the "Memoir of Tara" with a translation, together with copious and learned annotations by Dr. O'Donovan. Since then there have been two additional translations of the hymn. One by Whitley Stokes, LL.D., which is given below, and the other by the Rev. James H. Todd, D.D., in his "Life of St. Patrick."

Hymn of St. Patrick.

1. I join myself to-day to the mighty virtue of the invocation of the Trinity.
2. I believe in the Trinity under the Unity of the Creator of the elements.
3. I join myself to-day
   To the virtue of the birth of Christ, with his baptism,
   To the virtue of his crucifixion, with his burial,
   To the virtue of his resurrection and ascension,
   To the virtue of his coming to the sentence of the Judgment.

4. I join myself to-day
To the virtue of the Seraphim's love [to the virtue that abides] in the obedience of Angels,
In the hope of Resurrection unto the reward,
In the prayers of the Patriarchs,
In the predictions of the Prophets,
In the teachings of the Apostles,
In the faith of the Confessors,
In the innocence of holy virgins,
In the deeds of truthful men.

5. I join myself to-day
To the virtue of Heaven, of the light of the Sun,
Of the whiteness of Snow, the force of Fire,
The swiftness of Lightning, the speed of the Wind,
The depth of the Sea,
The stability of the Earth,
The firmness of Rocks.

6. I join myself to-day
To God's power to pilot me:
The Might of God to uplift me,
The Knowledge of God to lead me,
The Eye of God to look before me,
The Ear of God to hear me,
The Word of God to make me eloquent,
The Hand of God to defend me,
The Path of God to lie before me,
The Shield of God to shelter me,
The Host of God to guard me
From the snares of demons,
From the temptations of vice,
From the desires of nature,
From all that meditate evil against me,
Afar and anear,
Alone and in a multitude!

7. So have I invoked all these powers
Between myself and every dangerous merciless power
Opposed unto my body and my soul—
Against the incantations of false prophets, the black laws of heathendom,
The false laws of heresy, the craft of idolatry,
The spells of women, and smiths, and Druids,
And all knowledge that hath defiled the soul of man.

8. Christ defend me this day
Against poison and burning, against drowning and wounds,
Until a multitudinous reward have fallen to me.

9. Christ be with me, Christ before me,
Christ behind me, Christ within me,
Christ below me, Christ above me,
Christ at my right hand, Christ at my left hand,
Crist illius Crist isius Crist inerus.

10. Christ in the hearts of all who think on me:
Christ in the mouths of all who speak to me:
Christ in every eye that sees me:
Christ in every ear that hears me.

11. I join myself to-day to the mighty virtue of the invocation of the Trinity.

12. I believe in the Trinity under the Unity of the Creator of the elements.

Salvation is the Lord's, salvation is the Lord's, salvation is Christ's. May Thy salvation, O Lord, be always with us.*

The next portion of the Memoir is devoted to a learned and laborious examination of the statements and discrepancies of ancient writers as to the mission of Palladius and of St. Patrick, and the question whether the great apostle of Ireland, as seems to have been the opinion of Archbishop Ussher, had not been preceded by another missionary of the same name. It would be beside the purpose of the present work were the writer to enter, even if he had the capability to do so, into these vexed questions, as well as that regarding the source from which St. Patrick had derived his ordination. But this much may be said, as opposed to some modern views, that however the early Church of Ireland came to differ in matters of discipline from that of Rome—whatever irregularities may occasionally have occurred—it was an offshoot from the parent Catholic Church of Rome, similar in piety, devotion, and in doctrine.

The remaining portions of this Memoir are directed to the description of the various monuments still existing on Tara Hill, and to pointing out their correspondence with the numerous passages in the ancient histories which refer to them.

* *Saturday Review*, Sept. 5, 1867. See Appendix.

From the historical allusions here adduced, it will have been seen that, with the exception of a few of those last described, the ancient monuments of Tara are all nearly contemporaneous, and belong to the third century of the Christian era, a period quite within the limits of authentic Irish history.

It will also have been seen that a uniform character pervades all these earthen works, and marks them as the monuments of one people; and this fact may go far in elucidating the history of that Scotic race who ruled in Ireland at the period of their erection.

Of the character of the buildings which were originally connected with these remains, it is scarcely necessary to remark that they must obviously have been of wood and clay. And though stone houses as well as fortresses are commonly found along the northern, western, and southern coasts of Ireland, it is quite evident that, with the probable exception of the ancient Tuatha de Danaan *Cathair*, nothing of the kind ever existed here. But, though the houses were unquestionably of those materials, it must not be inferred that they were altogether of a barbarous structure, or inferior in point of comfort to the contemporaneous works of other nations, equally remote from examples of Grecian and Roman civilization. It is not probable that they were unlike, or inferior to those of the ancient Germans, of which Tacitus speaks in terms of praise, and which he describes as being overlaid with an earth so pure and splendid that it resembled painting. And the observation of Mr. Moore, applied to these remains, though somewhat clothed in the language of the poet, is not unworthy of a philosophical historian: that, "however scepticism may now question their architectural merits, they could boast the admiration of many a century in evidence of their grandeur."

The publication of this paper, which was crowned with the gold medal of the Academy, marks a period in the life of Petrie of no little interest to those who knew the character of his mind. It was at this time that Sir William Betham, Ulster King-at-Arms, who had so long been a prominent member of the committee of antiquities, took exceptions to the decisions of the council, and finally resigned his seat upon it.

This was followed by his celebrated letter to the President,

Sir William Hamilton, in which the conduct of the council in recommending the award of the medal was severely criticised, and in which the merits of the paper itself, as well as of that on the round towers, were denied in very strong language.

It was alleged that the paper on the antiquities of Tara was undeserving of a medal, and unfit to appear in the Transactions, and that its being printed was a great waste of the funds of the Academy; that it was in reality not the production of Petrie, but of the officers of the Survey; that the Irish translations were incorrect; that its publication had been declined by the Government, as part of the Topographical Survey; and that the plates, though prepared at the expense of the country, had been transferred to the Academy. The delay attendant on the publication of the essays on the military architecture, the ancient bells, and the round towers, was severely commented on, and speaking of the essay on Tara, Sir William Betham expressed himself in the following words :—

So far from Mr. Petrie's essay, in my humble judgment, contributing in the slightest degree to forward Irish literature or adding credit to the Academy, I think it has inflicted an injury which it will never recover. And as to loss of character to the Academy by conferring a medal on such a production, I fear the stain is indelible. The leprosy can never be removed.

These charges were answered with great spirit by Petrie. He showed that the publication of the Tara paper was no misapplication of the funds of the Academy; while the question of its authorship is settled by letters from Colonel Colby and Captain Larcom. In returning thanks for the presentation copy of the paper, Colonel Colby says :—

Many thanks for your "History and Antiquities of Tara," which I shall place in my library as a record of what may be done by judicious investigation, and comparison of facts drawn from existing relics with traditional accounts. . . . . You will have the consciousness of having done good service to the rising generation; and when true histories of mankind shall super-

sede the romances under the name of histories which mislead the unthinking and perpetuate mischievous prejudices, your name will rise in estimation. T. COLBY.

This letter is dated the 9th of August, 1839. In a letter from Captain Larcom, written about the same time, the following important passage occurs :—

I hail your *couronnement* with joy, ... I look on this paper as one of a series, and properly the first. I consider it not only—perhaps not so much—an account of the remains at Tara, as a summary of proofs that in the authentic existing documents of Irish literature is to be found the real clue to all our antiquities. This paper then is a precursor ; its ground and object are general. Next comes the towers, which will place the early Christian antiquities on a sound footing, and bring them to the time when all that is peculiar to Ireland in them ceases, and they merge in the ecclesiastic architecture and antiquities of Britain and western Europe generally. Then the military architecture anterior to Christianity, *i.e.* Pagan. This has been a subject either scoffed at, or considered beyond the region of fact. Your paper will place that right. One subject is wanting—sepulture, that all we know of Pagan and ecclesiastic may be brought together. And when these are published, I think you will have done more than any one man has ever accomplished, and Irish antiquities and history will rest on a basis from which future investigators may start, or may enlarge and detail as much as they please.

The objections to the accuracy of the Irish translations are met by strictures on the method adopted by Sir William Betham in his rendering of Irish and other old languages. The method, based on presumed etymological similarities and not on original grammatical construction, had been adopted by Sir William Betham in his work entitled "The Gael and the Cimbri," originally written as a competition paper for the medal of the Academy. It was used also in the translation of certain inscriptions found on bronze tablets at Bobbio in Italy, which the author endeavoured to show were in Irish and of an antiquity of at least three thousand years. This paper was rejected by the committee of publi-

cation. The fallacy of the etymological method had been long admitted by philologists, and was ably exposed by the late Cardinal Wiseman, who was quoted by Petrie in reference to this exploded system.

The suggestion that the printing of this paper was declined by the Government is shown to be groundless, for no part of it, even that fitted for a topographical work, had ever been put into form for the purposes of the Survey, and the publication of even such a portion of the Survey could not have taken place for many years. It was necessary to amplify the paper by going into evidences of the amount of reliability of the many ancient documents referred to, and Petrie finally rebuts the charge that the plates were engraved at the expense of the Ordnance Department. As to delay in printing the papers on the military architecture, the Irish bells, and the round towers, he explains it by reference to the length of these papers, which prevented them finding a place in the volumes of Transactions published within the period of their first reading and that of Sir William Betham's letter. Other causes contributed to their non-appearance. He says at the close of his answer:—

I must again repeat, that it has given me the greatest pain to have been necessitated, from my respect to you and the Academy of which you are the President, to defend myself against the wanton and malicious attacks made upon me in these two publications. I am not a person of sufficient literary importance to obtrude myself upon the attention of the public in this kind of contemptible warfare. I never gave just cause of offence either to Sir William Betham, or the gentleman who assisted him in sharpening the weapons which he has pointed against me. I have never intentionally offended any man. My days have been passed in the quiet enjoyment of nature's beauties, in the cultivation of a taste for the fine arts, and an occasional excursion into the distant regions of antiquity. In my humble attempts to communicate to others a taste for those pursuits which had given myself such pure enjoyment, I never could have anticipated, and never did anticipate, that

I could have made an enemy of any man; and I believe I should have continued under this delusion while life lasted, if Sir William Betham had not taught me that such hopes were fallacious.

While in this answer the charges against the council and himself are met with a spirit and boldness which surprised all who knew his gentle and forgiving nature, he has not been so happy in those parts of it which refer to the delay of the papers which preceded that on Tara. The essay on the military architecture seems to have been withdrawn with a view of rendering it more complete, while the non-appearance of that on the Irish bells was to be attributed partly to the fault of the engraver. But for the delay of the essay on ecclesiastical architecture, Sir William Betham had specious grounds for attack, and it may be questioned whether the stimulus thus applied did not hasten the progress of the work.

The following letter from Thomas Moore, acknowledging the receipt of Petrie's essay on the antiquities of Tara Hill, is interesting:—

My dear Mr. Petrie,—I am heartily ashamed of myself for having left your kind letter and welcome gift so long unacknowledged. But I wanted first to read your book before I wrote about it, which is, I believe, being more conscientious than many professed readers and even critics of books always are. I have been so busy, however, lately, at somewhat more modern history than yours, that I have had time as yet for little more than a mere glimpse at the glories of your "Tara," but that, I must say, interested and delighted me. I believe I have already told you that I mean, in a preface to the fourth volume of my "Ireland," to take a retrospect of my whole work, notice criticisms, correct errors, and avail myself of any new lights that may have been struck out, by myself or others, since the time when I commenced the work. Then I hope to do you justice, and, in the meantime, as soon as I can manage to read your book as it ought to be read, you shall hear again from me on the subject.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Petrie, most truly yours,

Thomas Moore.

The following letters, written principally in connexion with the Ordnance Survey Memoir and the Essay on the Antiquities of Tara Hill, and selected from a vast mass of correspondence, will be read with interest:—

Armagh, 1st August, 1838.

My dear Larcom,—I suppose before this you have wondered what has become of me. The fact is that I have been almost constantly out of doors, or when within have been tired and jaded. With the exception of the early part of Sunday and the whole of yesterday, the weather has been cold and showery, so that it was hard to do much good. I have, notwithstanding, spent my time pleasantly and usefully, having been able to settle my mind on several architectural facts of which I was before uncertain. One of these which may interest you is the establishment of Rickman's theory, that the presence of the long and short masonry is a true criterion of architecture of the Saxon times. This was beautifully illustrated by the two ancient churches at Monasterboice, in one of which as well as in the tower with which it is coeval, "the long and short" occurs, while in the other, which is probably of the eleventh century, it is wholly wanting.

But though the presence of this style of masonry is sufficient now to establish the high antiquity of any building in which it occurs, the opposite conclusion—that all buildings in which it is *not* found must be posterior to the tenth or eleventh centuries—would be quite false. In many of the oldest churches and round towers this style does not occur, but their antiquity is established by a test of equal certainty—the somewhat cyclopean style of their masonry, their doorways and apertures, &c.

At Mellifont, I was delighted with the sight of the most beautiful remains of architecture of the twelfth century that I have ever seen in Ireland, and as the date of the buildings are known to a certainty, the study of them has enabled me to acquire data for fixing the age of many buildings, of the erection of which our annals are silent.

These remains and those in Drogheda detained me in the latter place till Monday, when I came on to Newry by the day mail, and thence to Armagh by a car. Yesterday morning I was with Bennett early, and after spending an hour or two looking at his hill drawings, we started on his car for Emania, which he had not

previously seen. You will be able to imagine the delight I felt in walking over and examining in detail this most interesting and, in its way, magnificent monument of a semi-barbarous people. Even Bennett was, I think, to a considerable degree surprised and pleased. I had nearly as great a pleasure in seeing with a Mr. Corry—a woollen draper here who collects antiquities—a number of remains found at Emania, which are not inferior in their way to Roman or Grecian work. Here it was that the four Dacian shaped trumpets of the most exquisite beauty were found some thirty or forty years ago. The spot in which they were discovered was shown to me by the son of the man who found them. Such remains more than prove the truth of ancient Irish history in reference to this residence of the kings, of whom the series is preserved in the annals, from the foundation of their palace.

We afterwards drove to Tynan, where there is one of the fine sculptured crosses so peculiar to Ireland. Saw Sir J. Stronge's fine specimen of bastard and vile Gothic architecture, called Tynan Abbey, and afterwards I dined with Bennett, and left him at near one o'clock when I only thought it ten. But I am not the better of this raking to-day, and can scarcely write to you from headache. Unfortunately too, the day is so hopelessly wet—wind S.E.—that I cannot be out in the air to relieve it.

The cathedral here is nearly finished—I mean its re-edification. I had heard so much in praise of this work of Cottingham's—an English architect of high character—that I had expected too much, and consequently suffered a disappointment. The restorer of the cathedral of Armagh should be an Irish historical architect and antiquary. This Mr. Cottingham is not; and in consequence he has destroyed the associations which the antiquity of the building did and should still excite, by making it a regular English parish church of Tudor architecture, the only style it is probable with which he is acquainted. Even the material—reddish sandstone—has an English look, and the horizontal roof, stuccoed and painted to imitate oak, destroys the loftiness and grandeur of the interior. The screen is indeed beautiful in its way, but it is a way we never had in Ireland. A finer situation for a cathedral church was never chosen than this of Armagh. It commands a view equal in extent, and exceeding in richness that from the hill of Tara. It was anciently fortified and the town surrounds it below. But I suppose you have seen it and know all this. I wish I had you here nevertheless.

I have been this morning looking over Boyle's account of two Antrim parishes, and they appear to me to have a great deal of valuable matter in them. The drawings are very careful and in most instances good. I have been also visiting with Bennett a lady who collects antiquities! and looking at her most ladylike collection. She was herself the most curious specimen in the museum. She had nothing of any great value. But Corry the woollen draper's collection astonished me, particularly as the gathering of three years. But this Emania is a storehouse for him. I have, however, now sufficiently dosed you with antiquities for one taking, and shall only add that I am ever,

My dear Larcom,

Faithfully yours,

GEORGE PETRIE.

To Captain Larcom.

Dungannon, August 5th, 1838.

MY DEAR LARCOM,—Such a stupid fellow as I was not to have told you where your letter would find me; the fact is that I thought I had done so, as in my letter home. To prevent a similar blunder, I now acquaint you that I shall, God willing, reach Coleraine to-morrow, and be in Derry on Wednesday at farthest. You will have wondered at the slowness of my progress hitherto, but it was impossible and useless to have pushed on more rapidly, from the extreme wetness of the weather. There has, it appears, been a vast deal more rain here than with you, and the people are becoming greatly alarmed for their crops; and, indeed, if it continue much longer, it will be a bad affair. For my own part, I have, I think, made the best of a bad bargain by staying in Armagh, receiving every possible friendly attention from Bennett—thanks to you for that—and from Ligar, whose wife, a kind and lively creature, made my daughter happy in her society, while I was prowling about the country in the rain. Nor have I any great reason to regret not having been able to get on faster, as the delay enabled me to acquire some most important antiquarian information which I should otherwise have lost. This information is, indeed, what I had in part anticipated—namely, that the rath builders—the Milesians of Irish history—were not the people who made the bronze weapons, &c., &c., but the Firbolg, or cahir builders. My mind is now settled on this point. They find stone

weapons in abundance at Emania, and never one of bronze! They do, however, find gold ornaments, and brooches of copper and bronze, of great beauty of workmanship, and in a *Roman* style of design and execution—that is to say, of the second or third century. These are usually found in a circular earthen enclosure within the rath, which, from the quantity of bones—human and other animal—appears to have been a cemetery. On the other hand, in the cairns in this country, which, as usual, are surrounded by circles of huge stones, the most beautiful bronze weapons are found. Accompanied by Corry, the antiquarian collector in Armagh, I visited several of these monuments, and the farmers, who had broken them in part, showed me the spots in which such and such a sword or spear, which they had given to Corry, had been found. You will recollect that this is in direct contradiction of the assertion put forth by Ulster recently—that the Firbolg were the people to whom the stone weapons belonged. Another valuable fact connected with this subject is that in these sepulchres are found opaque blue glass ornaments, exactly similar in colour and material to those of the Egyptians. Corry has several specimens, and they go far to prove the Pelasgic origin of the Firbolg. You may remember how much delighted I was to get the enamelled boss, or patera, which Ligar had, as indicating the same fact.

I have, I think, bitten Bennett with antiquarianism to some extent, but Ligar still more. Boyle has sent in another parish, which appears well done. Such reports, though not absolutely perfect, will be invaluable hereafter. This has been another wet morning; however, it is now brightening, so I shall take advantage of it to walk off to see the sculptured cross of Donoughmore, about two and a half miles from this, and on my return I shall go on to Moneymore for the night; so, after the old fashion of letters, I shall only add—no more at present, from,

My dear Larcom,

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE PETRIE.

To Captain Larcom.

Dungannon, August 11, 1838.

MY DEAR LARCOM,— . . . A very curious discovery, equal, perhaps, in interest, and of the same age apparently as the loghouse

in Donegal, was made yesterday in the parish of Banagher. I am unable to describe it accurately as yet, though I have been to see it with Portlock; but you shall have a full and true account on Monday or Tuesday. For the present, I can only say that it is a large wooden reservoir for water, with a conduit of oak, hollowed, to carry the water to it, and a sewer of the same material to carry it off. The excavations are only in progress; but they will, I think, be finished on Monday, when we shall inspect again. It is really a most extraordinary affair. Robert L. Ogilby has given me most valuable townland information, and will procure everything necessary, which he cannot at once supply. I am obliged to you for sending me the Banagher and other townland queries, though I had, from the same books, already thought of them. This is certainly the only way to work. When the thing is done as well as we can in town, to go to the localities to clear up the uncertain points. You must forgive this scrawl, as I am obliged to write with all haste, for we did not come in to dinner till near eight, and this must be put into the postmaster's *hands* to-night, or it will not be forwarded in the morning.

Believe me ever, my dear Larcom,

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE PETRIE.

To Captain Larcom.

21, Great Charles-street, 8th Sept., 1838.

MY DEAR JOHN,—I got from Mr. Smith some vile copies of Irish inscriptions, collected in Connaught by a man named Matthias O'Conor, and among them are some which never fell in my way—as one in the churchyard of Fuerty, in Roscommon, and another at Fairhill, county of Galway. It is a pity I did not get the former while O'Conor was doing the barony of Ballymoe, as he could have made an accurate copy of it without much loss of time. This is, however, now beyond our reach; but the other, that at Fairhill, may be got; and I write to you that you may bear it in mind. It appears that there are two townlands of this name in the county, one in the parish of Rahoon, barony of Dunkellin; the other is in the parish of Kiloscoba, barony of Tyaquin, and I do not know in which it is situated. If it be in the latter, I suppose O'Conor will find it out, if you direct his attention to it.

You are in error in supposing the Hen's Castle to be in Lough

Mask. It is in Lough Corrib, and a very beautiful and very ancient castle it is. By-the-way, the islands of this lake contain monastic and other remains of great interest. When you were at Cong you missed seeing a very interesting old church of Patrick's time, within the domain of Ross, on the southern shore of Lough Mask; and I find also that in your valuable letter on the monuments of Moy Tuireadh, you make no mention of one of the most interesting—a well which had been buried for ages under *a cairn*. This well is covered in, in the cyclopean style, with a beehive roof, and is very deep; the descent, by a flight of steps, as I think, twelve in number. The great cahir which Mr. Crampton destroyed was 150 feet in diameter; wall, twenty-four feet thick. There was a second cahir beside it, about thirty feet in diameter. There are several curious monuments in the Neale Park which you did not notice; and what I more wonder at is, that you did not see the following inscription in the Abbey of Ballintober:—GILLA BRENIN. These characters are evidently of the thirteenth century.

We are hard at work here collecting the historical extracts for the Queen's County, and if any suggestions should occur to you, you should forward them at once. Mangan is at work for you, and an admirable scribe he is—first rate.

Tom Moore is here, collecting materials from the College Library for his next volume.

I suppose you will not visit Aran till next year. If you do, let me know beforehand, that I may give you a letter to Mr. O'Flaherty.

Believe me ever, my dear John,

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE PETRIE.

J. O'Donovan, esq.

21, Great Charles-street, 14th Sept., 1838.

MY DEAR JOHN,—You must pardon me for not sooner answering your last letter, as I am not so guilty as you may have supposed; the truth being that my time was so occupied by "the bard of Erin," as the people in the hog-loft call him, that I could not find leisure to write.

I confess that I wronged you in supposing you in error about the locality of the Hen's Castle; and more, that I was myself the ignoramus, in not knowing that there were two Castle Kirkes, as well as two Castle Hags. I should have recollected this; but my

memory, you know, is a bad one, and yours is like that of the celebrated antiquary, Thomas Hearne, on whom these lines were written :—

"Pox on't," quoth Time to Thomas Hearne,
"Whatever I forget you learn."

You ask what evidence there is to prove that the Benean of Kilbannon is the celebrated St. Benan of the Senchus Mor. The answer is, that Colgan speaks of him as such, "Benignus Archiepiscopus," and that no other Benan is found in the calendar.

You say you could not find a vestige of Dun Lugacol; but I have a distinct recollection of the remains of a great rath—a portion of the circle at one side of the church. Perhaps they have been destroyed since I was there, some twelve or fifteen years ago.

The inscription on *the shaft* of the cross at Tuam I never saw; but I copied the inscription on *the base*, which it appears O'Conor did not see. Here are transcripts :—

OR DO U OSSIN; DONDACBACAD LAS IN DERNAD.

OR DO CHOIRDELBUCH UO CHONCHUBUIR, DON ..... ICRLACH LAS IN DERNAD IN SA.....

The remaining portions of this cross are in the churchyard, and I dare say if they were all collected together, the cross might be set up in its original state. What a pity they do not do so! And it is a still greater pity that the name is lost on the shaft; for if we had that we should have the whole inscription.

The messenger waits, and I must conclude,

Ever, my dear John,

Faithfully your friend,

GEORGE PETRIE.

John O'Donovan, esq.

21, Great Charles-street, 1st October, 1838.

MY DEAR JOHN,—I have read your letters of the 20th and 22nd September with peculiar interest, having had a previous knowledge of the localities and the ancient remains noticed in them. One remark however, in the first letter surprised me—namely, that the chapel of Chargin is of mean architecture and evidently of no great antiquity; you add that all its architectural features are destroyed. Now, I do not mean to deny the truth of these statements, but merely to say that I came to different conclusions respecting this ruin. What I find written in my note-book on this church is :—

"Cargan is a very ancient church, composed of ponderous stones; the door pointed; the window of the lancet form." These notices certainly do not harmonise well.

You say there are no vestiges whatever of ruins on the island of Inis-mac-na-Cuinn, and here again my note-book speaks differently; it states that the ruins of the church still remain, and that the cemetery is much used as a burying place by the inhabitants of the neighbouring shores. But I confess I did not visit this island myself, and took whatever I wrote from others, and perhaps this is what you have done also.

You do not write anything about the castle of Cargin, of which I have a nice sketch in my note-book, nor of the adjacent island of Iniscreeva in Lough Corrib, which has a cahir as large as the island itself, with a round house within it. This cahir is of an oval form, 130 feet by 106 inner diameters, the walls from ten to fourteen feet in height. It is surrounded by a ditch thirty feet wide with a high embankment of stone outside. This is a remarkably interesting remain, and is spoken of by O'Flaherty in his account of Iar Connaught, of which a transcript was sent to you.

Again—you say nothing of Inis-Gail, one of the most interesting little islands for its antiquities in Ireland. You should try to see it (as well as Iniscreeva), and could I think easily manage to do so by one of the turf boats returning from Galway.

The messenger waits, so I can only add a farewell.

Ever, my dear John,

Faithfully yours,

GEORGE PETRIE.

To John O'Donovan, esq.

MY DEAR LARCOM,—The coin is a tradesman's token, struck during the civil wars of '41, but except the initial letters of his name "P. R.," the inscriptions are illegible.

He appears to have been a bell-founder. In such bad preservation the coin is of no interest or value.

Williams certainly has done better in the church. It is beautifully cut, but yet has faults that a landscape painter could not possibly have fallen into, as I shall show you on Sunday. In all such subjects we must in future send a drawing.

St. Columb's stone should be I think in wood. I will make drawings of it and Aileach as soon as possible. I do not like to send

you my description of the Grianan till I have retouched or re-written it, as I now understand it so much better and I wish to have the sketches while I do so. However, I shall endeavour to lose no time in the matter, though as you are aware that while I have my mind deeply interested with one subject it is death to me to turn from it.

Thursday.

Yours ever,

GEORGE PETRIE.

To Captain Larcom.

Galway, 20th August, 1839.

MY DEAR LARCOM,—I arrived here on Monday night, and would have written to you yesterday but that I thought it better to wait till I had seen O'Donovan. I had Wakeman to dine with me at the hotel, and I afterwards went to Hardiman's and spent the evening there. Upon the whole I have a good account to give of the pair.

They work incessantly, and you will have in a few days the result—a dissertation on the antiquities and history of the Aran Isles, of singular interest and value. O'Donovan has a little room to himself in Hardiman's, filled with historical works, and he works from morning till two o'clock each night, and does not even rest on Sundays. I saw his letters and they are admirable, as well for the matter as for the beauty of the illustrations. They already amount to 240 pages. He writes at the rate of twenty pages a day. He only sees Hardiman at meal times. Wakeman is domiciled at Taylor's hill too. They think they will be done in five or six days more. O'D. wishes to know where he shall go to. Kilkenny, of course; and I would recommend you to let Wakeman continue with him. His sketches will delight you.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE PETRIE.

To Captain Larcom.

21, Great Charles-street,
June 19, 1839.

MY DEAR JOHN,—I have thought it prudent to have my copy of the O'Kelly genealogy transcribed for you, as, though the O'Kellys are more connected with Galway than Roscommon, it will be useful to the historical collections for the latter, and particularly in the district where you now are. It will show you in

what way Mr. D. H. Kelly claims the title of chief of the name, a claim which is not generally allowed him; on the contrary, Mr. Festus O'Kelly, of Ticooly (a Count of the Roman Empire), is the generally acknowledged representative. He is O'Kelly of Gallach. Denis Kelly is O'Kelly of Screen. You will find both lines in the pedigree and you can easily complete them. Indeed as far as it should come in your way, it would be well to carry down all the branches.

While you are in the neighbourhood of Ballinasloe pay a visit to Cluain Burren, and examine the moat there, and the ancient road from Clonmacnoise to it and thence to Clonfert. A few years ago there was a *railroad!* found in a portion of this road which ran through a bog. Collect what you can about this, and I think you might as well cross the Shannon from Cluain Burren over to Clonmacnoise for an hour or two, and inquire if they have discovered any inscriptions lately, and if so copy them, for they may not be forthcoming when you get to Westmeath. These inscriptions are often destroyed within a month or two after they are found. Curry and O'Keeffe are hard at work for you, and will have a great budget to forward to-morrow or Wednesday; Parker is also working for you, so that I think you will be well primed for this county.

Ever dear John,

Faithfully yours,

GEORGE PETRIE.

Oughterard, 24th August, 1839.

MY DEAR LARCOM,—I had the pleasure of receiving your note yesterday, on my return from the Castle of Aughnanure, the residence of the ancient chiefs of West Connaught. It is beyond comparison the most interesting example of the fortress of a great Irish lord of the sixteenth century I ever saw, nearly perfect, and in a little region of fairyland. Indeed, the whole of this ancient territory of West Connaught is, as yet, the region of romance; but it is destined to be so not much longer. The progress of civilization will soon convert its wild beauty into corn fields or gentlemen's walled parks, and adieu then to its solitary lakes and mountains, its—

Desert isles and fairy lands forlorn.

Its antiquities of every kind will also disappear; the simplicity

and honesty of its inhabitants, the costumes of the women, so exquisitely beautiful and simple—exactly as if they had stepped out of the pictures of Raphael or Murillo. We shall soon have in their place cheap cotton gowns, so odious to the lover of the picturesque, stays to destroy the freedom and grace of attitude that now delight us every moment, and shoes and stockings to cramp their feet, give them corns and bunions, and deprive their Grecian long toes of their classical proportions. By-the-way, I never saw so much beauty of female form in a wild district before as I have met in this, and what is very remarkable, their hands are quite aristocratic, small and elegantly formed in the highest degree. Burton, the artist, who is one of our party, is almost mad with delight. He is a charming fellow, and his company adds greatly to the pleasure of my journey. By-the-way, talking of good fellows, will you thank Broughton, in my name, for his kind note and present. I shall write to him myself as soon as I return. My health and strength increase every day. I do not think I ever before thoroughly knew the delight of mere animal existence—the ability to eat, drink, laugh, and sleep as much as I like—and that is, I find, a great deal—without feeling pain or ache. I expect to go home a stone or two heavier than when I left Dublin, and with my head and whiskers restored to their original brownish black.

I regret very much to learn that O'Keeffe has written for sick leave. You have taken the most judicious and also the most humane course to save the poor fellow; but I fear it will not do. I will not, however, despair of him yet.

I discovered a very beautiful little church of the sixth century on Thursday, which, I imagine, has escaped O'D.'s notice, and, perhaps, the engineer's also. If so, it should be marked on the map. It is not noticed in O'Flaherty's history of West Connaught.

I leave this just now for Maam Hotel, where I shall remain till Tuesday or Wednesday.

Believe me ever, my dear Larcom,

Faithfully yours,

GEORGE PETRIE.

Direct your next note to Cong, which is the nearest post to Maam.

To Captain Larcom.

Rathcarrick, Sligo, August 2, 1839.

MY DEAR LARCOM,—I write merely to acquaint you that I arrived here this morning by the Sligo mail. I am too much knocked up by fatigue, from a visit to the parish of Kilmactrany yesterday, a sleepless night afterwards, and the fatigue of travelling in a drenching rain to-day, to write at any length; but you shall hear from me to-morrow. I got your letter this morning, as I passed the post office. I have never seen or heard from O'D., and I regret much that he was not with me yesterday. I discovered the cyclopean towers from which the battle-field took its name—Plain of the Towers. They are very remarkable, yet omitted on the map. This discovery was somewhat remarkable, as I had also the good-fortune to ascertain the existence of the similar forts in the Southern Moy-Tuire, near Cong. However, more of this to-morrow.

I would be obliged by your sending a line to Great Charles-street, to say that I am here, and quite well; for, please God, it will be true to-morrow, as I shall lie quiet to-day. Indeed, I have no probability of venturing out, for I write in the uproar of a thunder-storm passing over Knocknaree.

Believe me ever, my dear Larcom,

Faithfully yours,

GEORGE PETRIE.

To Captain Larcom.

21, Great Charles-street, Dublin,
9th August, 1841.

MY DEAR JOHN,—I was very agreeably surprised this morning, while at breakfast, by the sight of your well-known hand in one of several letters which came to me, for I had begun to fear I should never again receive, as of old, an occasional epistle from you during your rambles—a loss which I should regret very much, though, knowing the many claims upon your time, I should have no right to complain of. Your letter would, therefore, have been most welcome to me, if even it had been of less value and interest than it really is, and I thank you warmly for it. I had heard a good deal previously about this discovery of a skeleton in the tower of Ardmore, and was exceedingly anxious to hear from you on the subject, as well as to learn your opinion as to the age of the tower and the adjacent buildings, and I am delighted to find that your opinions on these points quite agree with the conclusions

I had previously formed. The circumstance of sculptured bracket or corbel stones existing in the interior of the structure is a very interesting one, as it will, I think, enable us to pronounce with certainty on the age of the building, and so have a clue to the ages of others of similar style of workmanship; and I am strongly inclined to the opinion that all those towers which are constructed of regular ashlar masonry, or squared cut stones, are of no earlier date than the ninth or tenth century. I shall, please God, examine this and other towers in the south of Ireland in the course of this month or the next.

Sir William Betham has been making a great fuss about the discovery of a skeleton in the tower of Ardmore, which he says, wholly upsets my theories as to the origin and uses of the towers, and I believe he is going to publish a book upon the subject! I hope sincerely he may. That *some* of the towers may have been used as sepulchres for individuals, or for certain families, is not impossible, and the notice of O'Rourke's tower, in the registry of Clonmacnoise, gives great support to such a conclusion; but I cannot bring myself to believe that such a use of them as this was a common one, because very many of the towers are built on bare rocks, without any soil over them; and I even doubt, though you appear to be of a different opinion, that the tower of Ardmore was used in this way. I rather think that the skeleton found within it may have been interred in the cemetery of the monastery long previous to the erection of the tower, and for this reason, as I have been informed in a letter from Mr. Windele, of Cork, they found, not only one skeleton, but a portion of a second, which was partly under the wall of the tower. Did you hear of this?

Your account of the tower of Rattoo interested me much, though I had already got accurate measurements and sketches of it from my lamented friend, William Morrison. I wish you had given me some account of the old church of Rattass, which I find, from a letter of yours to Captain Larcom, you think remarkably ancient; and, indeed, I should be greatly obliged by your directing your attention to any very ancient or remarkable interesting ruins you may meet with in Kerry, as I should visit them in my projected southern ramble.

I am very glad that you have turned your attention to the Ogham inscriptions so common in Kerry, and I am getting tracings made for you of all those published by Vallancey, from Pelham's

sketches, which tracings I hope will be finished to-day. I will also send you a tracing of Staigue Fort, that you may test its accuracy. That many, if not most, of the Kerry Oghams, are Christian, I have little doubt; but I hope that many of them may be of pagan times, as otherwise we shall, I fear, have to give up the claims of the Irish to an alphabet before the propagation of Christianity amongst them. There is a very remarkable inscription on the pillar or tomb-stone of St. Colum, which has not yet, I believe, been published. You will see, and you ought, if possible, to see the group of nine or twelve inscribed stones lately discovered somewhere about Ventry, I believe. And now I have got to the end of my sheet, and can only add that I often think of you in this unsummerlike weather, and feel for you too.

Believe me, my dear John,

Always your friend,

GEORGE PETRIE.

J. O'Donovan, esq.

MY DEAR LARCOM,—I returned to town by the Limerick day coach on Saturday evening, greatly benefited in health by my journey, though greatly buffeted by wet and cold weather. In truth, I never spent a month in the country before so unfavourable to the pursuits of an artist or sketcher. However, I saw a great deal that will be of use to me, and, indeed, that it was absolutely indispensable that I should have seen. The Christian oratories in Dingle, or its vicinity rather, built without cement, are the most singular and ancient remains of their kind in Ireland, or the British empire. Their form is this. Stone-roofed, on the plan of the round houses, and the stones adjusted to each other with wonderful art. The boat-shaped stone houses also interested me exceedingly. Here is their ground-plan:—

Very queer, is it not?

The church of Killmelchedar is the most beautiful church in the Romanesque or Lombardic style in Ireland. The sculpture and mason work are excellent. Then, again, the square belfry of the church on Inisclothran, in Loughree, coeval with the round towers, and the Ogham inscriptions in Kerry, these were all objects of the highest interest to me. I met with one group of eleven or twelve inscribed pillar stones, which had escaped O'Donovan and

the rest, and I copied them carefully. But I was not able to do a sixth of what should be done, and it would be a sad loss if these remains be not drawn now, for the respect for them, which has hitherto saved them from destruction, is fast dying away. I left W. Wakeman after me at Killarney, about ten days ago, with instructions to draw the most remarkable things, according to a list furnished by O'Donovan. One of these is a singular monument in its way, a sepulchral chamber, covered over with Ogham inscriptions, as fresh as the day they were cut. This cave has removed all scepticism from O'Donovan's mind respecting the antiquity and genuineness of the Ogham inscriptions. O'D. and I visited it together. I should have written to you, but that I learned you were in England, and I did not hear of your return until I came home; and, to tell the truth, I came to my hotel each evening so tired and weary that I had not spirits to write or do anything but sleep.

I enclose you a note which Mr. Curry gave me to-day to forward to you, giving an account of the occupations of the different persons of the office. I hope to see you soon, and in the meantime remain as ever, my dear Larcom,

Most faithfully yours,

GEORGE PETRIE.

20th September, 1841.

MY DEAR LARCOM,—The long peninsula of Corcaguiny, or the neck of land stretching into the sea west of Tralee, is the richest in remote antiquities by far that I have yet seen in Ireland, and it is a great pity that they could not be all accurately marked on the Ordnance map, and the most remarkable of them be drawn with ground-plans. From a letter which I received from Burton this morning, who staid after us, I find that a valley of four or five miles in length, now nearly uninhabited, is covered over with those round beehive-shaped houses, none of which had been observed by O'Donovan or the others. They are usually in groups of four or five each. The letter is a capital one. I will send it to you to read to-morrow. I must keep it to-day to reply to it. As to the boat-shaped houses, I do not know what to say; but this is curious that Sallust describes the houses of the people on the African coast of the Mediterranean, built by the Phœnicians and Persians, as

being of this shape, the form being borrowed from their first houses, which were their boats turned upside down!

Wakeman will, however, draw some of the most remarkable of these remains, which will be of great service.

I had awful weather during the whole journey, and could not do what I might have accomplished had the weather permitted.

Always faithfully yours,

GEORGE PETRIE.

21st September, 1841.

3rd August, 1844,
21, Great Charles-street, Dublin.

MY DEAR LORD,—The communication conveyed to me in your last letter only gave certainty to what I had for some time anticipated—and yet it is too, too bad, after such an effort.

If, however, it were only a postponement till next year, I should not very greatly regret it; but I fear the game is up in toto. But it is well to live in hope, and I am fortunately blessed with a good share of this, my principal property, and so I shall not yet entirely despair. I fear much that you think I do not work as hard at my "Towers," as, on many accounts, I ought to do; but I assure you solemnly, that I never worked so hardly and unremittingly at anything in my life as I have at this for the last eight or ten months. I go to work every day immediately after breakfast, and never stir till four or half-past four o'clock when, if the weather be fine, I turn out for a little air and exercise before dinner. Then, in the evenings, I generally read, to prepare myself for the day following. I refuse all invitations to go out, lest it might interfere with my habits, and when I tell you, that within the last fortnight I refused going with Stokes to Iona, which I have long desired to visit, and with Smith and Kane to the county of Wicklow for a few days, you will, I trust, give me some credit for firmness and devotion to my work. But the truth is—though I say it who should not—the said work is a great labour, and particularly from my anxiety to make it accurate and full on all points. I have resumed printing, and shall be able to send your lordship a sheet early next week. I shall not, however, have the press going with steam till after a fortnight, after which there will be no stop on the way, and I yet hope to be done with the year, though O'Donovan thinks it is impossible.

Pray, do not be angry with me for not answering your preceding letter. I was wretchedly ill with a feverish cold and cough when I received it, and ever since; so that after my regular day's work I was too fatigued to take up the pen again. I feel better to-day, however, and trust I shall be soon as well as I ever am again.

With kindest respects to Lady Adare, believe me ever, my dear lord,

Most truly and affectionately yours,

GEORGE PETRIE.

To Lord Adare.

The following letter is in answer to one from Lord Adare, inviting him to visit him at his house in London, while he was obliged to remain there, when summoned to attend the meeting of the Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry into the matter of the stoppage of the Ordnance Survey Memoir. This invitation was afterwards accepted, and he remained there about three weeks, in company with Captain Larcom, Dr. Todd, Dr. Robinson, and Mr. O'Donovan :—

21, Great Charles-street, Dublin,
4th July, 1843.

MY DEAR LORD ADARE,—I dare say either Dr. Todd or Captain Larcom has already told you the result of our deliberations yesterday respecting our day for starting, &c., &c., and also that we think it desirable to have the Rev. Mr. Butler, of Trim, examined. His opinion would, I think, have weight. I wish, also, we had the opinion of Thomas Moore. We are endeavouring to prepare ourselves for the trial as well as we can; but it seems to us of importance to be all in town at the same time, to assist each other.

I need scarcely say how much obliged I feel for your kind invitation to stop with you, or what pleasure it would give me, if I did not apprehend that I might be in your way. However, we shall talk about that when I have the pleasure of seeing your lordship.

I was rather pleased than otherwise at your silence respecting my query about the measurement of the church at Rahin. For though I want it much, it is always a consolation to me, who am

so great a sinner in the way of answering letters, to find others not absolutely perfect in this respect. It helps to keep up my spirits, by putting me into better humour with myself. Besides, I do not wonder that, as I suppose you forgot it, for my real surprise is, how, in the number of your labours, you never seem to forget anything—at least when the interests or gratification of your friends is concerned. And now I have to ask another favour of you—to excuse this playful allusion to the measurements, which I have introduced to fill my sheet of note paper, having nothing better to add, except the assurance, my dear lord, of the respect and gratitude of

Yours truly,

GEORGE PETRIE.

The Viscount Adare.

21, Great Charles-street, Dublin,
17th August, 1843.

MY DEAR LORD,—In the course of yesterday evening I communicated to Curry your kind offer to pay his expenses to Cork, when he made a suggestion that appeared to me of importance—namely, that before the Archæological Society risked any expense in sending him to Cork, it would be well to ascertain how far his mission might be likely to be successful. Or, in other words, would your lordship take the trouble to ascertain whether Dr. Murphy, the Roman Catholic bishop, would permit Curry to examine his MSS. and make such extracts or copies of tracts as would be valuable to our common objects. It is very desirable, indeed, I may say, absolutely necessary, to ascertain this, as, if he should refuse such facilities to Curry, it would be only throwing his time and the society's money away. I have accordingly advised Curry not to start until I shall have heard from you in reply to this communication, as I feel assured your lordship will lose no time in making the necessary inquiry, and no loss can be sustained by the delay of two or three days.

I must not omit this opportunity of thanking you "from the bottom of my heart," to use an Irish phrase, for the feelings of regard which you were so good as to express towards me in a recent letter. Believe me, my dear lord, that anything which I could say in return would give a very feeble idea of the sentiments

which, originating in sympathy and respectful esteem, have been warmed into affection by gratitude; and if you are so kind as to look forward with pleasure to a continuance for life of our friendship, how much more must I feel anxious for such a happiness—I, whose whole wealth—and a precious treasure it is—is the reciprocal regard of a few men whom I honour and love.

Believe me ever, my dear lord,

Affectionately yours,

GEORGE PETRIE.

Viscount Adare.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ROUND TOWERS AND EARLY CHRISTIAN ARCHITECTURE OF IRELAND.

IT has been already shown in the notes of Petrie's early tours what little value he attached to the labours of those so-called Irish antiquaries of the last and the present century, whose works followed that of Sir James Ware. Of these numerous writers it may in truth be said that they simply ignored the inductive system, while, in a great measure, their speculations were confined to determining the nature or the origin of but one feature of the old ecclesiastical monuments of the country. The day for a truly critical study of history had not arrived, and while many undertook to solve what was considered as the great Irish antiquarian problem, they came to their self-imposed task without the qualities which would have fitted them for it. The close resemblance to one another of so many of the round towers, the supposed absence of similar structures in other countries, with the exception of Scotland, and the solemn and weird-like appearance of the buildings themselves,—all tended to impress the imagination, and cause it to wrap their origin

and uses in the veil of a fabulous antiquity. Even learned men, such as Lanigan, Molyneux, and O'Conor, were wide of the mark in this inquiry, while the ambition of solving the problem influenced a crowd of writers of the dilettante school, of most of whom it may be said, that they were neither scholars nor archæologists, artists nor architects. Each had his preconceived theory, each distorted facts in support of a foregone conclusion, and all were alike ignorant of the ancient language and history of the country, and of the laws of reasoning.

It is, then, not to be wondered at, that looking at the erroneous method pursued by these inquirers, as well as at their presumption and extravagance, the entire subject of ancient Irish history should have fallen into discredit, for it was plain that even in the clearing up of a single question, the object proposed was less the establishment of truth than the support of this or that theory. Each of these writers, to use the words of Curran, "hopped with airy and fantastic levity over fact and argument, and perched on assertion which they called conclusion."

On one point most were agreed, namely, that the round towers belonged to pagan times of a remote antiquity, and that their origin was Eastern; but as to their nature and uses, the most confused and contradictory views were taken. In place of a careful study of the structures themselves, of which upwards of one hundred existed in the country, in a state more or less perfect, so as to determine their comparative ages by their style of workmanship—in place of an examination of the buildings which accompany them, and the history of their respective localities, preserved in the ancient MS. literature of the country—these authors sought in Persian, Phœnician, and Indo-Scythian traditions for material to prop up their favourite doctrines. The earliest Egyptian, Grecian, and Hindoo mythologies were referred to —the Shepherd kings, the Chaldeans, the Fire Worshippers of

India, the Pelasgi, the religions of Zorpaster and of Buddha, the Magi, the Eleusinian Mysteries, the early Hebrew records, the Gnostics, and the Druids—all were pressed into the service.

Of this class of Irish antiquaries, who belonged to what may be called the deductive school, General Vallancey may be said to have been the founder. In proof of the soundness of their views they largely availed themselves of presumed etymological similarities, thus presenting to the superficial or uninstructed reader a parade of scholastic research. But nothing could be more hollow. The science of comparative philology was then almost unknown, while these questions of antiquarian import were attempted to be solved through the etymological method by men of some of whom it may be said, that they possessed no accurate knowledge of any language, even of their own.

It will be profitable to enumerate the results of this method of proceeding in relation to the various theories adopted.

Thus the round towers were—

I. Temples for the holy fire of the Arch-Druids, of Phœnician construction, or built by the African sea-champions.

II. Sorcerer's towers.

III. Pillars for celestial observation.

IV. Towers for dancing round after the manner of the Canaanites in honour of the heavens.

V. Towers for the proclamation of anniversaries.

VI. Towers for the Persian or Chaldean Magi.

VII. Temples of Vesta.

VIII. Astronomical gnomons.

IX. Phallic temples.

X. Danish watch-towers.

XI. Sepulchral Monuments.

It has been said by a learned and witty writer that a

ready method of testing the sanity or insanity of an Irish antiquary is to ask him his opinion as to the round towers. One of the latest speculations was that put forward by the South Munster Society of Antiquaries in 1840, namely, that they were pagan sepulchral monuments as well as fire temples. In the first of these views they had been preceded by the Rev. Dr. Small of Abernethy, who held that the Round Tower at that place was the sepulchre of all the Pictish kings, from the earliest period to the extinction of the race.

With this view the South Munster Society proceeded to examine with the pickaxe and crowbar, the floors of various towers in the southern counties. Similar investigations were elsewhere made at places such as Timahoe and Drumbo, and the conclusion was at once arrived at that the towers were not only fire temples, but places of sepulture similar to the Nuraghes of Sardinia! It is stated that in Ardmore one human skeleton and portions of a second were discovered, and in Cloyne were found the remains of three skeletons; in others, such as that of Drumbo, there was a quantity of human bones, not in any regular form, evidently thrown in from the burial-ground, while at Timahoe an urn is stated to have been found, but whether ancient or modern does not appear.

Such are the grounds for this latest hypothesis, in the attempted establishment of which so much zeal was displayed, that for a time it was feared that the foundations of many of the towers would be damaged. That certain human remains should be found under the floor of these structures might be anticipated, when it is considered that the place of their erection was the cemetery, and that it had been a practice to throw into them the scattered bones exposed in the graveyard. The theory, also, was invented in opposition to all that observation and ancient history teach of the early mode of sepulture in Ireland.

The history of this phase of Irish antiquarianism is strikingly illustrative of the condition of mind so long prevalent among so many of its professors. In two cases, those of Cashel and Kinneigh, no human remains were discovered, from which it was concluded that these particular towers were not sepulchral. Fortunately, however, the zeal of the explorers at Cashel was rewarded by the finding of some pieces of charcoal in a little hole at the base of the tower, and this enabled them to fall back on the theory of the towers having been, if not tombs, at least fire temples; and Mr. Windele asks, in reference to the fragments of charcoal, "whether these could have ever formed any portion of a sacred fire once burning within this tower—who can affirm or rationally deny"?*

In answer to this Petrie says :—

In the first place I repeat that we have no evidence whatever that sacred fires were ever lighted *in towers* in this country; but we have an abundance of evidence, which I shall hereafter adduce, to prove that the towers—that is, the wooden floors, &c., of them, as well as the churches—were often burned by the plundering Danes. But, to come to an evidence more in point, in connexion with Cashel itself—is Mr. Windele ignorant that, in the year 1495, the cathedral, with which the tower is in immediate contact, was burnt by Gerald, the eighth earl of Kildare, for which act, being accused before the king, his excuse was that it was true, but that he had supposed that the archbishop was in it? Now, I ask, would not this conflagration sufficiently account for an abundance of charcoal being found beside its walls, not to speak of a few particles? But these charcoal remains may be even of a later date, for I have been informed that the boys of Cashel, in recent times, were in the habit of lighting fires within the tower to smother the owls and other birds which made the interior of it their home.

Further on he observes—

To adduce all the authorities which our ancient MSS. could furnish respecting the ancient pagan modes of sepulture in Ireland would greatly exceed the space allotted to this section of my

* "Researches among the Round Towers." See Inquiry, &c., page 80.

inquiry; but, as the subject is of considerable interest, and has not been hitherto treated of, I shall adduce a few notices of our MSS. which will satisfactorily show what the sepulchral usages of the pagan Irish were, and be sufficient to demonstrate that the hypothesis of the South Munster antiquaries is wholly visionary.*

But other theories were extant, which are to be treated with more respect. Although most of the writers held to the pagan origin of the towers, the opinion that they were Christian structures was maintained by a different order of antiquaries; according to some of whom they had been built for the abodes of anchorites, or as penitential towers, while others believed them to have been belfries, or monastic treasure houses. On this latter view Petrie observes:—

As these theories are erroneous only in their exclusive application, and are sound when applied conjointly, as will, I trust, be proved in the second part of this inquiry, it is not necessary to take any further

* It is obviously not within the scope of the present work that the writer, even if he were qualified for the task, should enter into controversy. But the review of speculative Irish antiquarianism would be imperfect if the latest example were left unnoticed. In 1867, two years after the death of Petrie, the work of Mr. Keane appeared, entitled "The Towers and Temples of Ancient Ireland." This author, agreeing with Mr. Parker as to the inability of the Irish Celts to build in stone before the twelfth century, goes back to a still earlier period in the history of man than that of the Celtic occupation of Ireland, and attributes the erection of her ancient buildings to the Cuthites, the repositories of all the knowledge derived from the sons of Noah. They were of the race of Ham, and known, among other designations, under the names of Hyperboreans, Cyclopeans, Centaurs, Giants, Titans, and Dæmons. According to this author, not only were the towers built by the Cuthites, but also the decorated, as well as the simpler churches. Cormac's chapel is a Cuthite temple, as well as the severely simple church of MacDara, the former being taken as a type of all the others, while the sculptured crosses of Ireland are attributed to these Cuthite inhabitants.

In a large proportion of the illustrations, the beautiful drawings on wood, all from the hand of Petrie, which appeared in the "Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland," as well as some of those which were prepared for the second volume of the Essay, have been employed!

Happily for Petrie he did not live to witness this misuse of his pencil, this desecration of the work he had so faithfully carried out.

notice of them in this place. I shall content myself, therefore, with observing that if they have hitherto failed of a more general adoption it has been the result, not less of a want of facts to support them, than of the difficulties in argument which their advocates had to encounter in ascribing to a single and exclusive use a class of buildings, all of which exhibited peculiarities of structure which were manifestly not necessary to serve but one purpose.

Such is a sample of the views put forward by writers of supposed authority, and in the case of one of the essays on the subject—that of Miss Beaufort—crowned by the gold medal of the Academy. It will be remembered that in 1830 Petrie was elected on the council of the Academy, and a deep interest attaches to the following entry in its journal of the 5th of November, 1830:—

Meeting of council. Question proposed by Mr. Petrie, and reserved for consideration: "For the best essay on the round towers of Ireland, in which it is expected that the characteristic architectural peculiarities belonging to all these ancient buildings shall be noticed, and the uncertainty in which their origin and uses are involved be satisfactorily explained."

There is a fault in the wording of this entry, yet it is clear that his proposal was that a prize should be offered for the best essay on the subject. That he was dissatisfied with the wild and baseless speculations of Ledwich and Vallancey has been shown in the extract from the preface to his early journals already given; and as the Academy had already crowned the essay of Miss Beaufort, in which that lady, assuming the Persian origin of the Irish Celts, had adduced the towers as evidences of her theory, he desired that the matter should be re-opened and the implied judgment reconsidered.

At the next meeting of council it was resolved that fifty pounds, together with the gold medal of the Academy, should be given for an approved essay on the subject. The decision did not take place for two years. There were three com-

peting essays, and the prize and medal were awarded to Petrie, while a second prize of twenty pounds was allotted to O'Brien, author of one of the remaining papers. This last award seems to show that, in the minds of some of the council, there was still a lingering belief in the pagan origin of the round towers.

Now looking at the date of Petrie's first proposition, and at that of the paper, it is plain that he had long believed in the more recent origin of the towers as features of the ecclesiastical architecture of Ireland.

Of this paper, which was afterwards expanded into such a magnificent volume, it may be said that, whether considered as to the amount and depth of its original research, the extent of its record of personal and exact observation, the logical accuracy of its reasoning, the kindly and philosophic spirit of its controversial portions, and its value to the history of Ireland, it may challenge comparison with any archæological effort made in the country. This essay at once established his reputation as our first living antiquary.

In determining the question as to the origin and uses of the round towers, the method adopted by Petrie widely differed from that of all his predecessors.

Putting aside speculation, he took a comprehensive review of all the ancient stone structures throughout the country. He examined first those whose masonry and general character, together with the scantiness of any historical account, removed them to a date so remote that they might be styled at least pre-Christian structures. These were the great forts of unhewn and uncemented stone, such as that of Dun Ænghus in Aran, and Staigue in Kerry, as well as the cromlechs with their stone circles, and the sepulchres from the great monuments on the Boyne to the smaller barrows, cairns, and kistvaens.

He next took in review those singular beehive-like

structures, clustered in spots, which, from early ecclesiastical history, are known as the seats of the Christian missionaries, throughout the country, but especially abounding in the islands and on the shores of the western coast.

From these primitive and humble buildings he passed to the consideration of the early Irish church, and its peculiarities, when it became obvious, that though in numberless instances the church was found without a tower, yet in no case was a tower found to exist without its church, or group of churches. In a few cases the latter had disappeared through the ravages of time and wilful destruction, but in all such instances history is clear as to the former existence of the church; and by comparing the architecture of the towers, with their corresponding churches, they were found to be in every respect similar in material, style, masonry, and other characteristics.

Pursuing the inquiry, it appeared that the towers were never found unconnected with ancient ecclesiastical foundations, while in several of them not only are the details acknowledged to be of Christian origin, but they present the Christian emblems.

In the first part of his essay Petrie occupies himself in comparing the various theories already mentioned, as to the origin and uses of the towers.*

* Lynch, author of "Cambrensis Eversus," seems to be the first who spoke of the Danish origin of the towers, and suggests that such was the opinion of Giraldus Cambrensis. The remarkable words of Giraldus that the towers were built *more patriæ* is an answer to the indirect suggestion of Lynch.

According to Petrie there is not a word in Cambrensis to justify the statement of Lynch.

Lynch was followed by Walsh, Molyneux, and Ledwich. Of these the first two adopt this view, without attributing it to Cambrensis, but Ledwich makes the bold assertion that every author from Cambrensis down advocates their Danish origin. Commenting on this statement of Ledwich's Petrie observes, "that nothing but its artfulness can exceed the audacious mendacity of the foregoing passage."

The task of reviewing this mass of pseudo-antiquarianism was one of great extent and labour, and required the constant exercise of a calm and philosophic spirit. Rarely did he use the weapons of ridicule, and the writings of Vallancey, Ledwich, and O'Brien only, were handled with severity.

Beginning with a long and close examination of the views of the pseudo-antiquary of what may be termed the fanciful pagan school, he established conclusively—

1st. That in cases where the remains of the original church are to be found along with the tower, the architecture of both is obviously contemporaneous.

2nd. That not even a shadow of an historical authority has been adduced to show that the Irish were acquainted with the art of constructing an arch, or with the use of lime cement before the introduction of Christianity into the country. And further, that although we have innumerable remains of buildings of ages antecedent to that period, in no one of them has an arch or lime cement been found.

3rd. That in no building in Ireland assigned to pagan times, either by historical evidence or popular tradition, have been found the forms or features usual in the round towers, or characteristics that would indicate the possession of sufficient architectural skill in their builders to construct such edifices.

4th. That previously to General Vallancey, a writer remarkable for the daring rashness of his theories, for his looseness in the use of authorities, and for his want of acquaintance with mediæval antiquities, no writer had ever attributed to the round towers any other than a Christian origin.

5th. That the evidences and arguments tendered in support of their theories by Vallancey and his followers, as well as those of the late Mr. O'Brien adopted by Sir William

Betham, which he did not consider deserving of notice, have proved to be of no weight or importance.

To those whose attention has not been turned to the study of Irish antiquities, it will not be easy to convey any idea of the mass of presumptuous writing, of display of authorities quoted and misquoted, of misstatement as to facts, and of errors of reasoning, which had to be waded through in order to establish these negatives.

Petrie then turned to the ancient records of the country, where proofs of the true origin and uses of the round towers were abundantly discovered. In this mode of investigating the subject he was original, and he soon had large resources at his command. Under his auspices, and at the time he was engaged in the composition of his work, the modern school of archæology in Ireland was springing up.

O'Donovan and O'Curry, first instructed by him, were already winning their fame as Irish scholars and philologists, while Todd, Reeves, and others were devoted to ecclesiastical antiquities. For the first time archæological science in its full meaning was used to illustrate the history of our national monuments, and the result, as regarded the whole subject, was only what was to be expected. The rich and unexplored treasures in the multitude of Irish manuscripts which had so long lain neglected in the libraries of the University and the Academy, as well as in those of Oxford, Cambridge, and the British Museum, all underwent a careful search ; and the knowledge thus obtained was, for the first time, brought to bear on the whole question.

These researches, combined with the results of actual observation, all tend to establish the two leading conclusions—

1st. That the towers were meant to serve as belfries to the Christian churches.

2nd. That they also were intended and used as keeps or places of strength in which the sacred utensils, books, relics, and other valuables were deposited, and into which the

ecclesiastics to whom they belonged could retire for security in cases of sudden predatory attack.

By referring to the various annals, and other ancient MSS., it was established that in the early Irish churches and abbeys, the belfries, or campanili, were detached buildings, and that to them the term cloictheach was applied, and it is to be noted that by this name, which is only a corrupted form of the original, the towers are designated wherever the old language is still in use in Ireland.*

That this cloictheach—house of a bell, as applied to bell-towers—was a detached building appears certain, from the fact that with few exceptions—the church of St. Kevin and that on Ireland's Eye†—no structure, either round or square, capable of serving as a belfry, is to be found forming a continuous portion of the building of any church of a date anterior to the twelfth century.

Now there exists in the library of Trinity College a vellum MS. containing a fragment of a commentary on a Brehon law relating to the payment of those employed in church building, in which the three principal erections, the duirtheach, the daimliag, and the cloictheach, are specified, and it is most interesting to find that not only is the place for the erection of the bell-tower given, but that there are specific rules for the regulation of its height and diameter in accordance with the proportions of the church.

There are many notices of the bell-towers in the old MSS. which have a deep interest. Thus, in the ancient Life of Christ in the Leabhar Breac, or Speckled Book, is found an allusion to the height of the star which guided the Magi to the Saviour's birth-place.

It came afterwards a journey of twelve months in twelve days, and it was higher than a *cloictheach* before us.

But further, in one of the tracts of the Brehon laws on the

* Eccl. Arch. p. 359. † Ibid. p. 177.

duties and rewards of the seven ecclesiastical degrees, the following account of the duties of the bellringer is given:—*

Aistreoir, *i.e.*, uas aitreoir, *i.e.*, noble his work when it is the bell of a cloictheach; or aistreoir, *i.e.*, isil aithreoir, (*i.e.*, humble or low his work) when it is a handbell.

This tract is called Seanchus Beg, and occurs in the Book of Lecan.

Another tract of the Brehon laws detailing the punishments of the professional classes, and also to be found in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, contains the following passage:—

The punishment of the people of a church is fasting, and afterwards a restraint that they say not their Pater nor their Credo, and that they go not to Communion, nor to the Offering; if they be the ecclesiastics, or the religious about the house of their bell, or at the foot of their altar, and the restraint is that they (the former) offer not on it, and that they (the latter) ring not a bell for (canonical) hours.

These notices might be largely multiplied, but the writer will add only one more, which is quoted by Petrie from the Annals of the Four Masters, and relates to the sack of the great Monastery of Clonmacnoise, by the English garrison of Athlone—an event of which he observes "the tradition of the place still preserves, with all its details, as lively an impression as if it had been only of recent occurrence."

A.D. 1552. Clonmacnoise was plundered and devastated by the Galls (English) of Athlone, and the large bells were carried from the cloictheach. There was not left, moreover, a bell, small or large, an image or an altar, a book or a gem, or even glass in a window, from the wall of the church out, which was not carried off. Lamentable was this deed, the plundering of the city of Ciaran, the holy patron.†

* Eccl. Arch. p. 379. † Eccl. Arch. p. 390.

But another and most important purpose of the towers seems to have been, that they should serve as fortalices in times of danger or rapine. For this object they were well designed, as shown by the small size of the door-way, the door being sometimes double, and its great height from the ground. The church and its connected buildings were defenceless against sword and fire, but in the lofty, isolated, and massively built stone tower the inmates of the sanctuary could find a place of comparative, if not of absolute safety. It is true, as shown by many of our old records, dating from the tenth to the twelfth century, that against a foe, even these strongholds, adapted for a passive resistance on the part of the holy men crowded into them, did not suffice to save their pious inmates from the fury of their enemies. The burning of the towers is repeatedly noticed from the tenth to the twelfth century, and we find that while in the earlier instances the Danish invaders were the actors, in later times the native chieftains and princes were the perpetrators of these outrages, when it often happened that numbers of persons with the treasures, bells, croziers, and books of the monastery were consumed.*

Nor were the towers used as places of safety by monks alone, for it is stated in more places than one, that laymen of distinction were killed in the cloictheach to which they had doubtless fled from their enemies. The privilege of sanctuary prevailed in Ireland, the terminal crosses marking its bounds still exist in many places, but as, in times of violence the church could give no material protection, the tower seems occasionally to have been resorted to, as appears from a poem of the ninth century:—

He who commits a theft,
It will be grievous to thee,
If he obtains his protection
In the house of a king or a bell.

* "Annals of the Four Masters," A.D. 949, 950, 1076, 1097, 1127, 1156, 1171. See also Annals of Clonmacnoise and Ulster.

Enough has now been said as to the twofold purposes of the towers, demonstrated in the original essay in a manner at once scientific and convincing. The suggestion that they were occasionally used as watchtowers and beacons is favourably mentioned by Petrie:—

In like manner, if we consider the usages of the monastic establishments to which these towers belonged, the hospitality and protection which they afforded to travellers and strangers in times when roads were few and the country generally covered with wood, we will find it difficult to resist the conviction that the towers would be used at night as beacons to attract the benighted stranger or pious pilgrim to the house of hospitality or prayer. Their general fitness for such a purpose must be at once obvious, and this fitness seems in some degree to have led the learned Dr. Lingard to the opinion that the Irish round towers were chiefly, if not exclusively, intended for this purpose.

Thus, by continuing the method of actual observation with the results of historical research, the Christian origin of the towers was settled, and the views of Petrie were adopted by all educated antiquaries. It was plain to anyone possessed of the least architectural skill, that the custom of building these structures extended over several centuries, and so their relative, if not their actual dates may be determined. The square-linteled doorway, and the triangular-headed window, with the rude rubble masonry, point to a very early period. Then appears the arched door-way, the arch composed of a single stone, with the jambs squared, and sometimes approaching the long and short masonry; then a rude, and afterwards a perfect arch, with the use of squared stone, followed by arches with double and treble torus mouldings; and at last we have the sculptured doorway in rich detail. All this points to the one conclusion; but as to the question of the actual time of their earliest erection there is difficulty; yet it seems probable that we can assign to many of the

existing towers a date anterior to the tenth century, mention being made of them in the annals of that period.

It has been objected to the doctrine of the Christian origin of the towers, that so few notices of their erection are to be found in the early annals of the country. But it would be strange were it otherwise; or that the erection of one portion or feature of the monastery the foundation of which is recorded, should be held to require any special mention. Hence, while little or no notice is taken of the building of the earlier towers, there is abundant mention made of them in connexion with some remarkable event in their history, such as their completion, or their fall, their being sacked, burned, or struck with lightning. Towards the end of the tenth century it is stated of the monarch Brian Boromha, that the Cloictheach, or Round Tower of Tomgraney, which was built, according to the "Chronicon Scotorum," A.D. 964, was repaired by him. It is further stated in the annals that many churches, monasteries, and cloictheacs, were erected or restored by this monarch in the year 996, a measure rendered necessary by the devastations of the Danes. And Petrie is persuaded that many were built so late as the middle of the twelfth century. The erection of the tower of Annadown is stated in the annals to have taken place in the thirteenth century;* and he observes that as no belfry now remains at Annadown, it may be doubtful whether this cloictheach was a detached round tower, or was of the quadrangular form, and connected with the church, as adopted in Ireland after the Anglo-Norman invasion. Yet he observes—

"But if it be remembered that this tower is mentioned as a distinct structure, and that its locality was one still peculiarly

* Annals of the Four Masters, A.D. 1238. "The Cloictheach of Annadown was erected." Annadown is on the shores of Lough Corrib; no tower, round or square, is now to be found there.

Irish, while, on the other hand, the square belfry never appears as a distinct structure, it will be scarcely doubted that this was a tower of the original Irish kind, and if so, probably one of the last of its class erected in the kingdom."

The monastery of Annadown was burned in the years 1142 and 1411. But the difficulty as to the entry in the annals seems to be cleared up by Sir William Wilde, who has made it almost certain that the Annadown mentioned in the annals as being the place where a round tower was erected in the thirteenth century, was that originally founded by St. Coona, in the seventh century. The parish of Kilcoona borders on that of Annadown, and here, in the enclosure of a ruined church and burial-ground, and standing on a double plinth, is the lower portion of a round tower, eight feet in height and fifty-two in girth. This tower is made of squared stones, laid in regular courses, and must have been, in the words of Sir William Wilde, "one of the most beautifully built round towers in Ireland."

Yet, notwithstanding the assent of all who have studied the true history of the country, whether lay or ecclesiastical, to the conclusions of our great antiquary, it must be admitted that, to minds more fond of speculation than capable of laborious study, the question still remains as a field of debate. Theories even more extravagant than those of Vallancey, O'Brien, and Windele have been but recently put forward. The belief that nothing certain is known as to the origin of the towers is still general among the Irish public, whether from ignorance of what has been done, or from the fond belief that the times when the light of Christianity was first taught by a few devoted missionaries to a still uncivilized people, were marked by splendour and by glory. These visions of the past natural to an imaginative people, the subjects of bardic fable and exaggeration, and consecrated in song, were strengthened by the writings of speculative and presumptuous men, and so the public mind, with the most hazy ideas

as to dates, has been made "a hardy rebel unto the truth." In the uninstructed condition of the mind there is an obvious leaning to prefer the false rather than the true, and this tendency gives an ample domain to the spreading of delusions of every sort. The whole history of this question shows how dangerous is the first propagation of error, which, acting on the human mind as a virus on the body, is multiplied a thousand fold, and handed down from father to son.

It has been shown that, in his great work, after dealing with the varied speculations as to the origin and uses of the round towers which have so deeply impressed the public mind, Petrie took a review of the ecclesiastical architecture of Ireland from its earliest and simplest forms to its later developments; the tower or belfry which seems in most cases to have been the appendage of the greater monastic establishments, being the mark of an advanced period.

It was held by Sir James Ware that the Irish did not begin to build with stone and mortar until the twelfth century, and in this theory he was followed by Sir William Petty and Ledwich. To quote the words of Sir William Petty:—

> There is at this Day no Monument or real Argument that when the *Irish* were first invaded, they had any Stone Housing at all, any Money, any Foreign Trade, nor any Learning but the Legend of the Saints, Psalters, Missals, Rituals, *etc. viz.* nor Geometry, Astronomy, Anatomy, Architecture, Enginery, Painting, Carving, nor any kind of Manufacture, nor the least use of Navigation, or the art Military.—"Political Anatomy of Ireland" (second edition), chap. v., p. 25.

This view as to the absence of stone buildings in Ireland up to a late period may be traced to the habit common to the writers of the day, of despising everything Irish. And even now, some writers, with equal ignorance of collateral history, when forced to admit the existence of ancient stone structures in the country, speak of them with contempt. Thus Mr. Parker says:—

They may have piled up rough stones which they found on the surface in various forms, but the arts of cutting stone and burning lime imply a considerable progress in civilization.—(Domestic Architecture of the Irish.)*

As introductory to Petrie's argument he observes—

Under these circumstances, to disabuse the minds of my countrymen of prejudices, which are calculated to lessen them in the estimation of the learned and judicious—while, at the same time, I satisfy them of the extreme antiquity of the ecclesiastical archi-

* This idea of the ignorance of the art of building in stone and mortar seems to have sprung partly from a passage in the "Life of St. Malachy," by St. Bernard, in which it is recorded that when the first-named Saint commenced the building of a stone church at Bangor, in the county of Down, the people expressed surprise at the splendour of the building, saying, "We are Scoti not Gauls."

This story need not necessarily be untrue, although it cannot be received as proving that the Irish had never seen a church built of stone before. They may have felt surprise at the novelty of the style, and not the material, as well as at the size of the building. We are told that Malachy began to build a church "like those he had seen in other countries," and that the people asked, "What need is there of such proud and unnecessary work? How will you, who are but a poor man, find means to finish it, and who will live to see it brought to perfection?" This was the period at which a foreign influence strongly affected Irish architecture; the time when some of the great Cistercian abbeys were erected, and when a great revival took place in architecture. There is evidence of this in the notice of Malachy in the "Annals of the Four Masters." They speak of his having founded churches and monasteries, "for by him were repaired in Ireland every church which had been consigned to decay and neglect; and they had been neglected *from time remote, etc., etc.* . . He was buried in the monastery of St. Bernard, Clairvaux, with honour and veneration."

Bede, when speaking of the church at Lindisfarne, built by Finan of the monastery of Iona on becoming bishop, states that the church was of wood—"More Scotorum." Other authorities seeming to bear against the antiquity of the stone churches of Ireland, are, with his constant candour, given by Petrie, who, it must be remarked, admits the probability of the use of wood in certain places by the early Irish church builders; but here it is plain that the material used must depend on the necessity of the case, and when wood was not to be had, as on the storm swept shores and islands of the Atlantic, stone was resorted to. Now it was in these places that many of these early anchorites and ecclesiastics settled, and from them may have spread the use of stone, which soon supplanted that of wood.

tectural remains, still so abundant in Ireland, and thus excite a desire for their conservation—is a task which, however humble, I may well feel a pride that it should have fallen to my lot to accomplish. To do this, however, it is necessary that I should not confine this inquiry to the question of the origin and uses of the round towers alone, but also, as accessory and indeed essential to that inquiry, go into an investigation of our ecclesiastical architecture generally, of which the round towers constitute only a subordinate feature.

It is true that these remains will be found to be of a very simple and unartificial character, and to exhibit nothing of that architectural splendour so gratifying to the taste which characterizes the Christian edifices of Europe erected in the latter days of ecclesiastical power; but if, as the great sceptical poet, Byron, so truly says,

> "Even the faintest relics of a shrine
> Of any worship wake some thought divine,"

these simple memorials of a Christian antiquity, rarely to be found outside our own *insula sacra*, and which, in their grave simplicity, exhibit a characteristic absence of meretricious grandeur, typical of the primitive ages of the Christian Church, can scarcely fail to excite a deep and reverential interest in the minds of Christians generally, and still more of those who may justly take a pride in such venerable remains of their past history."*

On the western shores of Ireland, washed and worn by the Atlantic, so strangely beautiful in all their effects of colour and outline, and in the near islands, which seem riven from their parent land by the action of the sea, the early anchorites loved to build their dwellings. Here, as in the three islands of Aran—the island of Inishbofin in Mayo, Tory to the north, and the wonderful Skellig to the south—these ancient structures are to be found in large numbers, telling of the devotion and piety of their early founders. To use stone in their construction was a necessity, for no forest tree can grow on the rocky soil, or bear the blast and spray of the Atlantic, from which there is no shelter anywhere.

* Inquiry, p. 123.

That some of these islands had been inhabited in pre-Christian times is certain from the existence of the mighty stone forts, as in Aran; and the houses of the primitive saints were doubtless built on the model of the dwellings of former inhabitants. As the Esquimaux construct their houses of the only material available to them, blocks of ice, so did the early dwellers on those shores adopt stone to build their beehive-shaped houses. The "Cloghaun" of the Christian period is but the reproduction of a form used from time immemorial. In our annals the founders of many of these buildings are spoken of, as well as the exact localities in which they were erected, and so their date is determined.

In reference to the establishments of St. Molaise, on Inishmurry, in the county of Sligo; of St. Brendan, on Inisglora, in Mayo; and of St. Fechin on High Island, in Galway—all erected in the sixth and seventh centuries—Petrie states that the churches alone, which are of the simplest construction, were built with lime cement.

The houses or cells erected for the use of the abbot or monks are of a circular or oval form, having dome roofs, constructed like those of the ancient Greek or Irish sepulchres, without a knowledge of the principle of the arch, and without the use of cement, and the whole are encompassed by a broad wall composed of stones of great size without cement of any kind.

There is no example whatever of the use of lime mortar in the great pagan forts and tombs in Ireland. The first sign of advance seems to have been the use of this material, and in some cases it occurs in the construction of the church alone, while it is wanting in that of the minor edifices of the monastery, making it seem probable that the material was scarce. The method adopted in its use was that of pouring liquid mortar through the interstices of the masonry, or what is called grouting. Buildings of such a kind have, to the superficial observer, the appearance of being uncemented.

It is probable that the art of burning lime from the stone

was either unknown to the early ecclesiastics, or that, owing to the scarcity of fuel (for on these islands both wood and peat are wanting) lime kilns on any large scale were not erected. The writer has heard from Petrie the expression of his opinion that the lime first used was obtained from the calcination of sea-shells.

Among these early oratories, of which some were built with, and some without cement, the most interesting, because the most perfect specimen, is that of Gallerus, in the county of Kerry. It is admirably built, with steep, though not vertical gables, and a small east window and square-headed door, with inclined jambs. A section would give the form of the somewhat depressed Gothic arch, but the structure shows no knowledge of the principle of the arch, being covered in, as is seen in pagan sepulchres, and even in the later stone-roofed churches, by the slight projection of each superimposed stone, until the work meets at the top. On the summit of each gable is a stone socket obviously fitted to receive a cross.

Excepting for the absence of the crosses, this building is as perfect as it was when completed in ages now remote. In its severe simplicity it forms, perhaps, the most interesting as well as one of the most ancient structures of the more early period of Irish Christian worship.* As further evidence of the antiquity of these oratories, it is interesting that not only Gallerus, but the adjacent oratory near Kilmalchedar, are found to have been surrounded by the circular houses of the monks. And the monumental stones, probably of the founders, inscribed either in the Ogham or the old Roman letters of the fifth and sixth centuries, are to be seen, each presenting an inscribed cross, with the name of the ecclesiastic.†

* An admirable model of this oratory is to be seen in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy.

† The Oratory or *Duirtheach*, a sacred building, though inferior to the Damhliag or Church, was either of wood or stone, and seems to have

That this wonderful Church of Gallerus was of very early date may be inferred also from the absence of cement in its structure. The remaining uncemented cells noticed by Petrie, are of a more rude construction, as seen in the houses and other offices of the monastic establishments.

Two remarkable features are to be noticed in these beehive-like houses or oratories. The first is that with the round external form the interior is, in some cases, quadrangular, this is the case in the house of St. Financam, who flourished in the sixth century, situated in Church Island, in Lough Currane, four miles to the north of Derrynane Abbey, which is called in Irish Doire Finan, thus deriving its name from the saint. Another instance is that of the house erected in the seventh century by St. Fechin on High Island, off the coast of Connemara. This use of the internal quadrangular form, however, is perhaps an innovation introduced after the time of Patrick. Thus St. Evin, a writer in the sixth century, in his life of St. Patrick, among other things, speaks of the use of the tonsure, and of the construction of houses after the manner of the Romans, "angustæ et angulatæ:" this probably applies to churches of quadrangular form, and with upright walls, such as is seen subsequently to the time of Patrick. Yet Petrie observes that in the barony of Corcaguiny, in the county of Kerry, many oratories may be seen in which the Roman style of building is imperfectly developed.

Being built of uncemented stones admirably fitted to each other,

been whitened on the outside. Thus, in a passage in the Leabhar Breac, on the mystical significance of the colours used in the vestments of the priest:—"What the white is intended for when the priest looks upon it is, that he should blush at it with sensitiveness and shame if he should not be chaste and pure in heart and mind, *or like the Cailc on the Bendchobar* (gable) *of the Duirtheach*, or like the colour of the swan before the sun, without any kind of sin remaining in his heart. Fol. 54, now 44. See Eccl. Arch., p. 346.

and their lateral walls converging from their base to the apex in curved lines. Indeed their end walls, though in a much lesser degree, converge also.

In none of these structures is there any evidence of acquaintance with the principle of the arch.

This district, and other parts of the western coast of Kerry, were explored by Petrie in the year 1841, in company with his friend, Mr. Frederick William Burton. The following letter was written after they had parted company, and gives a graphic account of the remains in the neighbour hood of Dingle :—

Dingle, Sept. 18, 1841, Saturday Night.

MY DEAR PETRIE,—You see I lose not much time in writing to you ; but the fact is, I have something to say that may be of interest to you, and therefore don't quite wait until you have gotten to town to begin.

In the first place, however, I must condole with you on the miserable day you all must have spent on the road, or river, or wherever you were yesterday ; for such a terrific down-pour as we had here, showing all appearance of being general, as it did, I think I never saw before. I sincerely trust none of the party have suffered from the effects of it. Believe me it made me quite unhappy to think of you all on some outside car, "biding the pelting of the pitiless storm ;" and just because I was not with you, but seated over a comfortable fire, I felt it the more. You are probably all safe in Dublin by this time, or near it. After all, I believe you deserve *your* share of a good ducking for leaving me here all alone. It was a cruel thing ; and if you only knew what you have lost by it, perhaps you would not have done it.

But to business. After your, to me, doleful departure on Thursday I returned to the scene I had pitched on for a sketch, and commenced one, late as it was, in colours, from which I did not stir until light began to fail, when I wended my way Dinglewards, determined to examine MY *lime-kiln* of the morning—*your* Dananian mansion. I found it, and descended, when guess my astonishment at seeing about it the remains of *four* others—all decided circular houses, and no mistake, very much dilapidated though, yet quite perfect enough to show what they had been. The darkness of even-

ing and the rain prevented my examining them; but as I had not finished my sketch at *Coominaviotghnew* (the euphonious name of the little black lake), I put off until another visit the note-takings I purposed. To-day being lovely, I started in the morning, and you may be certain kept a sharp look-out all up the valley, and discerned several other round houses, especially some at the opposite side, which escaped, I don't know how, your inquiring eyes. I paid a visit to a group nearer somewhat to Dingle than the *lime-kiln*, and found either four or five, very imperfect, but with thick walls, built of large stones, and one house about the size of the largest at Gallerus, but no trace of any circumvallation, or fort of any sort. Indeed I may here generally remark of all in this valley, that they are too far apart to *admit* of any but an enormous rath as an outer wall, and I have seen no certain traces of one anywhere. Having satisfied myself at this group, I searched for the other further on, and somewhat carefully examined it. I found the house we had seen from the road the most perfect as regards height; it preserves more of the roof than the rest, but its low doorway is blocked up, part of a rock appears to have been used to form its wall. Lower down, about thirty feet off, lies another, considerably larger and very interesting, as not preserving entirely the circular form. The walls are very thick, especially that forming the flat side which faces the S.E. A plan of it would present something of this form. The thickness of this flat wall makes a sort of passage to the doorway, which is built up of the same stones as the wall, with two flags as an architrave. These outer walls appear to have been for additional rooms; that to the right is not entirely a circle, the other too much broken to discern clearly what it was. Low down in the interior face of the house, about a foot or so from the ground, are four square recesses, or cupboards as it were, three of which I have sketched; one *I think* is double, a shelf crossing the middle of it, but the lower aperture is injured, and *might* be accidental. They are formed of a flag at top and another at bottom, and two of them have a flag each at the back. The other houses of this group are not remarkable, save that one, a small one, appears to have approached in form a rude square.

Returning in the afternoon from the "Simplon," I took the *old* road to Dingle at the opposite side of the valley from that which we went up; here I found an *older* road again than *the old road*, to the left of it, quite grown over with grass, heath, and bog, but still

preserving the lichened and time-worn stones at the sides, it runs for a long way parallel to the *new old road*, and I lost it in the sloppy bog; but a great number of old paths are very evident all over this side of the valley in every direction, all disused now and grass-grown. But what will you think when I tell you, that between the upper and lower ends of this side of Coomawolĕrig I discovered no less than five or six (I forget which) groups of round houses, each group consisting of five huts? Of these, some are small but some larger than the largest at Gallerus—all much injured; the roofs broken down, and filling up the interior space with rubbish; in most the doorways destroyed—no symptoms of a fort or circular outer wall anywhere; the houses of each group much scattered; I don't think ever nearer than 30 feet or so to one another: some may be closer tho', but I think not. They are *capitally* built, with very large stones, and the walls, particularly of the larger ones, immensely thick. I saw some fully six feet. The cause of their decay has been the practice of the peasantry of driving their cattle into them for shelter, or to milk. I had a conversation with some men I met on the road about them. They told me of this custom, but said they were not built by the people, but had been there "from ages," and "were built by the Danes, the ould people said;—it is not lucky to destroy them." The cyclopean doorway of one of the larger houses at this east side of the valley struck me so much that I sketched it. I afterwards found another curiously similar to it both in style and dimensions. The upper front-stone of the former is 4½ feet in length by 2½ in breadth, and another at its back is of about the same proportions. The great stone at this side is four feet in depth, but the aperture is extremely low.

A third doorway in another house, of which the architrave is down, is also built with the single side-posts. I have sketched it also, but need not do so here; the posts are about three feet in height. The large house, of which the doorway is represented above, appears to me to have been raised on a sort of plinth, like the church at Gallerus; but it is not strongly evident. I found the recess or cupboard repeated in another house. Further on towards Dingle, I came on the last group at that side (the east); one of the edifices here was singular. Little more than the foundations remain, but from them it seemed of this figure. Its doorway is that I have alluded to as being so like the one

shown above. It is very remarkable that no trace of fort or trench surrounds any of these; but they are generally built on some spot jutting beyond the sloping line of the hillside, and more level than the rest of the ground about. The ground is grassy and bright about them, but this may be from the cattle manuring it—the consequent richness of soil destroying the heath. The absence of circumvallation inclines me to think they are huts of the peasantry of a much later date than those which are found elsewhere fortified. Do you not think it possible *that* class may have preserved this form of building in their houses after their lords and masters had learned something better. Whoever were the dwellers therein, they certainly at one time must have colonized the vale pretty extensively, for it is using by no means too strong an expression to say that *the whole glen is covered with these houses.* The name of the said glen is Coomawolērig—of course I use the Celtic *e*—the townland, Ballywolērig.

I have not forgotten your request about the remains you said were on Mr. Thompson's ground. After some search and inquiry I discovered them. Several forts or raths lie about there; but, by-the-bye, they are on Mr. Hickson's, not Mr. Thompson's property, although just opposite the house of the latter, less than a mile from Dingle, on the right hand side of the Tralee mail road. Mr. T.'s house is on the left. Just where I allude to, an ancient rath existed, which has been levelled by a Scotch steward (another Scotchman!) to the great dismay of the people. The earth still, however, remains uncovered with grass, showing the circular ditch; within it a much smaller circle existed, and in this and under it, *rooms* were discovered and passages, which some say went to other raths near; at all events they are now filled in or blocked up again. *Bones were found,* of which I got fragments; they appeared to me very large. I found part of a humerus, and a piece of a femur, with several teeth, which latter I have kept; the bones were so soft that they could be squeezed between my fingers like wax or clay; and, from their appearance and that of the teeth, both must be of immense antiquity.

A little to the S.E. I was shown a rising ground called Cunnackeen (Knockeen), "the little hill," where I was told there were "*long round* stones with marks upon them." On ascending this mount I found it covered at the top with tumular collections of stones and earth, and in the midst a cairn of small stones,

principally white quartz, overgrown with mosses and brambles. Near this, and amongst the tombs, lay some stones of a very long oval shape, and all inscribed legibly with Ogham characters. Whilst I was looking at them (Friday morning) it began to rain heavily, and from that, and the want of sunshine to enable me to discover the marks plainly, I was obliged to decamp without a sketch; but intend, to-morrow morning going to the place and trying what can be done. I shall keep this epistle to be finished to-morrow, after I have seen these curious monuments again, at the same time making no apology for the length of the MS., as you have brought it all on yourself, and must bear the infliction.

SUNDAY EVENING, 19TH.—I have been at Cunnackeen to-day, and was rewarded for bearing rain and squalls by the clearing off of all when I got there, and a fine bright afternoon. My second closer examination of the place enables me to give a better description of it. The hill is covered by a very much damaged earthen rath, within the circle of which are numerous tombs, with headstones, mounds, &c., some of the stones evidently very large, but sunk deeply in the earth; to the E. a little is the cairn, and further still to the E., quite near, are other tombs, with great unshapen stones, half buried. Amidst these are three stones of a long oval, from three to four feet long, irregularly shaped, and inscribed with Oghams, two of them with *crosses* on them; two other Ogham pillars lie in a ditch to the S.E. or S., these latter of the same general form as the rest, but much smoother, and their inscriptions better preserved—indeed they are as legible as those at Limerick—and the stones so smooth, *as to be all but polished*, whilst the first are all more or less injured by the weather, or the more friable nature of the stones. Having procured a bit of white chalk, I set to work, and with great care and *scepticism*, and with the help of the sunlight to see, and my fingers to feel, I marked with the chalk all the incisions I could discover certainly to be Oghams, and even some which were not perfectly plain. I only found difficulty in the three first-mentioned stones, as the others are as fresh as if only cut ten years ago. I don't know well what to compare the stones to but great *sausages*, rather flattened; they have no angles or edges at all, *consequently the inscriptions have no central line*, save, as I presume to think, an *imaginary* one; but the closest scrutiny did not show me any trace whatever of a line dividing the marks, and this want of edge or line does not proceed from decay in the stone, they obviously

remain as they were at first, and those in the ditch are so smooth as to appear rounded by art. In copying all I spared neither time nor labour, and, not trusting entirely to my chalk marks, felt every line carefully before transmitting it to paper. The inscriptions run round the sides of the stones, and I very easily got at them by turning the latter round and round, for they all lie flat on the surface of the soil, but I think must have once been upright.

. . . . . .

I copied them for you, *because*, without taking any credit to myself, I do not think you will be likely to find anyone who would take so much care to do it properly, taking, as I do, a deep interest in the things themselves, not abated by recollecting whom I am trying to serve.*

I shall go to Sybil Head to-morrow, should the day be at all passable, and hope I may make up for my empty portfolio by the journey; but there is still as little sign as ever of settled weather.

You cannot think what a delightful little glen that is of Coomawolĕrig; rambling back by the old road, or by the green banks of the little brawling stream that dashes through it, whilst the sun sets behind the western hills, is perfect happiness, not untinged by something of melancholy perhaps, but what pure happiness is? No words could paint that stream and its border of emerald, bounded by the gray rocks and dark brown heath; and the saffron sky of evening seen above the high part of the glen, and the open to the left that shows the liquid bay, and the mountains of Iveragh shrouding themselves in purple; and then the delicious stillness, *enhanced* by the lowing of the distant kine, or the shouts of the little barefoot girl who drives her sheep and goats along the grass-grown road. I could not tell you how I felt it, and wished for you to feel it too——

"The postmistress wants to know will you soon have your letter ready, sir?" ("The d—l take the postmistress.") "Oh, by all means, Con, this moment."

Ever, my dear Petrie,

Most sincerely yours,

FRED. W. BURTON.

* Mr. Hitchcock, writing of the barony of Corcaguiny eleven years later, says—"Here indeed would the antiquary be tempted to designate this western tongue of land as the Baalbec of Ireland, if not of western

In determining the question as to whether these oratories, confessedly old, are truly the buildings erected by the ecclesiatic who first founded the church or monastery, the difficulty is increased when we find them in districts where civilization or violence may have caused the disappearance of the original structures, though others bearing the same name and generally of a more ambitious form, have arisen in their stead. But this can hardly be said to apply to the churches, oratories, and beehive houses on the rocks and barren islands of the Atlantic coast, and the probability amounts almost to certainty that the structures here discovered have remained unchanged except by time, and are indeed the original erections of the founders themselves.

It is related in the life of St. Patrick that he built eight churches in Bregia, and in a poem, written early in the eleventh century, which enumerates the persons who constituted his household, the names are given of his three stonemasons as the first builders of *damhliags*, which word (signifying *house*

Europe. I sometime since amused myself by making out from the Ordnance Survey maps and other sources of my own, a tabular list of the principal remains of antiquity in the barony of Corcaguiny, and I found them to be as follows:—eleven stone cahirs, three cairns, forty calluraghs or obsolete burial-grounds, where unbaptized children only are interred; ten castles, eighteen artificial caves, twenty-one churches in ruins, and nine church sites, two hundred and eighteen cloghauns or beehive-shaped stone houses, sixteen cromlechs, twelve large stone crosses, three hundred and seventy-six earthen forts or raths, one hundred and thirteen gallauns or immense rude standing stones, fifty-four monumental pillars, most of them bearing Ogham inscriptions; fifteen oratories, nine penitential stations, sixty-six wells, many of them bearing the name of some saint; and twenty-nine miscellaneous remains. This list of course only applies to such antiquities as have had some remains of them existing some years ago, when I compiled the list, but I earnestly hope that none or but very few of them have been since destroyed. How many more fine remains have been lost during centuries of blind fanaticism and internal warfare."—Trans. Kilkenny Arch. Soc. (vol. ii. p. 136); see also Mr. Du Noyer's account of the district of Fahan, in the same county.

of stone) is the original of Duleek, the seat of a church built by St. Ciaran, a contemporary of St. Patrick.

The building of churches with perpendicular walls and of stone and cement, marked the progress in architecture subsequent to the time of St. Patrick, and the style seems to have been adopted over the whole of Ireland. It is characterized, not only by the vertical walls of stone and mortar, but by the first appearance of the true arch, as shown in the chancels, and subsequently in the doorways and windows. Two features, however, recall the older forms, namely, the doorway and the roof, which latter, though covering a vertical and quadrangular building, is of stone, of a construction similar to that of the beehive oratories, and requiring high and pointed gables for its support.

But the square doorway, with its vast lintel stone and battering or inclined jambs, is a feature which, when considered together with the great size of the stones used in the walls, brings forcibly to mind the cyclopean doorways of ancient Greece. This form, however, may be held to be the result of necessity, and therefore possibly used by early families of man independent of one another, and cannot alone suffice to prove a connexion between our earlier colonists and the Greeks.

In Ireland we see it in the doorways of the pagan forts, and it occurs remarkably in the early domelike oratories of the western coast, and seems to have been continued down to a much later period. Thus it occurs in the side-door of the abbey of Inish-maine, where the chancel arch and windows are in the Norman style; and even after a decorated style in doorways and windows prevailed, we still see the traditional inclined jambs, as in the beautiful church of Rahin, King's County; still more remarkably in the sculptured doorways of the round tower of Kildare, the church of Killaloe, and many other examples.

After a lengthened historical investigation into the appli-

cation of the word *damhliag* to stone churches, especially those of a superior class, and a reference to the building of the Cathedral of Armagh by St. Patrick, Petrie sums up his evidences of the use of stone and cement in a large proportion of the ancient churches in Ireland, and shows indisputably that the abbey and cathedral churches in Ireland, before the ninth century were so constructed. The chapter concludes with a quotation from the "Tripartite Life of St. Patrick," said to have been originally written by St. Evin in the sixth century, where mention is made of a curse on his oppressors, pronounced by a holy man, in which he included the stones of the district "Maledictio super lapides montis Usneach," and the legend states that from this time those stones were found unfit for building, so that the proverb originated, "it is a Mount Usneach stone," as applied to all such materials.

To any one accustomed to view the great cathedrals of England and the Continent, there is in the humble proportions and severe simplicity of the ancient Irish churches, much food for reflection, and in their present ruined and ivy-clad condition, they have a melancholy, though surpassing interest, as bearing testimony to that early missionary spirit which impelled so many men to preach the doctrine of Him who was Himself poor and lowly.

At the close of his observations on these early churches, Petrie says:—

I have now described the various features which characterize the hitherto little noticed and unappreciated primitive churches of Ireland. That, as I have already stated, they have little in them to interest the mind or attract regard as works of art, it would be childish to deny; yet, in their symmetrical simplicity,—their dimly lighted nave, entered by its central west doorway, and terminated on the other side by its chancel arch, affording to the devout worshipper an unimpeded view of that brighter sanctuary in which were celebrated the divine mysteries which afforded him consolation in this life and hope in the next,—in the total absence

of everything which could distract his attention—there is an expression of fitness to their purpose, too often wanting in modern temples of the highest pretensions; as the artless strains sung to the Creator, which we may believe were daily hymned in these unadorned temples, were calculated from their very simplicity and artlessness, to awaken feelings of deep devotion, which the gorgeous artificial music of the modern cathedral but too rarely excites, even in minds most predisposed to feel its influences, and appreciate its refinement. In short, these ancient temples are just such humble, unadorned structures, as we might expect them to have been; but, even if they were found to exhibit less of that expression of congruity and fitness, and more of that humbleness so characteristic of a religion not made for the rich, but for the poor and lowly, that mind is but little to be envied which could look with apathy on the remains of national structures so venerable for their antiquity, and so interesting as being raised in honour of the Creator in the simplest, if not the purest, ages of Christianity.

That the unadorned simplicity and contracted dimensions of the earliest Irish churches were not, at least, altogether the result of poverty and ignorance of the arts in their founders, appears to me extremely probable. Poor those honoured individuals unquestionably were, but that poverty generally, if not in all instances, appears to have been voluntary, as became men walking in the footsteps of the Redeemer, and who obtained their simple food by the labour of their hands: but that they were ignorant of the arts, or insensible to their influence, could scarcely have been possible in men, very many of whom—Romans, Gauls, and Britons—were educated where those arts, though they had become debased, were still cultivated; and we have not only abundant historical evidence to show that many of the ecclesiastics in these early times obtained celebrity as artificers and makers of the sacred implements necessary for the church, and as illuminators of books, but we have also still remaining the most indisputable evidence of their skill in those arts, in ancient croziers, bells, shrines, &c., and in manuscripts not inferior in splendour to any extant in Europe. It is indeed by no means improbable that the severe simplicity, as well as the uniformity of plan and size, which usually characterize our early churches, was less the result of the poverty or ignorance of their founders than of choice, originating in the spirit of their faith, or a veneration for some model given to them by their first teachers;

for, that the earliest Christian churches on the Continent, before the time of Constantine, were like these, small and unadorned, there is no reason to doubt; and the oldest churches still remaining in Greece are, as I shall hereafter show, exactly similar to those I have described in Ireland.

Here the writer gladly adorns his pages with the words of Mr. Freeman:—*

While other inquirers into the architecture and antiquities of the earlier days of Christianity have investigated every country in which temples have been reared to the service of our religion—while nearly all the magnificent cathedrals and abbeys of Europe have been subjected to such minute investigation, that without leaving our own fireside, we may bring before us, with nearly all the vividness of personal knowledge, the spires of Burgos and the domes of Byzantium, the basilicas of Italy and the log churches of Norway—one patient, enterprising, and zealous inquirer has, by his own single exertions, opened to us a field hitherto untrodden, and the glory of whose discovery is wholly his own. The magnificent volume of Mr. Petrie on the architecture of Ireland forms indeed an epoch in ecclesiological research; it brings the Church and her material fabrics before us in a new garb; one less gorgeous indeed than that which we are used to contemplate, one not gleaming with the gold of Tartessus, or the jewels of the Eastern land, but unsoiled by the touch of the world, severely arrayed in the sterner holiness of her earliest days, in all the immaculate whiteness of her virgin purity. In that far island of the west, in whose air the Roman eagle never fluttered, and from whose shore no captive was dragged to enrich a Cæsar's triumph with his combats and his agonies, we have most vividly brought before us the estate of the Church, when her temples were but the damp cave or the rude hut, when she dwelt not as yet in the halls of the patrician and the palace of the emperor, and when the outcry of a populace, or the frown of a tyrant, hurried away her pontiffs from their lowly thrones and altars to seal their witness in the reeking amphitheatre. These buildings, themselves of the most venerable antiquity, the earliest existing Christian temples in northern Europe, are the representatives of others more venerable still, they

* "History of Architecture."—*The early Romanesque of Ireland.*

derived not their origin from the gorgeous basilicas of Constantine and Theodosius, but in them we behold the direct offspring of the lowly temples of the days of persecution, the humble shrines where Cyprian bent in worship, and which Valerian and Diocletian swept from off the earth.*

In a country where the status of the church and the spirit of Christianity were advancing, it would hardly be expected but that some enrichment of the architecture should take place, and it became plain to the mind of Petrie that as all evidence, traditional, historical, and antiquarian, established the building of the very early Irish churches with uncemented stone, and next with stone and mortar, though still without the knowledge of the arch, another development succeeded. This was in the addition of the chancel, always without an apse, but with its typical triumphal arch, followed by the use of the arch in the doorways and windows. Thus began that style of Irish Romanesque, the discovery and elucidation of which forms one of the most interesting, as well as important parts of his researches.

The substitution of a plain arch for the flat lintel stone,

* The simple and pious inscriptions of the early Christian tombs in the catacombs cannot be read without admiration of the humility and hopeful faith which dictated them. In the sepulchral inscriptions of Ireland the same feeling is shown. They are but a few words in the old language and character, the first being sometimes contracted, and they ask only for a prayer for him who lies below; or the name alone occurs, and in the genitive case, as in the tomb of St. Brecan in Aranmore, the syllables separated by the arms of the inscribed cross:—SU-BRE-CA-NI. The place or resting-place of St. Brecan. Or again, in the nominative, as seen in another inscription close to the grave of Brecan:—VII—RO-MA-NI. In the great collection made by Petrie, a large proportion were from Clonmacnoise. He gives the legend of all, and in many cases drawings of the monument. Some of them are very fragmentary. The names being inscribed frequently without epithet or designation, it is difficult to refer them with any certainty to the Annals or other historical records, and the more so because there is so little variety in names among the Irish. Of the names of these ecclesiastics, which can be probably identified, Petrie enumerates twenty-six, their periods ranging from the seventh to the twelfth century.

on its introduction as a relieving arch above it, seems to have been the next step, though the square-headed door, as has been already remarked, was here and there preserved to a later period; and even as in the church of Maghera, in the county of Derry, exquisitely enriched. Next is found the use of the torus or bead moulding along the jambs or external edges of the doorway, which, with the impost of the arch, gives the first idea of a supporting column. The arch was then doubled or recessed, and the torus moulding continued from the jambs all round.

The period at which a still more ornate style came into use is not easy to determine, but was held by Petrie to have prevailed between the eighth and eleventh centuries, when the chevron and other characteristic Norman mouldings appear sculptured on the capitals and arches, with a variety of other designs belonging to the country.

It seemed a startling announcement to many minds that the so-called Norman style of architecture had appeared in Ireland long before the English occupation in the twelfth century, and this subject still continues a matter for controversy. Petrie says—

> In the opinions which I have just hazarded, so opposed to the generally, if not universally, adopted conclusions of ancient historical antiquaries, as to the civilization of the Irish previously to the Danish irruptions, and still more, of architectural antiquaries, as to the antiquity of ornamental architecture in the British islands, I am sensitively aware that I am running the greatest danger of being rash and visionary. But, confiding as I do, in the honesty of my purpose, which is solely to inquire after truth in a spirit of candour, such an anticipation presents to me no terrors, and I feel confident that those who are best qualified to judge of the difficulties of my undertaking will not censure the expression of opinions, however novel, which are offered for consideration in such a spirit, and which, even if erroneous, being based on evidences which I submit to be tested by the learned, must equally tend to the discovery of truth, as if they had been themselves incontrovertible.

Impressed as I am with the conviction, that the style of architecture variously denominated by antiquaries Romanesque, Tudesque, Lombardic, Saxon, Norman, and Anglo-Saxon, belongs to no particular country, but is derived from the corrupted architecture of Greece and Rome, was introduced wherever Christianity had penetrated, assuming various modifications, according to the taste, intelligence, and circumstances of different nations, I think it only natural to expect that the earliest examples of this style should be found in a country super-eminently distinguished as Ireland was for its learning, as having been the cradle of Christianity to the north-western nations of Europe in the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries. Neither should it, I think, be a matter of wonder that more abundant examples of this style, though on a small scale, such as might be expected in a kingdom composed of many petty and nearly independent lordships, should remain in Ireland than in those more prosperous and wealthy countries, in which such humble structures would necessarily give place to edifices of greater size and grandeur.

To go through a minute analysis of the grounds of this view of Petrie's, however interesting it might be, would not suit a work of the present nature. The writer will then confine himself simply to stating what these grounds were:

First—The evidences afforded us by history that the churches which now show decorated details, were founded in Ireland at an early period, anterior to the Norman conquest.

Second—The evidences of the decoration of shrines from the ninth to the fifteenth century.

Third—The existence in the tower of Kildare of a richly ornamented doorway, which, though presenting the chevron or zigzag ornament, has features distinct from Norman work. This tower is spoken of by Cambrensis.

Fourth—That as regards the architecture of this doorway, there is no feature of its decoration that is not to be found in the corrupted architecture of Greece and Rome.

Fifth—The evidences that the tower of Kildare and that of Timahoe, as well as the churches at Rahin and, in one case at least, at Glendalough, the church of the monastery, are of nearly the same date.

Sixth—That the sculptures on these buildings, in the capitals and arches, exhibit no small acquaintance with art in their execution.

Seventh—That the principal cross at Clonmacnoise, the date of which is determined by the inscription it bears, shows that the Irish artists in the tenth century had experience and great power in sculpture. The inscription—

A PRAYER FOR FLANN SON OF MAELSEACHLAIN
A PRAYER FOR COLMAN WHO MADE THIS CROSS ON THE KING FLANN.

determines its date. The Chronicon Scotorum and the Annals of the Four Masters agree as to the erection of the church by Colman, who was abbot and bishop. Thus in the Chronicon Scotorum, A.D. 909, the cathedral of Clonmacnoise was built by Flann, son of Maelseachlainn, and by Colman Conaillech.

Eighth—That in one of the great and richly-sculptured crosses of Monasterboice, the inscription—

A PRAYER FOR MUIREDACH BY WHOM WAS MADE THIS CROSS.*

points to the tenth century.

Ninth—That the study of the crosses erected in the twelfth century—such as those of Tuam and Cashel—proves the comparative antiquity of the above-mentioned examples.

Tenth—In the church of St. Dairbhile, situated in the wild district of the Mullet, in the barony of Erris, which is one of a very early date, the lintel or arch-stone is ornamented with a low architrave. It rests on stones of such a size as to extend through the entire thickness of the walls, and over one of them is a tablet enriched with interlaced tracery. This interesting church is dedicated to St. Dairbhile, a

* In the Annals of Ulster the deaths of two Muiredachs abbots of Monasterboice are given under the respective dates A.D. 844 and 943-4. The similarity in style and workmanship of this cross to that of Clonmacnoise makes Petrie assign it to the later date.

female saint who, as appears in the Book of the Genealogies of the Irish saints, flourished in or about the sixth century. She is mentioned in the life of St. Forannan (Act. S.S. Colg.) as living at the close of this century.

This church is a simple oblong, forty feet in length and sixteen in breadth, and is lighted by a small east window, unadorned, and splaying considerably inwards. Like the window, the doorway is headed by a single stone cut into an arch. The stones of the grey and lichened wall are polygonal and of a great size. There was no chancel arch, and the entire building strikes the eye as one of hoar antiquity.

If then in a church erected in the middle of the sixth century, as I assume this of St. Dairbhile to be, situated too in a remote corner of the island, where we should least expect to meet with any traces of ancient civilization or knowledge of arts, we find an example, however rude, of the use of architectural ornament requiring the sculptor's aid, is it not a legitimate inference that it could hardly have been a solitary example, and that ornaments of a higher character must have existed in churches in more civilized parts of the country, and be perpetuated, at least to some extent, from age to age?

Eleventh—That while the ornamental work of the ancient churches differs remarkably from that seen on the Norman buildings of England, it has perfect similarity with that of the Irish illuminated manuscripts, jewelled reliquaries, sculptured crosses, and inscribed tombstones. Of these a vast number of instances can be given.

Twelfth—That the most characteristic of these designs viz., the pear-shaped ornament or Trumpet pattern, the Triquetra—the interlacings, the intertwined serpents and dragons, appear on the Polaires and leather cases used by the early ecclesiastics for the carrying of books, such as that of Armagh and that of St. Moedoc. In the latter the ornament is produced by carving in very low relief.

Thirteenth—That in the churches erected in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the style of decoration is not only

very different from that of those presumed to be of an earlier date, but the details agree remarkably with those of the Norman structures of England and France.

Some examples of the Irish churches of the Norman period are given by Petrie, such as the Church of Freshford in Kilkenny, the Cathedral of Tuam, and above all, the Chapel of Cormac at Cashel. On this subject Mr. Freeman says:—

But contemporary with the prevalence of Norman architecture in England we find it introduced into Ireland also. The buildings of the eleventh and twelfth centuries are quite distinct from the earlier ones, and exhibit the Norman system in all its fulness, differing only in some trifling peculiarities, such as are found in the contemporary buildings of different districts. Cormac's chapel on the rock of Cashel, of which a circumstantial account, with numerous illustrations of all its principal details, is supplied by Mr. Petrie, is a manifest proof of this, and might take its place by the side of Iffley and Barfreston as a specimen of a rich Norman building on a small scale. We have here elaborate ornamental arcades, a groined chancel, rich doorways with sculptured tympana. Perhaps some traces of the earlier styles may be here and there discerned; and the use of square pilasters for shafts in some of the blank arcades, and of small shafts without arches as an exterior decoration, may be noticed as singularities; but the former is sometimes the case in Norman buildings, and the latter we have seen occurring both in Lombard and German churches.

The writer has arranged the sources of evidence on the point in question nearly in the order followed out in the "Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland." No inconsiderable part of the book is occupied with the discussion of this point, to which Petrie has brought a great amount of observation and historical research. And his views have been adopted by Mr. Freeman. He says:—

The type of an early Irish church is something quite peculiar to itself; it is a simple quadrangular chamber entered by a single doorway at the west end, and in the larger churches connected by an arch with another chamber to the east, forming the chancel.

Such is the form preserved with little change down to the Norman invasion, and always used to the exclusion of the circular, octagonal, and cruciform plans to be found in other countries. The small size of many of them appears at first sight almost incredible, sixty feet being the greatest length, and some being under thirty. Hence, most probably, as this small size was fixed by a canon attributed to St. Patrick, arose the custom of erecting numerous small churches near together, when larger accommodation was required, instead of building a single large one. . . . . .

These ante-Norman churches readily resolve themselves, when architecturally considered, into two classes: the very rude and early structures, some of them dating from the fifth century, which can scarcely be said to belong to any definite style; and the later and more enriched ones which may claim a place, and very far from a contemptible one, among the many ramifications of the great Romanesque family. The peculiar stamp impressed on them by the traditions of the Irish Church, hinders indeed, the higher beauties of outline and proportion, and the majesty of great size and height; but whatever richness of detail was allowed by the nature of the fabric is found in a degree surpassed by the Romanesque of no other country.

In concluding the chapter on the ancient churches of Ireland, Petrie adds:—

That I may possibly err, in some instances, in the opinions offered as to the age of some of the examples of decorated architecture which I have adduced, I have already freely acknowledged; but the subject is now, at least, submitted to the learned on new grounds, and whatever may be their ultimate decision upon a matter so interesting, as illustrating the history of ecclesiastical architecture in Europe, my object must necessarily be attained, that of leading others to the discovery of truth, however I may myself have failed occasionally to see it.

It would be unbecoming in the writer to assume the place of an advocate for or against the existence of decorated architecture in the Irish churches antecedent to the Norman period. It is, however, not improbable that the relations of Ireland, in an ecclesiastical point of view, with the Conti-

nent would have led its church builders to adopt some form of decoration at an earlier period.

In looking at the older decorated churches of Ireland, the question arises whether the occurrence of the use of ornament, more or less Norman, marks the period of the erection of the church itself, or is it only evidence that the decorated doorway or window was a late insertion? If Norman architecture had been largely introduced into Ireland in the eleventh or twelfth centuries, we should have its evidences in the general style or form of the churches, as well as in the decorations of the doorways and windows. Churches like Cormac's chapel at Cashel, Freshford in Kilkenny, and Iffley at Oxford, should be frequent, but the fact is not so, for we have the Irish simple form as at Rahin and many other places, with a doorway more or less decorated, and, in most cases, with inclined jambs. It may then be asked whether it is more probable that the church and doorway were coeval, or that the ancient doorway was removed to make way for a more ornate style in a single feature of the building. It is plain, at all events, that in the case of a church built with cement, and with a doorway more or less decorated, we cannot declare that therefore it is not earlier than the Norman period.

But the views of Petrie as to the existence of decorated architecture in some of the Irish churches before the Norman period were, to a certain degree, modified in his after life.

7, Charlemont-place, Dublin,
Easter Monday, 1864.

MY DEAR LORD,—Up to Saturday last I was too ill to take a pen in hand to reply to your letter of the 15th instant, and on that day, unfortunately, I had things to do which left me no time to write to you. However, though this is the workman's great holiday—and what am I but a poor workman?—I shall devote as much of it as my head will allow, not to clear off the whole of my epistolary debt to you, but, at least a portion of it, and henceforward I hope I shall be able to pay the entire by instalments.

In that letter of yours you write—"I hope you appreciate the *cool* way Parker ignores your views of the dates of the Glendalough buildings." Well he does so, at least to some extent, and coolly enough, but not I think unfairly. You may remember that in the very last conversation I had the pleasure of holding with you I told you that in many instances my opinions respecting the ages of *ornamented* churches were changed or modified; and as the most striking instance of such change I distinctly named the ornamented buildings of Glendalough. The truth is that very many years ago I had come to the conclusion that my speculations—for they were only such—as to the age of some of these buildings were not sustainable; that there were in them—however mixed with ornaments of a purely Irish character—others so decidedly Norman and un-Irish, that it would be an utter folly to uphold any longer the conjecture that they might be of an ante-Norman period. But I confess what removed all doubt upon the subject from my mind was a passage which I met with some years ago in reading the life of St. Laurence O'Toole in Messingham's *Florilegium*,—a passage which had escaped my notice, or been forgotten, when I was writing "The Towers." The passage occurs in cap. ix. where after describing the great famine experienced by the poor of Glendalough and its neighbourhood, while the Saint was abbot there, tells us how the good abbot spent the great riches of the abbey, and a treasure deposited with him by his father," *pauperibus nutriendis et ecclesiis ædificandis.*" These two words were as a perfect flood of light poured into my mind, and gave me in an instant a certainty as to when the new features in architecture at Glendalough had been introduced, and the new names imposed upon the more ancient structures. I saw at once that it was by the Abbot Laurence—properly Lorcan, that the church of the Priory of St. Saviour was erected and named; the Damhliag or great church, enlarged with a chancel having a beautiful east window, and a new consecration or dedication of the whole to the Saints Peter and Paul. Again, I saw that it was at this period that a chancel was added to the *cro caiman*, the oratory and residence, *within the city*, of the original founder; and that it was then also that a small ornamented window, now destroyed, was inserted in the south wall of the ancient nave, and possibly, that it was then also that the small round belfry was erected on its roof at the apex of its west gable. And further, I saw plainly that it was then that the round tower belfry, now

destroyed, was erected against the west or front wall of the *Temple Mocuarog*, the most perfectly preserved, and yet, probably, the most ancient of all the structures of Glendalough. Then, too, it was that a new entrance to the Church was made in its south wall, which, if I can trust to my memory, had a *simple pointed arch* top. This doorway had become necessary in consequence of the erection of the tower against the original west entrance. That doorway, however, was preserved to give an entrance *from* the church into the tower, which had no other or exterior entrance. And I should add that obviously it was at this period the church received a new name, Church of the Trinity, and consecration, when it was dedicated to the Holy Trinity. And lastly, to this period also should be assigned the erection of the beautiful little oratory, popularly called the Priest's House, erroneously called a sacristy by Ledwich, but of which the ancient name appears to be lost.

In reference to these re-dedications and new-namings of the ancient churches of Glendalough, I may remark that they appear to me to afford interesting illustrations of the growing influence of the Papal See in Ireland during the reign of Turlogh O'Conor, an influence which that monarch fostered and probably sought for with a view to securing himself and his family in the monarchy of Ireland, which he had usurped, and which, in the nominal reign of his son Roderic, the wily Henry the Second used—with the help of the sword—with greater success, getting a sovereignty in Ireland for himself and his successors, from which the native princes were never after able to free themselves.

Thus, then, you will see that I have no right to complain that Parker has dealt unfairly with me; carefully supplied as he has been, I suppose, by Archdeacon Cotton—with the historical information which contributed so powerfully to the abandonment on my part, of the *conjectural* opinions which I had long ago formed of the probable ages of those churches, he had every right to treat these opinions as of no value. But I will not say that in his paper on the Glendalough churches he has in all instances shown an unprejudiced and truth seeking spirit. But, I believe that he is beginning to perceive the truth, though he has not as yet thought fit to avow it. It is a too bitter pill to swallow willingly. Thus in describing the large church, he truly says "it is of two different ages, the western part, or nave, being *much earlier* than the eastern or choir"—which is of the middle of the twelfth century. This he

would not have written six months ago. But he does not tell us to what age he would ascribe that much earlier nave. And again, he speaks of the round tower, as being *most probably* "the belfry of the large church which stands near it," or in other words, that it is a coeval erection. And again, he describes the doorway of the large church as being formed of large squared stones, but with a flat raised architrave on the jambs and head outside, like that on the doorway of your Disert Engus, and that the masonry of this (west) end and extending along the sides is likewise of large blocks of squared stone in the lower part, but of rubble in the upper, and that the windows on the south side have *something like* long and short work in the jambs, which are inclined. But he did not tell us that the masonry of the choir is—with the exception of the sculptured window—altogether of a bad and small rubble kind; this of his favourite chisel-using twelfth century. Why, the chisel has been used on the stones of the doorway of the tower as well as on the doorway and windows of the nave, or "much earlier part" of the nave of the great church, as also in the doorways of all the ancient churches at Glendalough.

But I must for the present conclude in haste for the post.

I enclose the wood-cut proofs, and remain,

My dear Lord, affectionately yours,

GEO. PETRIE.

It is however by no means to be inferred from these letters that Petrie's views as to the existence of a decorated church architecture in Ireland in times previous to the Norman period had undergone any important change. He simply and candidly admits that in many instances, such as the church of St. Saviour at Glendalough, and the chancel of the cathedral church in the same place, the work was executed in the twelfth century. Yet even had he been convinced that in all the examples of decorated churches he had antedated their building, he would, in the true spirit of a scientific investigator who only searches for the truth, have freely admitted his error. Of this quality of his mind the above letter is sufficient evidence

as well as the following one, referring to an early notice by him of a monument in Holy Cross Abbey, in the county of Tipperary.

Dublin, 7, Charlemont-place,
Nov. 7, 1859.

DEAR SIR,—Your photograph of the very fine doorway of the old Norman church in the vicinity of Clonmel, will be a very acceptable gift to me, as, though I have never seen this interesting building, I am familiar with its characteristic features from drawings in my possession made for me by my former pupil, Mr. George F. Du Noyer.

The statement in the "Kilkenny Archæological Journal" respecting my opinion of the origin and purpose of the so-called tomb of Lady Eleanor Butler, is quite true. I formed the opinion, or rather, adopted the general statement that it was a tomb, without having ever examined the structure, but I have long thought that I was in error in so believing, and have had no doubt that it was the Sedilia of the abbey, and that the arms of the Butlers and the Desmond Fitzgeralds which appear upon it, are simple memorials of the two great Anglo-Norman families at whose cost it was erected. In truth the notice in the "Dublin Penny Journal" was written hastily and without sufficient reflection.

Believe me, dear sir,
Most sincerely yours,
GEORGE PETRIE.

W. D. Hemphill, esq., Clonmel.

The great memoir which, as already stated, is but the amplification of the original essay of 1832, is complete in itself and contains all the opinions which he formed, not on the round towers alone, but on the Christian architecture of Ireland generally. The latter portion of this work embraces a description of the remaining architectural features of the Irish monasteries. These are the houses, erdamhs* or

* The Erdamh is mentioned in several Irish MSS. Petrie discusses the signification of this word and comes to the conclusion that it means a sacristy approached from the interior of the church.

sacristies, of which there are several examples; the kitchens, and the cashels or surrounding defences. It was anticipated by Petrie that he would be able to follow it with a second volume supplementary to the first, and which would contain descriptive and historical notices of all the remains of ecclesiastical architecture in Ireland, together with illustrations similar to those in the first volume.

But he was never permitted to carry out this design. It is true that preparations were made for it and a portion of the work relating to the province of Leinster was actually prepared; but the Academy, influenced, it is to be presumed, by the unavoidable delay in the appearance of so great and expensive a work, declined, unfortunately for Irish archæology, to undertake the second volume, and his means were inadequate for its publication. The Topographical Survey had been broken up, and Petrie had to fall back upon his profession to find support for his loved children and himself.

The work, which forms the most splendid volume in the Transactions of the Academy, was disposed of by that body to Messrs. Hodges and Smith, who brought it out in the original quarto form, and also in octavo.

The dedication of the work to the Earl of Dunraven and to the writer may be here given as strongly illustrative of the heart and mind of its author.

My Lord and Sir,—You will remember that in one of the beautiful works of the great painter, Nicolo Poussin, he has depicted a group of shepherds at an ancient tomb, one of whom deciphers for the rest the simple inscription engraved upon it:—

"Et ego in Arcadia."

and it was a natural and grateful desire of the Arcadian shepherd to be remembered in connexion with the beloved region in which he had found tranquillity and enjoyment.

In like manner I would wish to be remembered hereafter, less

for what I have attempted to do, than as one who, in the pure and warm hearts of the best and most intellectual of his local contemporaries, had found and enjoyed a resting place—far superior to that of the Greek.

As two of the dearest of those friends, equally known, beloved, and honoured by all, as by me, permit me then to inscribe your names on this humble monument, so that if it should happily survive the wreck of time, it may be known as that of one who, though but a feeble and unskilled labourer in the fields of art and literature, was not deemed unworthy of the warmest regards of such as you, and who was not ungrateful for his happiness.

Believe me, my lord, and sir,

Your affectionate and faithful servant,

GEORGE PETRIE.

21, Great Charles-street, Dublin,
February 20th, 1845.

In concluding this chapter it may be observed, that among the varied evidences of the truth of the old written and traditional history of Ireland, there is none more striking than the multiplicity of her ancient ecclesiastical remains, more especially in the provinces of Munster, Connaught, and Leinster. Here, they abound in strange profusion, and although the hand of the destroyer has been on them for many centuries, it is only necessary to glance at the Ordnance map to feel that the name of the Insula Sacra—the "*sanctorum genetrix fœcunda*"—was a true and fitting one. In some districts of the south and west the map is seen studded with them, and we have thickly strewn the early monasteries with their beehive houses, built without the use of the arch and surrounded by their circular wall. The isolated cell, the simple oratory, the early church without a chancel, but with its cyclopean door, its ruined altar, and its eastern window; and lastly, churches in the Irish Romanesque with their high round tower, on whose summit the cross was displayed, all tell of the times when

Ireland was, in the words of Colgan, the "Communis Europæ bonarum literarum officina, communeque ascetarum sacrarium"—when crowds of Christian strangers from England, France, Germany, Italy, and even from Egypt, resorted to her shores finding there, in the words of a learned writer, a place of refuge, a school of learning, an abode of holy discipline. That eminent scholar thus observes:—

Saxon kings, among them an Alfred, came to be educated in Ireland for their regal duties; and when wearied with those duties retired to Irish monasteries to close their lives in peace and devotion. In the meanwhile Ireland was pouring forth a tide of holy and educated men to carry all which then existed in the world of Christian knowledge and discipline into the rest of Europe. It was to such a degree the recognised nurse and mother of such men that in foreign churches a saint whose nation was not known was at once reputed an Irishman. Without dwelling on the illustrious Iona—of which not only the founder St. Columba, but every abbot, with the exception of one, was for 700 years an Irishman—St. Cuthbert, the founder of Lindisfarne, was an Irishman. So also was St. Chad. Glastonbury is known in manuscripts as the Glastonbury of the Irish. The Palatine school of Charlemange was Irish. The Saints venerated in Cornwall, and to a great extent in Wales, were Irishmen. Pinkerton himself acknowledges that all the great ecclesiastics of Scotland, down to the twelfth century, were Irish. Even in Iceland are found Irish bells, croziers, and shrines. The monasteries of Bavaria, of Austria, and those along the banks of the Rhine, were formed from Ireland. In France, in Switzerland, and Italy the same phenomenon occurs. Whatever superior intellect and piety irradiates the darkness of that period, is connected with Ireland and the Irish under the name of Scoti. It is a fact to be remembered and cherished, not only by Ireland at this day, but by England even more. What has been once produced upon a certain soil from certain elements of national character, may be produced again. And amidst all the miseries of poverty and neglect, of superstition on the one hand, and laxity of rule upon the other, no observant eye can examine the state of Ireland, even in the nineteenth century, without detecting elements of intellect, feeling, energy, faith, piety, and self-devotion, even in both the extremes of its religious divisions,

which promise a most fertile harvest in return for wise cultivation.*

To Petrie, then, as the vindicator of the piety, learning, and influence of the early saints and ecclesiastics of Ireland, as the dispeller of the baseless theories which brought her literature into contempt, as the historian of her progress in those arts which the enlightenment of a pure religion developed, and as the founder of that inductive school of archæology by which the old and abundant literature, long treated as fable, is proved to be true and priceless in value, the amount of national gratitude is not to be measured.

The following letters written by him while engaged upon the ecclesiastical architecture, first to his friend O'Donovan, and then to Lord Adare, will be read with interest:—

November 3, 1835.

My dear John,—O'Keeffe has searched everywhere for St. Athnaid, but searched in vain. We have had more success in our hunt after another saint, namely, St. Begly. I forget how you spell the name, but no matter. He must, I think, be the Begbile, given by Colgan among the saints of the race of Connell Gulban. Colgan evidently did not know the locality or name of his church. He places his festival on the 12th of October, but it does not occur at that day in the calendar, but at the 18th of February.

Respecting the Castle of Donegal, I have only to say that it was *rebuilt* by Rory O'Donnell in a splendid style in the reign of James the First. This is sufficiently proved by the character of its architecture, and by the chimney-pieces which have his arms and those of his wife, with the initials of their names. I have also a historical notice of the fact somewhere, but in what work I cannot recollect.

What about the bell in Glencolumkille?

Yours ever,

J. O'Donovan, esq. George Petrie.

* The Quarterly Review, vol. lxxvi., 1845—The Round Towers of Ireland. See also the deeply learned notice of the Ecclesiastical Architecture in the Dublin Review, vol. xix.

21, Great Charles-street,
22nd February, 1837.

MY DEAR JOHN,—There is a curious little church called Kill-Ronan, or rather Temple Ronan, on the shore of Lough Gara, which is worth visiting, as it has been for a long time, I believe, the burial-place of the MacDermots. Have you seen it, and have you seen the great Cromleac in the same neighbourhood, on the west side of the road going from Boyle to Coolavin? You tell us but little of your discoveries in such matters, to my great regret, for you are qualified in a way that no other investigator is, or will be, to collect the traditions connected with ancient monuments, and turn them to account. I have stated this to you before, but in vain; topography alone absorbs your mind; yet I cannot help lamenting the necessity, if it be so, of this contraction of your powers, and that your Roscommon letters, valuable and important as they unquestionably are, should yet be wanting in the variety of research which gives such deep interest to your letters from Derry and Fermanagh and Donegal. Your are becoming a dry topographer! I know you will say you cannot help it. If so, it is a pity, for you ought to help it, if possible.

I propose starting for Sligo in a few days, and hope to have the pleasure of spending a day with you on the way.

Believe me ever, my dear John,
Most faithfully yours,
GEORGE PETRIE.

J. O'Donovan, esq.

June 12th, 1838.

MY DEAR JOHN,—I have heard from Captain Larcom of your discoveries in Inis-Gluaire, but I have not seen your letter yet. My curiosity is, however, greatly excited, and I have no doubt but you would make equally interesting discoveries in most of the other islands. You should, if possible, see them all, particularly Boffin, where they have the bell of St. Colman—I wish you would steal or buy it!—Iniscaher, Clare Island, &c. These would be truly the places to pick up antiquities, particularly bronze pins, which they constantly find in the cemeteries.

I have been surprised that you have not as yet noticed the cyclopean works at Dunamore. If you omit seeing them you will be the death of me. There are also some very remarkable grave-

yards and pagan tombs in Achill. Don't forget them. O'Conor has written an excellent letter on the old Church of Kill-cummin. It is a genuine specimen of the *ould* stock.

Yours ever,

GEORGE PETRIE.

J. O'Donovan, esq.

21, Great Charles-street, Dublin,
October 25th, 1838.

MY DEAR JOHN,—You know that I always read your letters with great pleasure, and with the expectation, rarely disappointed, of receiving instruction as well as amusement. You may imagine then with what peculiar interest I read your last, in which you give a learned dissertation upon the characteristics of Irish architecture—a subject which has occupied my especial attention, and which I feel I am not perfectly skilled in yet. O'D., thought I, who knows all my opinions on this subject, all that I have considered as certain and proved, and all that remains doubtful and unproved, is going to enlighten me as usual, and henceforth there will be nothing uncertain, nothing in short to be done.

I must confess, however, that though I have been as usual highly gratified at your ingenuity, and amused at the confidence of your conclusions, I am by no means satisfied that these conclusions are always right. I mean particularly those which are new; for there are several which are undoubtedly true, but these are not new, at least they are not new to me, nor to anyone who has heard me converse on the subject.

As I may, perhaps, claim some authority to give opinions on this subject, I shall make a few comments on your several conclusions in the order in which they occur, pointing out what is *true* but not *new*, and what is *new* but not true, *i.e.*, not proved to be so. And as the search after and establishment of truth has been always, and ever shall be, our only object, you will, I have no doubt, receive these opinions, however different from your own, in the same spirit of good humour and candour in which they are offered.

Your first conclusion is that respecting the want of early antiquity of the church of Killcluana, or, in other words, that it is not the original church erected by St. Grellan, to whom it was dedicated. That this church is not of the sixth century I feel quite

certain; but without a more definite description of "the Gothic doorway," by which I understand a doorway of the twelfth or thirteenth century, and a certainty as to the age in which St. Grellan flourished, I should pause before I concurred in your conclusion. Your general "characteristics of the primitive Irish churches" which follow, are more worthy of consideration.

1. You say that "*they are always of small dimensions*, seldom exceeding fifteen feet in breadth or thirty-six in length." On this I have to remark that they are not *always*, though they are certainly generally of small size. You will soon see an example of a church of considerable size and of the primitive ages—I mean the great church of Kilmacduach, for though this church has been greatly enlarged in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, enough of the original structure remains to show that it was properly a Teampul-more or a Damhliag. Look at it carefully. I could point you out many other examples, as the cathedral church of St. Kevin at Glendalough, which you will soon see; but one is sufficient to destroy your rule. What say you to the measurements of St. Patrick's Church at Ardmach, as given in the tripartite, and which was the model given by an angel for the Damhliags of Ireland? Was it not sixty feet?

2. "They are invariably built of *large stones*, &c." They are *almost* invariably so, yet I have seen some churches as well as round towers not built of large stones, which I could not help considering as of the primitive ages of the church in Ireland, as for instance the church of Rathmichael, county of Dublin, the round tower of Kildare, &c. We have, you know, the evidence of Giraldus that the latter was in existence in St. Brigid's time, and I have no doubt of its being the original tower belonging to the church described by Cogitosus as having *three doorways*.

3. "They contain but *one doorway*, which is *invariably* placed in the middle of the west gable, measuring from 5 ft. 6 in. to 6 ft. 6 in. in height, and being always narrower at the top than at the bottom, &c." This is also true *generally*, but not invariably—see the remark above, relative to the church of Kildare. The great church at Glendalough *has two original doorways remaining*, and had perhaps a third. St. Caomhan's Church in one of the Aran islands has two doorways, both, if I recollect rightly, original. And though the ancient doorways generally have inclined sides, like the supposed Egyptian, yet there are many examples in which the sides are upright, as, in the very ancient doorway of

Kilcrony in the county of Wicklow, which is truly cyclopean. I should also observe that I have seen some doorways of the earliest antiquity *more* than seven feet in height, as the doorway of Aghawall, under Croagh Patrick, which is a noble specimen of its class. Kilcrony is similar, but somewhat smaller.

4. "The south wall never contains a doorway, but generally one window, sometimes in the *round* narrow style, and sometimes in the rectilineally pointed style." To the universality of this rule I also object. I have seen many churches of the primitive ages which have doorways in the south wall, and you will see some of those before long. Look at the church of Templemuire, at Kilmacduach. The cathedral church at Glendaloügh has an original doorway in the south wall entering a sacristy; and the very beautiful oratory at the same place, called the Priest's House, has its doorway in the south wall. So have several of the churches in the Aran Islands, as *Tighlach Einde*, which is unquestionably of the sixth century. Temple Brecan, in like manner, has its doorway in the south wall, and it is *pointed*, though the whole church is so ancient in its character of masonwork that Col. Pratt would swear it was *Roman work*, and indeed I have little doubt he was right. Necessity often required a departure from the general rule in this respect, as when the church was in a very exposed situation. Thus I find in one of my note-books the following notice of the church of Killaspugbrone, in Cuil Irra, written on the spot:—"It is a rude and inelegant building, *evidently* of the fifth century. The doorway is in the Roman style, and, *contrary to the usual mode*, placed in the south wall—a deviation from custom rendered necessary from the exposure of the building to the blasts from the sea on the west side. The windows, two in number, are in the east and south sides. That in the east has a semicircular head, the other is quadrangular."

Another example of a deviation of this kind is found in the church of Athhanna, or Ath-moinna, in the same county, in which the doorway is placed on the north side, in consequence of the approach to the church being on that side. This doorway is also in the Roman style, and hence, perhaps, you will object that it is not primitive; well, be it so. But what would you call the doorway of the church on Church Island in Lough Key?

If this doorway be not of the sixth century, I never saw one that was; and yet this is in the south wall! This church also, like

the great church at Kilmacduach, contradicts your assertion as to the size of the primitive churches, for it is 21 feet wide. I shall say nothing about its length, which is 90, as it appears to have been increased in the eleventh century.

Your next general assertion is that every doorway and window in the ancient style are at top *rectangular*, perfectly semicircular, or rectilineally pointed, and this leads to your fifth conclusion, that "It must be received as an *unquestionable fact* that the *curvilineal* form of doorway or window *is not to be found in any church older than the year* 1126."

You mean of course the curvilineal pointed form; but where is the proof of the truth of this sweeping conclusion? for I should like much to see it, as it would remove a great deal of uncertainty as to the ages of very many churches in the country. You will answer, I suppose, that you have proof derived from observation. But will this assertion be enough to prove that all the churches in which pointed windows are found, though in all other respects perfectly primitive in their style, are necessarily of the twelfth century? The origin of the pointed arch in the twelfth century is the old theory of nearly all the architectural antiquarians of Great Britain. It may be true as far as the British islands are concerned; but I confess that *I* am not yet satisfied that it is so.

I remember well when my opinions on these points were exactly what yours are now. I thought the primitive churches were well marked by their cyclopean doorways, and their small semicircular and triangular-headed windows. But I have long entertained doubts as to the correctness of this conclusion, and I incline now to the opinion that there are two distinct styles, both equally ancient, or at least nearly so; the one is the Pelasgic style, as it may properly enough be called; the other the Roman. The first was peculiar to the country—that which was used in the cathairs but with the addition of cement; the doorways with inclined sides and horizontal lintels; the windows also with inclined sides, and round or angular heads, and the stonework very large. The second with semicircular arched doorways, round-headed windows, high and narrow, and the stonework not so large. This style I suppose to have been brought in with Christianity. This latter style, I think, continued in use with more or less decoration in the doorways, windows, and choir arches, till it was supplanted by the pointed or Gothic style; and hence, it is often a matter of difficulty to deter-

mine exactly the ages of buildings in which it is found. But if we have an age assigned to such buildings historically, I think we should pause before we jump to the conclusion that they are re-edifications or re-erections. As an example of this Roman or imported style, I would point to the beautiful church called *Temple* Brecan, in the great island of Aran, a building which I cannot bring myself to suppose of a date long subsequent to the age of the saint whose name it bears. The choir arch is so perfectly Roman in its style of workmanship that any architectural antiquarian who should see it would conclude that it was actually the work of Roman hands. Yet, the great end window, which is evidently coeval with the rest of the building, has an almost pointed arched head. Here is its outline, rudely but accurately enough given. The other windows are similar, except that some of them have semicircular heads.

Now, from meeting windows of this class in buildings otherwise distinguished for the peculiarities of what you properly call the primitive Irish style, as well as in churches in which such peculiarities do not occur, I come to the conclusion that they do not indicate a different age. As an example of incorporation of the two styles, I was about to sketch you the east window of the church in Church Island, in Lough Key, of which I already gave you an outline of the doorway, &c.; but I find it so exactly agreeing with this window of Temple Brecan, that the sketch of the one will do for the other, the only difference being in their size—the one seven feet high, the other six feet. But in fact, I could give ou a score or more such examples from my memorandum books.

And here let me point your attention to a peculiarity in all these examples of which I have been just now treating, and of which you will see an illustration in the sketch on the preceding page—namely, that the stones are not laid in regular horizontal courses, but are sometimes horizontal and sometimes perpendicular. This characteristic feature in ancient architecture was first noticed by Mr. Rickman, the best architectural antiquary now in England, and it is his opinion that it is found in no building in England, except those of the earliest Saxon times. He gives it the name of "*long* and *short* masonry." That it is in Ireland also a certain characteristic of buildings of the earliest age, I have now not a shadow of doubt; but I also hold that its absence is no proof in itself

that buildings are not of equal antiquity. And this is proved by the fact that many of our churches in the old Pelasgic style do not present examples of it, and it is, therefore, most probably of Roman origin. I would recommend you to attend to this peculiarity in your future examinations of ancient buildings, and to note its presence or absence; and that you may understand it clearly, I make a sketch at the side, as found in the angles of one of the churches at Monasterboice. I return to this pointed arch. I have only spoken of its ancient occurrence in windows of churches in which *all the other points* of the building are either in the primitive Irish or Roman style. I do not however, recollect to have ever met with a pointed arch, or Gothic doorway in the west end of a church, and I confess that I always look with suspicion on the great antiquity of a church in which I find such a doorway in the south wall, except where this doorway is obviously, from the character of its masonry, &c., a later work, as it often is. If you are right in your conclusions as to the age of pointed-arched doorways it would prove that one at least of our round towers was erected in or after the twelfth century. Thus, one of the towers at Glendalough was erected against the west wall of the church, and was entered by the original doorway, which is in the old Irish style. It was necessary, therefore, to make a new doorway to enter the church, and this was made in the south wall and in the pointed style. *Ergo*, either this doorway was anterior to 1126, or the tower posterior.

On your characteristics of the parish churches erected in Ireland from the year 1180 to the period of the Reformation, I have little to say. I will, however, remark that your assertion that the doorways, after the year 1180 are never placed in the west end, supports my view of the antiquity of the churches on Iniscealtra, as well as of the pointed arch, which occurs in doorways thereon the west end. And hence, too, I think you are not borne out fully in your assertion that the church of Kilclooney cannot be older than the twelfth century.

And now, a few words more in conclusion. I have written this letter very hastily, though it has been a long time in hands, because I only turned to it when I had nothing of more pressing importance on hands. I have, indeed, only glanced at the subject, and this for the purpose of leading you and your coadjutors—who, I find, have adopted your opinions as laws—to look more accu-

rately about you, and thus arrive at the truth which we both—indeed all—desire to find. You know that I can bear well being shown to be in error; and indeed, in this case, I should be delighted that such were the result, as it would remove many difficulties which puzzle me, and reduce every thing to certainty. Theories should be adopted very slowly, and not until every difficulty was disposed of. If we take a different course, adopting the theories and making the difficulties which stand in the way bend to our conclusions, we deceive ourselves, and lead others into error. It has long struck me that O'Conor has been often doing this, and you yourself sometimes; and this has been my chief object in writing, to put you more on your guard. It is no matter which of us is in error, the collision of opinion will lead to truth—and recollect I do not put my opinion dogmatically, but as pointing to doubts which I wish to have removed.

Believe me ever, my dear John,
Faithfully yours,
GEORGE PETRIE.

J. O'Donovan, esq.

21, Great Charles-street, Dublin,
November 7, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter, which I have just received, has given me some pain. You have mistaken me entirely, and I did not imagine that I had written a word that could lead you to suppose that I was in the slightest degree angry with you. You say that this is the third time that I have been so, but I assure you that you are in error, at least in the number thus made out. I do not recollect ever having been angry with you, for it is a fact that I do not preserve in my memory any recollection of feelings of this nature towards my friends; but I am certain I was actuated by no such feeling when I wrote my last letter to you. I had no reason to be so; and though I commenced in a somewhat bantering humour, I soon laid it aside, and wrote with the gravity and sincerity which the subject and my respect for you required; and believe me, that when I said I expected to be *enlightened as usual* by your remarks, I said it with perfect sincerity and truth—ay, truth without the slightest admixture of flattery. If I were capable of writing to you in the heartless way which you have supposed, I should despise myself—and more particularly at a time when you

require everything to cheer you under your toils. Do not for a moment harbour such a thought. However worded my hasty letter was—which, though I wrote it, I never read—you will, I trust, find, on a careful reading, nothing in it but what was intended to be useful in your future researches. In fact, I had for some time previously intended to write to you on the subject, to warn you and O'Conor of the chance of error in the conclusions you were drawing as to the ages of buildings from their architectural peculiarities, but, with my habitual procrastination, I deferred it till your letter gave me the requisite spur. But do not mistake me. I do not say you are wrong, or that I am right in my doubts. I only wish to excite you to the most careful observation, by being acquainted with the shadows of doubt which have crossed the mind of one who had originally come to the same conclusions you now hold. In this way you will be able to give the most invaluable aid to the establishment of the truth, which is what we have equally in view. And for my part, I shall feel as much pleasure in having my doubts proved to be unsubstantial as otherwise; and I am equally sure that you will feel equally glad to abandon an opinion the moment you discover sufficient evidence of its erroneousness. The subject is indeed one of such extreme difficulty, that it requires all the facts which observation of the most accurate kind can accumulate to enable us to determine unerring *criteria* of the age of a building. All the architectural antiquaries of England had latterly come to the conclusion that there was not a vestige remaining of a church in England of Saxon work. But Mr. Rickman has discovered by a simple peculiarity—that of "the long and short" masonry—that there are remains anterior to the Normans; and I mention this as an instance how easily the most judicious observers even may fall into error; but my space warns me to close, and I shall only add, that I have always regarded you as a sincere friend, that I do so still, and that I hope you will never suppose from any thing I may hastily write that I am or can be less than your faithful friend,

GEORGE PETRIE.

J. O'Donovan, esq.

Dublin, 21, Great Charles-street,
November 12th, 1838.

MY DEAR JOHN,—Your letter on the antiquities of Clonfert, with O'Keefe's excellent drawing of the beautiful doorway, gave

me great pleasure. I think your guess at the age of this doorway must be very near the truth, but I hope we shall yet get some clue to the exact time of its erection. You do not, however, appear to have looked at the whole of the church with an equally accurate eye, for the choir is certainly of the same age as the doorway, and the east window is quite unique in its way. It tempted me to make a careful drawing of it. I hope you saw it on the inside. The inscription at the nunnery excited me much, and I spent two hours in a fruitless attempt to copy it; but the day was unfavourable, as there was no sunshine. In such cases, the only way is to get a trace of the letters on soft paper. I was more successful in the imperfect inscription which you have sent. I also drew the finely preserved inscription to Beigan. Tell O'Keefe, it is a shame for a fellow who can do so much, not to do more. Mangan is copying for you at Marsh's library and is working at the Latin, so that you will soon have him a valuable caterer.

In haste.

Ever, my dear John,
Faithfully yours,

J. O'Donovan, esq. GEORGE PETRIE.

21, Great Charles-street, Dublin,
20th November, 1838.

MY DEAR JOHN,—I have just now finished the reading of your excellent letter on the architectural remains of Kilmacduach, in which I see but little to object to. There is, however, a point or two on which I wish to make a few remarks.

First, you say that you wish that I should put to the crucible your assertion, or opinion, that there is not a single church to be found in Ireland dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, of an earlier age than the twelfth century. Now my dear friend, so far from my wishing to put this opinion to the crucible, it has been for many years exactly my own, yet I would not lay it down *dogmatically* as a fact incontrovertible, until every shadow of evidence which could throw a doubt upon it be removed. Now in this case of the church of Kilmacduach, *we* have to prove from its architectural features, for we have no historical evidence to appeal to, that it is not earlier than the twelfth century, or as you say the thirteenth. Now, I say that this cannot be of the thirteenth century, and if of the twelfth,

it must be of the very commencement of that age, and I am strongly inclined to think that it is at least a century earlier, and I have not a shadow of doubt that it is considerably earlier than any portion of the abbey of Ballintober with which you, from a comparison of doorways, make it coeval. Now, as to the plain Roman arched doorway, it actually proves nothing, for the *original* doorway of the church on Ireland's Eye, which was clearly coeval with the church called Kevin's house at Glendalough, had such a doorway. But the window which you incorrectly call Gothic, but which is properly a lancet window, is a much more troublesome feature to get over, and I confess that I should be afraid to assert that it was not earlier than the twelfth, not to say the thirteenth century; for, in the first place, it exhibits on the outside the "long and short" masonry; next, its sides incline. These by the way, are features which you have not noticed, but on the contrary state the breadth of the window externally as $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches, when in fact it is 8 at bottom and only 6 at top; and lastly, this window is exactly similar in style, as I already remarked, to the *original* window of the church on Church Island, in Lough Key, and many others which it would be daring in the extreme to attribute to such a late age. Now, you will probably say that this is over-cautious; but I think we cannot be too cautious in coming to fixed conclusions. In this case we should wait until we ascertain if there be any other churches in Ireland, the ages of which are not known historically, dedicated to our Lady, and if such be found, their architectural features must be all examined. I only know of one more, which is in the middle island of Aran. But it is too much ruined to prove anything either way. If, however, there are churches of undoubted primitive age dedicated to the Saviour, the Trinity, St. John the Baptist, St. Paul, &c., we should have no right to conclude that they omitted the Blessed Virgin, and particularly when we find so many wells under her protection; for we can scarcely avoid the conclusion that these wells were always sacred, and it is difficult to suppose that in so many instances these old patrons were removed to make way for the new ones. Now it is a fact that one of the oldest churches at Glendalough is called the Church of the Trinity, another St. Saviour's, and one at Kilmacduach, the temple of St. John the Baptist. And on the age of this church I will indeed put your opinion to the crucible, for I differ with you entirely, and cannot possibly imagine on what ground your conclusion was

formed. What! perhaps 500 years old! Why it is beyond a question in my opinion, as old as any of the churches there, judging from its architectural features, of which by the way you say nothing. But will you, can you say that these two windows are only 500 years old? If you do, my friend, I am afraid we shall never agree on such matters! Remember you say that this church, Templemuire, and Seandoch are *evidently* of the same age!!! Ay, remember that.

In your remarks on the monastery church I see little to object to; but I wonder, with such a well-marked example of the style of the early, or rather middle part of the thirteenth century before your eyes, you could suppose this church and those of St. John the Baptist, Our Lady, &c., of the same age. As to pointed and semicircular arches occurring in the same building, it proves nothing as to its age; it is the mouldings, stone work, &c., that afford the tests, as in this church of Muinter Hyne, in which these are well marked. Now a word or two about the age of the cathedral and clogcas before I conclude.

First, then, I differ with you as to the size of the former, which you suppose to have been originally about seventy-five feet in length, *i.e.*, the present length of the nave, from the west gable to the *arcus triumphalis*. But you should have added thereto the length of the choir also, which was probably about half that of the nave, making, in all, about one hundred feet, which is, I believe, the present length of the church. And here I may mention a great imperfection, which I forgot to state in my former critical epistle: in your rules applicable to the primitive churches of Ireland you should have stated that when the church was a Damliag, or important church—not a mere oratory—it consisted of a nave *and* choir, with an *arcus triumphalis* between. This is a general rule, and it is pointed out as a feature in the great church of Kildare in St. Brigid's Life, by Cogitosus. I do not mean, however, to assert that the present choir of the church of Kilmacduach is the original one. I know that it is of the latter part of the fourteenth, or early part of the fifteenth century. But I do not concur in your conclusion that this church *must* be a century or two later than St. Colman's time, because it is *so large*, nor for any other reason which you assign. The architectural features in the ancient portion are decidedly the same as those found in the churches of the sixth and seventh centuries; and that churches of this size

were erected in those ages we may rest assured from the example still remaining in the great church of Glendalough, not to speak of others; and here, by the way, let me remind you that, according to the ancient life of St. Kevin, this church was dedicated to the SS. Peter and Paul; and it has just occurred to me that one of the churches in the same place, and of *undoubted primitive antiquity*, was dedicated to Our Lady! See what a Papist I am growing. Well, you may say that by comparing this cathedral with Bishop Mel's church at Ardagh, we *must* come to the conclusion that they *do not belong to the same age*, the difference of size was so very great, and still both were cathedrals. Why you yourself acknowledge that there was a difference of two hundred years between their supposed founders, which, I think, quite sufficient to account for the smallness of the one, and largeness of the other. For it is not to be expected that St. Mel, a stranger, a Briton, who settled here in the earliest age of the church, and who, as Jocelin states, was so poor that, "like St. Paul, he got his livelihood by the labour of his own hands"—I say it is not to be expected that he should have had the means, or had a necessity for erecting a church, like that built by a monarch in a superstitious age for his near relation and spiritual friend. Besides, though St. Mel was of the episcopal order, he was evidently also only an abbot over a few monks, and we do not find other bishops of Ardagh till after the establishment of sees in the eleventh century. Now, I also think your point on the differences in the two accounts of the erection of St. Colman's church to be very inconclusive and somewhat strained; for, I think, you will concur with me in thinking the scholiast of Aengus an older and better authority than the fabricator of the Donegal MS. which bears abundant evidence of its modern manufacture, throughout; the one is circumstantial, the other vague. But even in the latter the passage appears evidently to me to apply to the cathedral church, and to no other; and its being called a *cella* proves nothing, for, as Colgan remarks, "the ancients were accustomed to call *great* churches" (so they had great churches), "*even cathedrals*, CELLÆ." Ay, indeed, were they, and half the great churches in Ireland, that is those with nave and choir, were called cellæ. I think, therefore, that this point which you have attempted to make is weak, and your observation as to the two little churches called Kill Mac Duagh and Teampull Beg Mac Duagh being, *according to tradition*, the *only* churches erected by Mac Duagh himself, are

not, I think, in your usual style of philosophical investigation. You are attaching too much weight to tradition. Was not the cathedral called Temple *Mor* Mac Duagh, the larger of the two churches you have spoken of? If not, according to your own theory, as laid down on former occasions, the larger of those churches was the temple mor; yet this you say, according to the memory of old men who remember to have seen parts of it, was but a small building. Why, my friend, if I do not greatly err, I am one of the old men who saw the whole foundation of it, and sketched and measured it too, and its length was ten feet two inches, and its breadth five feet two inches. Was this then a temple mor? No; they told me, and I believed them, it was the tomb of Mac Duagh!

Perhaps I am in error, in confounding one thing with another, but I heard nothing of this Temple Mac Duagh that you speak of, and you appear to know nothing of this tomb, which certainly occupied the site of your ground-plan of the church, or was at least very near it. In the plan of the localities of all the other churches I find you right, but here we disagree. In short, I think you have failed to prove the point you desired, that the great church of Kill Mac Duagh was erected two centuries after St. Colman's time; and I still cling to the opinion that it, as well as the coeval round tower, were erected by Guaire either in the lifetime of the saint, or shortly after. I know of no building in Ireland with such architectural peculiarities, which could, with any show of reason or authority, be referred to a later period than the seventh century; and before you can convince me to the contrary, you must produce some better evidences than your Donegal MS. or your traditional historians.

On your observations on the round tower I have nothing to remark, except that you are wrong in supposing it to lean seventeen and a half feet from the perpendicular. This is one of the absurd inventions of travellers, which have passed current for a great many years, because no one thought of doubting it, and the only fault I have to find with you is in believing anything without proof. Now, I had the inclination of this tower taken by a highly scientific man, Major Patrickson, and he found the inclination to be four and a half feet!! and this, I think is pretty well for a tower to stand with. But let us hope that as you allow it a century to stand with its inclination of seventeen and a half feet, it may, with St. Colman's protection, stand at least three

centuries longer. But I wish the roof were repaired to make the matter sure.

Believe me, as ever, my dear John,
Faithfully yours,
GEORGE PETRIE.

J. O'Donovan, esq.

The preceding letter to O'Donovan, was written in reply to statements in an interesting letter, dated Gort, November. 10, 1858.

21, Great Charles-street,
26th December, 1838.

MY DEAR JOHN,—I wish you and your companion as happy a Christmas as your wandering life will allow. I have read your account of that most interesting church of Killeskin with even more than usual interest. I am, however, grieved to find that the inscriptions are so much more mutilated than I had supposed, and particularly as I find that many of these mutilations are recent. There can be no doubt of these inscriptions being coeval with the erection of the church, and, I may add, the *round tower*, for an anonymous writer who made MS. additions to "Ware's Antiquities" about a century ago, states that these buildings were of the same age. He also preserves the name of the barbarian who had the tower pulled down—"one Colonel Wolsley," "for which act," he adds, "the Bishop of Leighlin was very much displeased with him." This Colonel Wolsley got estates in this part of the country I think after the Revolution, and they are still in the possession of his descendants, one of whom is a baronet. I will hand his name down to posterity with additional honours in my "Round Towers of Ireland."

This tower of Killeskin was a high one, and from the elegance of the contemporary church to which it belonged, I should not be surprised if it had been raised, as you state, on four small pillars. The thing is quite possible, and the effect would have been singularly striking.

The writer to whom I have before alluded, states—but this could only be his opinion—that this church and tower were erected

to commemorate the Synod of Moyailbe in the seventh century, and that the heads on the doorway were the effigies of the bishops who attended that synod. I do not, however, believe a word of this, and I quite concur with you that this church, and tower too, were erected in the twelfth century, though it is most probable that it occupied the site of an earlier ecclesiastical building. The only Art, King of Leinster, that I could find lived, as well as I can recollect, about the middle of the twelfth century. The late William Morrison made drawings of this church and doorway for me several years ago when the inscriptions were more perfect than now; and it was from his drawing of the doorway that I got my first clue to the date of the church.

With respect to the name of the patron saint, I am of opinion that it can be no other than Scothin, and I have so written in the Round Towers. The name is still written by Beaufort Killeskin, which comes nearer Scothin than as now pronounced, Killeshin.

There is no Uiscan in the calendar that appears in any way connected with this part of the country.*

Curry (and his brother) have been away in the county of Wicklow for nearly a fortnight, and I should hope have done the barony of Rathdown ere this. They next go to Newcastle barony, and will I think meet you at Wicklow or Arklow, to work under your direction till the county be finished. And I do hope that this labour will be soon over.

The "Tara Hill" is printing, and, unfortunately, must be finished quickly. I shall send you the proofs to look over and correct. Let me have the poem I sent you as soon as possible.

Believe me ever, my dear John,

Faithfully yours,

GEORGE PETRIE.

J. O'Donovan, esq.

21, Great Charles-street, Dublin,
17th September, 1843.

MY DEAR LORD,—I should have written to you respecting the churches, &c., in Donegal sooner, but that I have been kept in the

* According to O'Donovan, the name Killeskin was derived from the church of Glen-uissen, near Sletty, in the Queen's County.

printing office for the last two days till it was too late for the post.

And after all I have but a few hints to give you, as follows :— See Easfionan (locally pronounced Asspunane) cataract, stone cross, and church, near Dunfanaghy.

See McSwyne's gun in this neighbourhood.

See Mobile, near the little town of Moville, in Innishowen, where there is a large stone cross erected by St. Patrick !

See Tory Island (if you can get fine weather for the purpose).

See Domnach more moy Tocher, where Colgan was born ; perhaps the church retains some ancient feature.

It was originally built by Patrick.

See Iniskeel, off the coast of the barony of Boylagh and Bannagh. See Kilcarthaich, now Kilcar.

See Hermitage, on top of Sleabh Liag.

See Malin.

See Glencolumkille, to the north of Sleabh Liag, and look at the cliffs to the west of this.

And do not forget to call upon Major Nesbitt to see the bell of St. Conall.

Should you visit the parish of Gartan, in the barony of Kilmacreena, look at the parish church, to see if it retain any ancient features. It was originally built by St. Columb. And inquire carefully if they still preserve in it the relique called in the Inquisitions " St. Columkille's red stone," and which was carried by the O'Rahans, the erenachs of the parish.

I am really glad to have it in my power to direct your attention to this, as it will prove that I am not a jealous dog-in-the-manger collector; and I ardently hope you may be able to get hold of it ! They had a bell of St. Columb's in Tory Island, but a tinker stole it away some thirty or forty years ago.

I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Sewell ; a gentleman called at the house on Sunday last, but did not leave his card, saying that he would call again. I was with my family at the time. I hope this was not he.

Believe me ever, my dear lord,
Faithfully yours,
GEORGE PETRIE.

Lord Adare.

24, Great Charles-street, Dublin,
25th September, 1843.

My dear Lord,—You must pardon my "rough notes" of Donegal which were written with too much haste.

"Domnach more moy Tocher" is in Innishowen, and so is the Malin to which I directed your attention. I wished you to look at the churches in both these places, as likely to be interesting, particularly the latter, which is described by Bishop Pococke in his journal as "very ancient."

Iniscaeil is the island in which the bell of St. Conall Caeil, now in the possession of Major Nesbitt, was preserved, and his church and holy well are on the island, or said to be so, or used to be there. St. Conall was killed by pirates in 590. If the church remain, it is likely to be the original one.

I am delighted to find you have been gratified with your excursion, and I have no doubt you will find much more to please you yet. I suppose you did not hear anything about St. Columb's "red stone"?

I hope it may be in my power to go into Erris with you. Nothing could delight me more, though I regret that we should not find my friend, Dean Lyons there to give us a hospitable reception.

I have not had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Sewell. Stokes saw him, and tells me he went to Glendalough.

Burton is at Walker's, near Sligo, sketching and botanizing on Ben Bulben. He is delighted with the scenery of Loughs Key (near Boyle) and Gill; and, indeed, with Sligo generally.

Believe me ever, my dear lord,
Your faithful

George Petrie.

Lord Adare.

P.S.—I trust you will fall in with Lord George Hill. He is a true lover of old Ireland in every way.

On the evening of the 15th of March, 1845, the first volume of Petrie's work, now reviewed in this chapter,

appeared, and was laid on the table of the Royal Irish Academy. On the following day he thus writes to his friend, Lord Adare:—

21, Great Charles-street,
16th March, 1845.

My dear, dear Lord,—The battle is over and won! I am liberated; and like the captive bird set free, the first use I make of my wings is to fly off to those who grieved for my imprisonment, and who will rejoice at my triumph and freedom. Hurrah! Yes, beloved friend, I trust we shall have a little tour this summer together, or rather flight, and how we shall clap our wings for joy.

Yes, it was a triumph! Ten sheets in twenty days, say you? No; but twenty sheets in twenty days, for the volume has about 540 pages. And only think of my folly, as you would call it: on Thursday I wrote a new subsection—well-coverings, tombs, and mills, with two large cuts, and signed the sheet with it for press the next morning. I was afraid to tell Smith of this atrocity; and I had not courage to send it to Gill, till I had paved the way by a palavering speech. I cannot help laughing at the recollection of it while I write.

Yesterday was a memorable one in my life, and yet I never felt more calm and unexcited than I did during the whole of it. About five o'clock the turmoil was over, no proofs coming in or to come, the house empty of scribes, and tranquil; dined, and sat down to read the *Nation* at the drawing-room fire, with my glass of punch beside me, when, at six, Smith and Ferguson rushed in to get me to sign a letter written for me, to the Secretary of the Academy, offering to take the work off their hands, and pay back their premium, &c., at once, if they were not satisfied with it. I did not like the style or tone of this letter, and I wrote one totally differing, and gave it to Smith to forward with the book, took my tea, and went down to attend to my duties as visiter at the living model school of the Academy—a duty that I take great pleasure in, for the students like me, and attend more when I am there than when any other visiter is on duty. When I returned home, at half-past nine (mind how minute I am), I had the delight of finding your kind letter on the table—what a happiness; and in half an hour after I heard a long tantivy on the rapper of the hall-door, which

told me the battle was gained. It was Stokes, flushed with joy. It was understood that ———, with his little clique, was to have made a desperate onslaught on me, and I was advised to keep away. Well, there he was with his train. They got hold of the book, looked it over from the title to the end of the volume, with expression of faces that Stokes says Burton ought to have immortalized, and having at last laid it down, they all walk away without saying one word! Well, you have all the news now; friends are dropping in, and I will find it difficult to write more. I shall only add, that I shall, as soon as possible, go down to Stackallen, and I hope Mr. Sewell will not leave it soon. I do not know whether it would be proper to go next week; but I shall ascertain this point from kind good Todd, who, by the way, has added to my obligations to him, by looking over and correcting the sheets of the index, unasked by me. Think of this good man. It is a monster index. But I must have done.

Believe me ever, my dear Lord,

Your faithful

GEORGE PETRIE.

Bristol, March 21, 1845.

MY DEAR PETRIE,—I received your joyous letter on Thursday, and fully do I respond to the light and gladsome spirit which it breathes; and most warmly do I congratulate you upon the termination of your harassing labours, and also upon the triumph you gained at the Academy—a bloodless victory. Your intelligence was indeed refreshing to me at a time when all looked dark in another direction, where I generally see a clear horizon. Twenty sheets in twenty days; that is making up lee-way indeed; we shall know, in future, the value of pressure. How graphic is your description of the scene at the Academy, etc.

I expect to be in Dublin by next Friday morning, when I hope to have a copy of *the* book. Having much to write, my dear friend, you will excuse my short but most heartfelt congratulations; and allow me once more to express how much I feel your having identified me with your great national work. Although I cannot think myself worthy of such a distinction, I may well be proud of it, and still more proud and happy at having become the intimate friend of one whose name will be enrolled among

the most true-hearted, as well as the most distinguished of Ireland's sons.

Our efforts must now be directed to taking care of your health and spirits.

I hope you will have gone down to St. Columba's by this time. Sewell has had a great deal of anxiety lately, which, I fear, has not tended to advance the review. I certainly was under great apprehensions that the work would not have been out in time, and it will now cause you to laugh instead of vexing you, when I say, were such fears unreasonable?

God bless you, my dear Petrie.

Believe me, your affectionate friend,

ADARE.

In his letter to the Council of the Academy, which accompanied the volume, Petrie explains the necessity he was under of expanding the work, but offers, should the Academy not feel disposed to co-operate in this effort, either to furnish the remaining portion of the inquiry or take the work off their hands, repaying the cost both of printing and illustration. The following is from the report of the Council:—

"Although it (the volume XX. of Trans.) contains only a portion of Mr. Petrie's essay, the Council have recommended, and the recommendation has been adopted by the Academy, that in consideration of its bulk and value, and the numerous and beautiful wood-cuts which adorn it, the volume be received as acquitting Mr. Petrie of his engagement; but they have declined entering into any further agreement with him, as to the publication of the remainder of the essay.

"In this resolution the Council have also had the concurrence of the Academy; and they may add, that the XXth volume of the Transactions has been received with such favour by the members, that it was found necessary to order 50 additional copies, over and above the usual number which the Academy had originally agreed to take from Mr. Petrie, in order to meet the demand of those, not otherwise entitled to it, who desired to obtain it by purchase."*

* Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, 1846.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MILITARY AND SEPULCHRAL ARCHITECTURE OF IRELAND.

It will be remembered that in 1834 Petrie received the gold medal of the Academy for his essay on the Military Architecture of Ireland. This paper, of which the manuscript is now before the writer, never appeared in the Transactions, as Petrie withdrew it, doubtless for the purpose of revision, which was prevented by other undertakings.

As in this essay he takes a survey of the military architecture of Ireland from the middle ages to the period of the earliest pagan forts, and then passes into the subject of sepulchral monuments, the writer will, in the present chapter, attempt a review of his labours in connexion with both subjects, including his essay written in 1838 on the great cemetery of Carrowmore, in the county of Sligo.

The various writers who have dealt with the social state of Ireland before the English occupation, may, with a few exceptions, be arranged into two classes. One of these speaks of the civilization of the country, and the antiquity and splendour of its monuments, in a spirit of exaggeration, while the other, as already shown, holds that previously to the twelfth century the Irish people were utterly barbarous, and possessed of little, if any, knowledge of the arts—especially that of building with stone.

It is difficult to say which of these schools is most in error; and the truth can be arrived at only by adopting a more scientific method than they pursued. In treating of these subjects Petrie insists on the use of the inductive method. He begins with describing the Anglo-Irish castles from A.D. 1176 to 1412, and proceeds to castles erected before the English occupation. This opens the question already handled in the Ecclesiastical architecture, of the use of

masonry with lime cement, which mode of construction, however, in the periods alluded to, seems to have been almost exclusively employed in the building of the churches and their round towers. It would appear that at the time of the English invasion, there were few castles in Ireland of the Anglo-Norman type, such as the castle of Tuam, and perhaps a few others.

In a historic sketch of the past and present state of the fine arts in Ireland, Petrie observes—"The stormy reign of Roderick O'Conor, the last native king of Ireland, must necessarily have been unpropitious to the advance of the fine arts in Ireland; yet that unfortunate prince appears to have given them such encouragement as his means allowed; and some of the edifices he erected were probably not inferior in extent or magnificence to any of which the country could yet boast. Of these the castle of Tuam was one of the most remarkable. It was called the Wonderful Castle, not, however, as seems generally supposed, from its having been the first edifice of its kind erected in Ireland, but on account of its novel construction and great strength. We have examined the small remains which yet exist of this celebrated fortress, and found it to have been erected in the Norman fashion of the time. It consists of a strong keep, with an extensive court-yard, surrounded by outworks, with towers at the angles, and protected by a deep fosse into which the water of the adjacent river was forced to flow. The monastery of Cong, a nobler monument of Roderick's reign, is to be seen in its neighbourhood. This was the sanctuary in which he himself found refuge, and, we trust, peace, in his latter days. A sweeter spot for a wounded spirit to seek repose in, and to shelter from the storms of a world which, to him at least, was bleak, could nowhere be found."*

It is worthy of note as bearing on the question of the date on the ornamented churches, that just before the Anglo-Nor-

* "Dublin Penny Journal," vol. i. pp. 99–147.

man invasion, the forms of the Norman defensive architecture were introduced into Ireland, and by a native king.

Yet Petrie observes, it would be a grave error to suppose that because the Irish, before the twelfth century, had no castles built on the Anglo-Norman plan they were therefore unacquainted with defensive architecture of stone and lime. The round towers, for example, as has been abundantly proved, were not only belfries, but the castles or keeps of the monasteries.

But it is not to be held that the Irish trusted to their churches only, as places of shelter and defence, and the statement of Giraldus Cambrensis, as to the absence of castles of stone in Ireland, seems inconsistent with history.

> This also appears to me noteworthy; that, as the laity (*in vita mortali*) of that nation are hot-tempered and prone to revenge above other people, so, also, those who are distinguished by their merits in the religious state, (*in morte vitali*) seem to be characterized by a vindictive spirit, beyond the holy men of other countries.
>
> Nor does any other explanation of this fact occur to me, save that, as the Irish people, being deficient in castles and abounding in robbers, are accustomed—and especially their religious—to defend themselves and their property, with the help of Divine Providence and favour, rather within the shelter of churches, than the strongholds of fortified towns—there was need of sharp and frequent censure on the enemies of churches, in order that, by this means, the violence of wicked men might be prevented from disturbing the peace of the religious, and due reverence be paid to the churches themselves by an irreverent people, though it be from slavish motives.*

Remains of defensive architecture of various dates abound in Ireland. Yet, that the building of castles of stone and mortar, exclusive of the ecclesiastical round towers, was not practised in the country until a period approaching the Anglo-Norman occupation, may be taken as true. We have, in the Annals of the Four Masters, notices of the erection by Turlogh O'Conor of four castles in Galway, between A.D. 1129 and 1134, and the burning and razing of

* Topogr. Hib., Dist. 2, cap. 55.

the castles of Cullantragh by his son Roderick, and of that of Galway by the men of Munster, in A.D. 1155 and 1132, respectively, are noticed in the same record. The round castles of Aghadoe and of Lough Oughter are referred to by Petrie as being probably of great antiquity, and he holds that the architecture of the first of these structures is coeval with that of the adjacent ecclesiastical tower from which it differs only in size. He further suggests that the singular structure called the Hag's Castle, on an island in Lough Mask, is an additional example of an early Irish castle, but there is no evidence that he had ever visited it. Now, putting aside the question of the respective dates of these three structures, it is certain that, however similar the castles of Aghadoe and Lough Oughter may be, that of Lough Mask is widely different from them. Both Aghadoe and Lough Oughter are towers of about 21 feet in diameter, with a great thickness of wall, a stone staircase, a second floor, and a chamber in the wall.

But these buildings are very unlike that on Lough Mask, which is obviously of an earlier date, and bears a striking resemblance to the ancient pagan forts, such as Dun Aenghus in Aran, and Staigue in Kerry, except that its walls are not of loose stones, but grouted.

The Hag's Castle is noticed by Sir William Wilde in his description of Lough Corrib and Lough Mask; and during a visit to the seat of that gentleman in the present year, the writer had an opportunity of examining this singular building, of which no similar example has been described as existing in this country. It occupies almost the entire of a small and low island, the wall, in some portions, coming down almost to the water's edge. About ten years ago, on the occasion of a storm, when the lake was unusually high, the waves made breaches in the wall. The floor of the enclosure, which is undulating and irregular, is about fifteen feet above the level of the lake, and there is no mark of an external wall or *chevaux de frise*, indeed no room exists for such.

This enclosure is rudely circular, the curve of the retaining wall varying, so that from some points of view the building appears almost straight. On the inner surface, however, the circular form is better preserved. A considerable portion of the wall has been so far damaged that little is left but a few courses of larger foundation stones, which are from five to six feet in length, and about two in depth. These seem to be simply blocks of the limestone strata, while those which in part form the upper portion of the wall, look as if they had been originally squared; the grouting was abundant, and in most places of such hardness, that it was impossible to detach portions of it without the hammer and chisel. It is found everywhere, even in the very centre of the wall, which varies in thickness from seven feet four inches to nine feet four inches. It is a single wall, without any dry stone work, or any appearance of the double facing as seen at Dun Aenghus. At one place it rises above the level of the lake to a height of upwards of thirty feet, where it is closely covered with ivy. All remains of the gateway have disappeared. It was probably at the eastern or north-eastern side. No traces are to be seen of steps on the inner face of the wall, such as occur in some of the Aran forts, and at Staigue in the county of Kerry, but the growth of brushwood and ivy made it difficult to examine the entire of the wall. Measured from the inside, the diameter of the circle is one hundred and four feet, and here, abutting on one side of the wall, is a circular single-chambered dome-roofed building of about eight feet in diameter, a small portion of its circle being constituted by the great wall itself. The lower portions of the wall of this structure are built of small irregular stones, not grouted, but laid in courses of mortar, while the dome, which is well built, but without any centering, is constructed of rudely squared stones of larger size. It is open at the top, and was probably finished by a flagstone. The top of the doorway was destroyed, and

its sides greatly damaged. In the inside of this building are two openings exactly opposite, one of them ending in a port-hole, with a well cut semi-circular head, and with a shallow concavity chiseled in the inner stone, seemingly made as a rest for the arm. These openings are five feet from the floor.

This structure is noticed by O'Donovan in one of the Ordnance Survey letters from the county of Mayo, and he describes it as the oldest castle in Ireland, and resembling a cyclopean Cahir with cement.*

The following letter, written by the eminent antiquary, Mr. George T. Clarke, F.S.A., after reading the above description of the Hag's Castle in Lough Mask, is of great interest:—

Dowlais House, Merthyr Tydvil,
13th July, 1868.

My dear Lord Dunraven,—There are in England and in Normandy a considerable number of mounds or mottes of earth wholly artificial, and which are known to have been crowned, in the 9th and 10th centuries, with structures of wood, intended for defence.

In the 11th century the Normans in Normandy, and after the Conquest, in England, took possession of many of these earlier works, and crowned them with a shell of masonry, usually polygonal or rudely circular, from six to ten feet thick, about twenty-five to thirty feet high, without architectural decorations, mouldings, or loopholes; they were entered by a small and plain doorway, and seldom, if ever, built of more than ordinary uncoursed rubble, save the plinth, which is often of better work, and now and then some ashlar in the groins or angles.

Within, these enclosures seem to have been set round with lean-to sheds of timber, within which was a small open court. The diameter of those shells was from sixty to eighty feet.

Where they occur it is not usual to find the ordinary rectangular Norman keep—hence I infer that the security given by the mound, was deemed sufficient, and it was thought unnecessary also to construct a heavy and expensive tower.

* See "Lough Corrib, with Notices of Lough Mask," by Sir William Wilde, p. 260, Dublin, 1867.

There are such shells now standing at Cardiff, Arundel, Tamworth, Lincoln, and there are foundations of such at Tonbridge and Berkhampstead.

No doubt the Normans saw that an artificial mound would not safely carry a solid tower, and so they spread the load by emptying the shell.

The description of Hag's Castle is just that of one of these shells. As there is no trace of a gatehouse, probably the entrance was only a doorway.

At Leeds Castle, upon an island, is a polygonal shell, much like one of these Norman works, but the present masonry is probably very late Norman or early English in date. Here the buildings, as at Windsor, built around against the walls, are of a solid character, but still within all is an open court. This is the only instance I know of a shell not on a hill; but here the water around was as good a defence as a pit would have been.

When an Englishman crosses the Irish Channel, he feels that all is new to him, and his judgment ought be suspended upon everything he sees. This is remarkably the case with regard to objects of antiquity, and therefore I am silent as to Hag's Castle; but if it was on our side of the water, I should say it was a Norman shell of the latter part of the 11th or the 12th century.

As to the Cornish keeps, Restormel is such a shell, but on a large scale, and with a gatehouse, and though not on a mound, it occupies a sort of headland.

Launcester is yet a different affair—Trematon I do not know—but the other Cornish castles are in general mere rings, usually much larger than the above, and more like circular camps with a circumvallation of broken stone, than a Norman shell.

Sincerely yours,

GEO. T. CLARKE.

But Ireland abounds in examples of defensive architecture of a type widely different from the Anglo-Norman. Of these four may be specified. The Caisel, the Rath, the Dun and the Cathair. This list may be reduced to three as the term Dun seems to have a generic meaning, and is applied to a strong place. Hence the name, on the one hand, belongs to raths or mounds, fortified by ditches, and on the other, to cathairs or circular buildings of uncemented

stone, such as the lordly Dun Ænghus, which crowns the cliffs of Aran. To these structures of an antiquity probably greater than that of any buildings in western Europe, the appellations Tur and Mur are also given.

It has been long the opinion of the uninstructed, that these works, especially the raths, were built by the Danes during their occupation of Ireland, and the term "Danish fort," as applied to them, is in every one's mouth, existing tradition seeming silent as to any earlier source. Yet in the minds of the peasantry, at least, this traditional history is adopted only for want of a better; and while the Danish legend is that first mentioned, there is a widespread tendency to a belief in the more remote origin of these remains, for they are invested with mystery, and believed to have been the works of enchanters, giants, or fairies. To this superstition, which is coupled with the belief that some calamity would befall those who removed or in any way interfered with them, may be attributed their preservation in such numbers to the present day.

The Danish origin of these structures seems to have been first taught by Giraldus Cambrensis, who, in his account of the Danish invasion in the ninth century, states that the commander, Turgesius, erected fortifications all over the country, and hence, he says, "the origin of the numberless entrenchments, both deep and round, and for the most part triple. You will find here, even to this day, many walled castles as yet entire, but empty and deserted, for the Irish people do not care for castles. They use woods for camps, and marshes for fosses."*

The absurdity of the assertion contained in the above passage will be easily made manifest. That the Danes erected earthen forts as well as castles in Ireland is not improbable; they had, as will be shown presently, the Irish raths or Duns before them as models. But to suppose that they erected all

* Topogr. Hib., Dist. 3, c. 37.

the forts of the kind in Ireland, which are so very numerous that there is scarcely a townland in which several are not to be found, is an assertion so extravagantly ludicrous as to confute itself. Moreover, it is certain that if there were any grounds for such a singular fact in our history, or even if it were true that many such works had been raised by the Danes, we should not be without distinct notices of them in our annals, which minutely detail the Danish acts in Ireland. But on a reference to those authorities, we find mention only of one fort, or castle, erected by Turgesius during the period of his power, namely, a Dun and Daingean on Loch Ribh, on the Shannon, a spot evidently chosen for the facility it afforded that hardy pirate in his predatory incursions in the surrounding country. If, on the other hand, we were to collect all the historical notices relative to the erection of the various classes of forts now about to be enumerated, and existing before the arrival of the Danes or Norwegians in Ireland, many of those authorities being themselves anterior to that period, they would fill a volume.—*MS. Essay on Military Architecture.*

After dwelling on the meaning of the term Caisel (by Colgan rendered *Lapideus ambitus*), which is still in use in the county of Fermanagh, he states that it is nearly synonymous with the word Cathair, and seems to signify a circular wall of stone, at first without lime cement, and was used as a defence for a monastery or palace, but more usually for the former; he gives notices from the early annals of these structures. Thus, in an early life of Patrick, it is said that "on his visit to Moyfemin, he was conducted by Ængus, King of Munster, to his royal Caisel;"* and in the Book of Fenagh it is also stated that a fair Caisel of stone was erected at Moyrein, A.M. 3922, while the Annals of the Four Masters, A.D. 1162, relate that the successor of Columba, and O'Loughlin, King of Ireland, removed eighty houses from the church of Derry. The erection of a Caisel is mentioned, and that a curse was pronounced against any one who should come over it.

But it is as regards the raths or Duns, existing before the Danish invasion, that Petrie brings forward the greatest

* Trias Thaumaturga, p. 505 *a*.

amount of historic evidence. Early notices of the rath as existing before the time of Patrick are not wanting. Thus in a poem by Cennfaeladh describing the coming of the Milesians from Spain, the Rath of Righ-bhaird is said to have been made by Edan, one of their chiefs; and Tirechan, in his Life of Patrick, records that the saint erected a church near the "*fossa Rigbairt.*"

Here, then, it is to be observed that what Cennfaeladh calls *rath* in Irish, Tirechan, also a writer in the seventh century, calls *fossa* in Latin, a fact which not only proves what was the description of defence meant by rath at that period, but also shows such to have been in existence before the arrival of St. Patrick.

But the ancient manuscripts and the annals abound with notices of both raths and duns as existing long prior to the Danish invasion. Thus, according to a MS. quoted by Archbishop Ussher, the name of Downpatrick in our Apostles' time was "Rath Celtair mhic Dúach,"* and a confirmatory statement is made in the Book of Lecan, quoted by O'Flaherty. It is related in one of the Lives of St. Patrick, in the Book of Armagh, that as the saint rested on the Lord's Day at Drumboe, he was disturbed by the immoderate noise of the pagans making a rath. So, also, in the Annals of Clonmacnoise several raths are alluded to as existing before the coming of the Danes, among which is Rath Mor of Moy Linny, in the county of Antrim. This fort was attacked and burnt by Bruce, A.D. 1315.

Petrie gives a list of not less than twenty-eight raths existing in Ireland before the Danish invasion, from the Annals of the Four Masters, and to which dates are ascribed from A.M. 2859 to A.D. 892. It is hardly necessary to say that this number is not to be taken as representing the whole of the existing forts in Ireland, for those only are noticed which are in connexion with some historical event.

* The Rath (or fort) of Celtair the son of Dúach.

In the ancient poem of Ceanfaeladh many raths are specified as having been erected by the leaders of the first Milesian settlement. Of these, the forts of Dun Sobhairce, now Dunseverick, of Dun Etair, on the Hill of Howth, and of Rath Arda Suird, near Limerick, may be mentioned among others. The site of Dun Etair, afterwards the residence of the monarch Crimhthann, is now occupied by the Bailey Lighthouse, but a portion of the fosse still remains.

These raths or forts, which are so abundant in Ireland, vary much in size and height. Some indeed are so small that we must believe them to have been merely the fortified residence of a single family, while others are of a regal height and extent. What is left of them are the fosses and ramparts, varying in depth, breadth, and number, with the central circular mound, and in many are subterranean galleries or chambers. That the fortification was completed by wooden palisades and contained houses of wood there can be no doubt, as in our annals the burning of these raths is noticed. The height of some of these early forts, and the depth of the surrounding ditches and ramparts, would render them almost impregnable strongholds; and when the greater raths were built on the summit of a hill, the fortress assumes a character of barbaric grandeur. Thus, at Donaghadee the height of the rath is 140 feet, and the circumference of the ditch 480; the rath of Downpatrick comprehends a circuit of at least three-quarters of an English mile within its works, which consist of three great ramparts, the circumference of the mound being 2,100 feet, and its height 60.

Raths of this description, now noticed, had usually within them galleries of stone without cement, and were originally surrounded with wooden palisades, enclosing houses of the same material; they occasionally present walls of stone.

Superior, however, in extent and magnificence to the other raths of this kind in Ireland, is the great rath of Tailtean in Meath, the erection of which is also ascribed to the Firbolgs. According to the Annals of the Four Masters, the great annual fair of Tailtean

was established A.M. 3370. Notices of it occur under A.D. 539 594, 715, 806, 825, 847, 855, 887, 894, 903, 914, 915, 925, 1001, 1004, 1006, 1120, and 1168, which appears to have been the last date at which a fair was held here.

To suppose that these monuments were of Danish construction, must therefore be considered an utter violation of all historic evidence. (MS. Essay, &c.)

Before dealing with another class of ancient military works, it is to be observed that the term dun, apparently the original of our word *town*, and which is translated *Munitio* by Adamnan, does not, as was held by Ussher and Ware, merely signify a hill. That it ever bore this meaning, according to Petrie, there is no Irish authority to prove, it being applied only to such hills as had fortresses upon them; while it was also used in the case of forts erected on the plain. The term is, in fact, a generic one, signifying a strong fortress of any description, whether of earth or stone, and often used synonymously with the terms Rath, Lis, and Cathair.

The term Rath was also used to express the defences of ecclesiastical buildings, and so seems synonymous with that of Caisel or cashel, and the name of such an establishment was sometimes found composed of the name of the founder with the prefix rath; thus we have Rathmichael, Rathlury, and other such examples.

The historic evidences as to the Duns existing before the Danish invasion, are as numerous as those relating to the Raths. And in the old records the fortification is in some cases termed Dun and in others Rath. Yet the word Dun seems to have been generally applied to fortifications erected in some commanding situation.*

The number of these duns as well as cathairs which have

* "The words here used Dún, Daingen, Dingna, all signify a fort or fortress. It is not easy to define the precise difference between them. Dún is in Scotland *Doon;* in Wales *Din;* in Gaulish *dûnon*—Latinised *Dunum*, as in Lugdunum, Augusto-dunum, &c.; in England *ton, town.* It seems to signify a fortified hill or mound. Daingen (*dungeon*), is a walled fort

been identified by the researches of Petrie is most remarkable. The original name, though often more or less anglicised, is still attached to them, and popular tradition confirms history. The fortress of Aileach described in the Ordnance memoir, the remains of Tara, Dun Sobhairce, Downpatrick, Donaghadee, Rath na Riogh in Sligo, Tailtean, and Dun Etair will, among many others, suffice. The history of the ancient stronghold of Dun Sobhairce—Dunseverick, in the county of Antrim, is given by Dr. O'Donovan, from the Book of Armagh, a MS. of the eighth century, and other sources. It is related that Patrick, after crossing the river Buas, now anglicised Bush, and which is close to Dunseverick, came to Dun Sobhairce and there consecrated Oloan bishop. The situation of the fort is described as in the territory of Cathregia, now in the present barony of Cary; and Colgan speaks of it as remotely situated in the territory of Dalriada. It derived its name from Sobhairce the founder of the fortress about A.M. 3501. In an Irish poem given to Ussher by Randal, earl of Antrim, this territory is described as extending thirty miles from the mouth of the river Bush to the Cross of Glenfinnaght, north of the village of Glynn.

From what has been already stated it will be seen that the Duns have no particular form or character except that of strength. Those of stone are generally situated on steep eminences or insulated rocks, and their walls are necessarily adapted to the irregularity of their localities. As an instance of this I annex a plan of Dun Ceithirn, now called the Giant's Sconce, in the county Londonderry, which is mentioned by Adamnan in his life of St. Columba, as being near the site of a great battle between the Irish Picts and the relatives of the saint in the year 624.

After noticing some examples of the vitrified forts, the first of which was discovered by the Rev. Cæsar Otway, in the

or strong tower, *daingnigim*, I fortify. Dingna is apparently only another form of the same word. Cf. *Zeuss*, p. 30, n." Also Wars of the Gaedhil with the Gaill; edited by the Rev. James Henthorn Todd, D.D. London, 1867.

county of Cavan, and of which four other instances occur in the county of Londonderry, in that portion of it anciently possessed by the Cruithne, the Irish Picts, he conjectures that they all belonged to that people.

But other forms of military architectural works of surpassing interest remain to be noticed. These are the Cathairs or Cahirs, great circular or oval forts of uncemented stone, with doorways built in the manner known to antiquaries under the term Cyclopean. According to Petrie the term Cathair in connexion with the name of the place, is rarely if ever found on the northern or eastern coasts, and there is every reason to believe that the monuments in question seldom existed in those parts of Ireland; but in the western and southern regions, and especially those which skirt the Atlantic, they occur in such abundance that there is hardly a mountain region on the western coast without numerous remains of the kind. On the other hand, in the mountains of Wicklow, in which, if they had ever existed, they would have been equally likely to have remained, there is not a vestige of such monuments, nor a name indicating their former existence. It is to be observed further that the portions of the island in which such monuments and names occur, are those assigned by all our historians to the earliest colonies under the several names of Fomorians, Firbolgs, Firdomnan, Tuatha de Danaan, all which tribes Petrie held to be of Greek origin. It is in the islands of Aran, off the coast of Galway, so seldom visited and so abounding in Pagan antiquities, that these ancient structures are most numerous. Thus at Aran Mor, he enumerates not less than seven of these great Cathairs; in Inishmain, the centre island, there are four of them, while in the most southern only one exists. In most instances they are placed in commanding situations, the walls are formed of stones of about three feet in length laid regularly, or consisting of well-joined polygons. "Their doorways are always Cyclopean, formed with inclined

sides and a horizontal lintel. No arch occurs in any of them, and the principle of the arch was evidently unknown to their builders."*

Of these forts Dun Aenghus is the first in magnitude and grandeur of situation. "It is," to use the words of Petrie, "probably one of the most magnificent barbaric monuments in the west of Europe." It crowns the summit of an overhanging cliff 360 feet above the level of the sea. The first view of this singular and, as it may be called, imposing structure, is suggestive of the idea so commonly held that the building, now of a somewhat horse-shoe shape, was originally a complete circle or oval, and that the portion wanting has fallen with the cliff, to whose very edge the broken ends of the circular walls extend. To this opinion Petrie seems to have inclined, although in later years his views on this question were modified, as the acceptance of such a theory would imply a far greater antiquity to the building than it would be reasonable to imagine. For if the rock had ever projected so far into the sea as that the central circle of the fort as well as the three surrounding walls, the third of which is in some places hundreds of feet distant from the second, were originally perfect, many thousands of years must have elapsed to account for the wearing of the cliff by the action of the water. No doubt, there are abundant proofs of the wearing and dislocation of the strata on each side of the high and overhanging cliff on which Dun Aenghus stands, yet these occur where the rock presents a greatly inclined surface, favouring the inroad of the sea by what is termed the washing action of the waves; an influence from which the vertical face of a cliff is exempted.

The most singular feature of this fortification is a vast *chevaux de frise* of sharp stones closely placed. This extraordinary barrier surrounds the second and third walls, extending to a distance of from fifty to seventy feet. Through

* MS. Essay, p. 58.

this a passage leads by a steep ascent through a gateway to the inner wall. A similar mode of defence was adopted in another fort, Dubh Cathair, or the black fort, and is again found at Erris, in the county of Mayo, and in another building of the same class near Kilfenora, in the county of Clare.

These great forts are described by Petrie as found in numbers on the west coast, from Donegal to Kerry; he notices especially four Cahirs on Lough Gara, in Sligo; a gruop of smaller ones is also to be seen on the shores of Ardbear Bay, near Clifden, in Connemara; and again at Stoneyford, in the same district. There are three at Streamstown in Connemara, while, in the county of Clare, a perfect chain of these Cahirs is formed from Black Head to the mouth of the Shannon, the most remarkable of these being on the summit of the cliffs of Moher. He also speaks of Caher Conry and of Staigue fort in Kerry, and adds that remains, though of the same kind, in a more ruined condition, are also to be found in Limerick.

These singular and often majestic forts of uncemented stone, some surrounded with concentric walls and a *chevaux de frise*, have, like the ecclesiastical round towers, been the subject of speculative Irish antiquarianism. It suited the purpose of Dr. Ledwich to call Dun Aenghus a Mandra or monkish enclosure, and he actually gives a drawing of it, as surrounding the church of St. Enda, which is seen towering above its wall! The truth is that the monastery of St. Enda, of which some of the buildings existed on Petrie's first visit, though they have now disappeared, nothing being left but the remains of its stately round tower, was situated several miles distant from the fort! But it may be asked at what time and for what purpose were such a prodigious number of these forts erected, and why are they to be found only along the western coast. That they were the buildings of early colonists, Petrie has no doubt; and he points to the existence of similar monuments in Cornwall and

Devonshire, and in the Hebrides, where, in the 17th century, they, according to Martin, still preserved their ancient name, *Dun-na-Firvolg.* Their erection in Ireland is attributed by traditional history to the Firbolgs or Belgæ, after their defeat by the Tuatha de Danaan on the battle-fields of north and south Moytura, and to this view at the time when his essay was composed, Petrie seems to have inclined.

But looking at the number, magnitude, and situation of these fortresses, it seems more probable that to whichever of these early tribes we are to attribute their erection, they were built at or about the time of their first coming into the country, and when the invaders had resources at their command which would enable them to exist in these barren regions. Such resources we can more easily believe would belong to an invading than to a retreating army. To throw up great defensive works on the very seaboard of a rocky and inhospitable shore could serve no purpose of a people in retreat, but might be a natural course to be adopted by strangers on their first landing in a country unknown to them, and while they could receive supplies from their ships.

But other forms of military works, held by Petrie to be erected by the same race, are to be found. On this subject he observes:—

Our histories next speak of the plains of north and south Moy Tuireadh, or the Plains of the Towers, situated in Sligo and Mayo, and so called from the forts said to have been then erected by the Firbolg or Greeks, and memorable for the great battles fought there for dominion of the island between them and the Danaans. These accounts of our ancient historians are generally treated as fables by the learned, and it is not the purpose of the present essay to defend them, but to leave the reader to judge for himself of their claim to attention from their connexion with existing monuments not hitherto noticed. Each of these plains then is covered with sepulchral remains of the earliest antiquity, as cairns, stone circles, cromlechs, etc., so as to leave no doubt as to their being the sites of memorable battles. Till within a very few

years the South Moy Tuireadh, situated near the village of Cong, retained the ruins of two great Cyclopean structures, from which it would appear to have received its name. They have been unfortunately destroyed recently by a gentleman of the place for the materials they afforded in building a house and offices on the land. From the information derived from that gentleman and others, collected on the spot, I am enabled, however, to state that these towers were worthy of their celebrity.

They were adjacent to each other, and were of very unequal size. The larger one was of one hundred and fifty feet interior diameter, the wall twenty-four feet wide, composed of four concentric ranges of stones of immense magnitude, filled between with others of smaller size; it was upwards of ten feet high at the period of its destruction. The smaller fort or tower was but about thirty feet in diameter, and its wall of proportionate thickness. On a hill adjacent to the site of the towers are several cairns and monumental circles of stones. Four of the latter are quite contiguous. They are of unequal diameter, two being between fifty and sixty feet, one, one hundred, and one not more than thirty-five feet. The greatest height of the stones above the ground is about six feet. In clearing the ground for manure, a vaulted sepulchral chamber or well was discovered. It is about twelve feet deep, of excellent masonry, without cement, and has a flight of stone steps. In the neighbourhood are several cairns of great magnitude, forming altogether an assemblage of antiquities of great interest. MS.*

Petrie then goes on to notice another tower somewhat similar in Aranmore, belonging, as he thinks, to the same period. This is a round building, twenty feet in diameter, called Tur Martin. It is formed of large stones, without cement, and, even when he wrote, had fallen, so as to be only fourteen feet at its highest point. In this island, also, there is a wall, partly circular and partly angular, varying with the irregularities of the surface on which it stands. It

* In Sir William Wilde's work on Lough Corrib and Lough Mask will be found a full description of the battle-field of the South Moytura and its existing remains. Those on the Northern Moytura were not explored by Petrie until 1835, and he gives an account of them in his paper in the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, 1837–38, vol. i., p. 140, as well as in the appended letters to Sir Thomas Larcom and to O'Donovan.

is built of large stones, fitted to each other without cement, the circular part being thirteen feet wide at the top, and twenty feet high, and the angular six feet wide. He draws attention to the fact that two styles of construction are visible in the wall, the angular part being formed of larger stones than the other, and fitted together without cement. The Clochauns of Aran are next described; they are small, round, or oval stone-roofed cells, and Petrie traces some analogy between them and the Picts' houses in Scotland, while remains of a similar nature are to be found in Wales, Cornwall, and Devonshire.

A passing notice is taken of two remarkable ramparts, of which one is described by Stuart in his "History of Armagh;" the other is found at Carlow, extending from Leighlin-bridge on the Barrow to the Slieve Margy Mountains; the first runs from Scarva, in the county of Down, to the townland of Ballure, in Armagh, and was in many places from sixty to eighty feet in breadth, and here and there faced with huge granite blocks.*

Having now brought to a close this account of the stone buildings which belong to the earliest period of our ancient military architecture, Petrie proceeds to an examination of their probable origin, and, in support of the views he puts forward, draws many corroborative facts from the study of the sepulchral monuments of the pre-historic period. It had long been his opinion that both these classes of remains in Ireland—the great Cahirs of the west, and the Tumuli, such as those of New Grange, Dowth, and Knowth, afford grounds for the conclusion that they were the work of Greek colonies who settled in Ireland and the southern parts of England at a very remote period of time. That such colonists, setting aside the historic legends which declare it to be the fact, did

* Dr. Reeves informs the writer that there is also in the county of Longford a very remarkable rampart called the Dimela, i.e., Dun-cladh, "fortified ditch."

occupy the country was apparent to him, not alone from monumental evidence, but from the similarity in form and composition of the bronze weapons so abundantly found in Ireland to those of the heroic ages of Greece. In illustration of this point, he used to relate that on the occasion of the visit of Mr. Dodwell to Dublin, that gentleman, on seeing a collection of our ancient swords and spear-heads, exclaimed, "Where did you get these wonderful Greek swords and spears. Finer specimens of the antique bronze it would be impossible to find." Petrie assured him that they were not found in Greece but in Ireland. Yet he used to say that he was by no means sure of having succeeded in convincing Mr. Dodwell that such was the case.

The general evidences on which he relied in proof of this colonization may be thus classified:—

1st. The similarity of the earliest remains of defensive and sepulchral architecture in Ireland with those of Greece, Italy, and Sicily, as described by Dr. Clarke, Gell, and Dodwell. He brings forward the account of Ecbatana, given by Herodotus, with its concentric walls, and also notices a most striking analogy between the curved or bulbous outline in the walls of our Irish Cahirs, and in many of the Pictish towers, and that of a Cyclopean tower in Sicily, which appears in a section given by Petrie. While the peculiarities pointed out by Dr. Clarke in his description of such monuments as the treasury of Atreus in Mycenæ, which he calls "a tumulus of immense size," and which has a square-headed door, with inclined jambs, the masonry formed of great blocks of stone laid one upon another without cement, and the interior being a conical dome-roofed chamber; all form striking points of resemblance to New Grange, in the county of Meath, of which an account afterwards given.

2ndly. The similarity in character of the ornament on the walls of these monuments in Ireland with that of early Greece.

3rdly. The identity of the form and composition of the bronze weapons found in Ireland with those of the ancient Greeks.

4thly. The historic legends of Ireland.

In a paper published in the year 1833, he describes the tumulus of New Grange as one of a group of vast mounds situated on the banks of the Boyne, between Drogheda and Slane. This extraordinary monument covers two acres of ground, and was originally not less than one hundred feet in height. The mound, composed of small stones covered with earth, has long been used as a quarry, and was surrounded by a circle of stones rising from four to eleven feet above the ground, calculated to weigh from ten to twelve tons each. A pillar stone crowned the summit, but this was destroyed about a century ago. The surrounding stones, as well as those used in the central chamber and entrance passage, are not from the rock of the district, but seem to have been brought from the mouth of the Boyne, a distance of from seven to eight miles.

This monument, which is noticed by many writers on Irish antiquities, and among the rest by Pownall, is, by the calculations of the latter, made on the most moderate measurements, estimated to consist of not less than 189,000 ton weight of stone.* The entrance, which is square, and covered with a lintel stone, is three feet in breadth, and a foot and half in height. At its base the space is occupied by an immense oblong stone with rounded angles, carved with great double line spirals and lozenge patterns. The gallery leading to this great inner chamber is about fifty-eight feet in length, and consists of vast blocks of stone, while its roof is formed of six stones six feet wide, and in length varying from twelve to eighteen feet. At some distance from the entrance the passage narrows so as to be not more than eighteen inches in height and breadth, but this obstacle can be overcome

* "Dublin Penny Journal," vol. i., page 305.

by a moderate-sized person, who, by bending on his knees, can edge himself through, when the roof gradually rises until the chamber is reached. This chamber, which is circular, or irregularly octagonal, is twenty feet in height and sixteen feet in diameter. Its roof is formed of stones of great size, one projecting beyond the other until a central stone crowns the whole.

In the treasury of Atreus, as described by Clarke, there is a square chamber opening into the principal apartment, and in New Grange three of these chambers are about eight or nine feet square. Their entrances are formed by upright stones, and in two of them exists a granite vase or sarcophagus of a simple, bold form.

It is stated by Petrie, that at the time of the discovery of the interior, accidentally made in 1699, a pyramidal or obeliscal stone stood in the centre of the chamber. This was six or seven feet in height, and near it two human skeletons were discovered. About the same period, two Roman gold coins were found on the top of the mound; the one of the elder Valentinian, the other of Theodosius.

But an additional instance of the similarity of this monument to that of Mycenæ, is the ornamental carving found on its stones. From the position of some of these stones, it is obvious that the carvings were effected previously to the use of the stone for the building. These ornaments consist principally of lozenges, zigzags, and single and double line spirals. It is true that Clarke does not mention this ornamentation in the tomb at Mycenæ, but the deficiency is made up by Dodwell, who also mentions a stone found there during the progress of excavations made for the Earl of Elgin, and now deposited in the British Museum, which is singularly enriched with spirals and circular ornaments similar to those over the gate of the Lions.*

* It is a remarkable fact that the form of spiral seen in New Grange and other monuments of this class in Ireland, while identical with the

Of the quantity of these carvings in New Grange, few persons can form an adequate idea in consequence of the want of sufficient light.

Some time after the death of Petrie, the writer, in company with the Earl of Dunraven, Dr. Cruise, and Professor Sullivan, visited the chamber, when the two last-mentioned gentlemen illuminated it by magnesium lamps of great power. The general effect of light and shadow was not to be described, while the multiplicity and character of the carvings were brought out in a manner never before witnessed.

In the conclusion of this essay, the existence of these monuments at a period long previous to the Danish invasion, is insisted on by Petrie, who shows from historic research that, so far from being the builders of the tombs on the Boyne, the Danes were their violators.

It is of importance to note that the plundering of four crypts in the land of Flann, one of the chieftains of Meath, is mentioned in the Annals of Ulster, a record admitted by Pinkerton to be in the first degree authentic. In these annals the following passage occurs.

"A.D. 862, The cave of Achadh Alda and Cnodhba, and the cave of the sepulchre of Boadan over Dubad, and the cave of the wife of the Smith, were searched by the Danes (what was never done before) on one occasion that the three kings, Amlaff, Imar, and Auisle, were plundering the territory of Flann, the son of Conaing." The same is related by the Four Masters, though they seem to have quoted from a different authority.

"A.D. 861, The cave of Achadh Alda in Mughdhorna-Maighen; the cave of Cnoghbhai; the cave of the sepulchre of Bodan, the shepherd of Elcmar, over Dubhath; and the cave of the wife of the Smith, at Drochat-atha, were broken into and plundered by the Danes."

Greek work, differs totally in principle from the divergent spiral or trumpet pattern, so commonly seen in the art of the late Celtic period. This would also seem to point to work of a separate race.

Now it is remarkable that on the Boyne, between Drogheda and Slane, four great tumuli exist at no great distance one from the other, while the still existing names of them closely correspond with those in the ancient record. Cnodhba is anglicised into Knowth, Dubha, the *sepulchre* of Boadan, is now Dowth, and Drochat-atha is Drogheda. These circumstances fairly warrant Petrie's conclusion, that the fourth cave, now called New Grange,* is the cave of Achadh-Alda, and it is important to note that three of the names from which these structures derive their designations are mentioned in the Book of Lecan as those of chiefs of the Tuatha de Danaan.

As this essay on the Ancient Military Architecture of Ireland has never been printed, the writer thinks it proper to append, in the form of a summary, the conclusions to which Petrie was led in this original investigation.

* The name New Grange is supposed to have been given to this locality by a Scotch family who settled on a farm in which the monument lies. And the ruins of the Grange were existing at the period when this paper was written, yet Vallancey, in support of his theories derives it from Grianan (the sun).

In 1847 the Committee of Antiquities in the Royal Irish Academy obtained permission to examine the mound of Dowth. A passage was discovered formed of large stones and leading to a chamber similar in character to that of New Grange, but of much smaller dimensions; both in the passage and the chamber, are the openings of small recesses; and the upright stones which form the larger chamber present markings differing in some respect from those of New Grange. Other chambers were discovered, making it probable that several more crypts exist in the great mound. In the course of this examination the mound suffered great dilapidations which were not repaired. No report from the Committee of Antiquities was ever published; but in Sir William Wilde's work on the Boyne, an excellent account is given of the results of the exploration.*

Dr. Reeves is inclined to believe that the spot was a grange or church farm of the Abbey of Mellifont. In King John's Charter we find "grangia de Cnogva" (Knowth).

* "Beauties of the Boyne," &c.

1st. That Cambrensis was in error in stating that the Irish were destitute of castles before the Norman occupation.

2nd. That castles of the Anglo-Norman type seem to have been erected, though in small numbers, shortly before the period of the English occupation; of this description was the castle of Tuam.

3rd. That the Danes built but few castles in Ireland.

4th. That the Irish castles were round, and different from the ecclesiastical towers, principally in size, but that they were not abundant.

5th. That older forms of defensive architecture occur largely in Ireland.

6th. That these are mentioned under the names of Caisel, Rath, Lis, Dún, Cathair, Múr, and Túr.

7th. That these structures existed in great numbers before the first Danish invasion.

8th. That although the acts of the Danes are minutely detailed in the Annals, there is hardly any notice of their erecting fortifications.

9th. That the Caisel was a circular wall or enclosure for the defence of royal residences or of monasteries.

10th. That the Ráth (Lios, Lis), was an earthen mound or fort, enclosed with one or more fossæ and ramparts.

11th. That there are abundant historic notices from remote times of particular raths.

12th. That many of these raths contained internal chambers of stone.

13th. That the term Dún is a generic one, and applied to a strong place or a fortification, whether on a hill or in the plain. Hence it is used synonymously with Rath, Lis, and Cathair.

14th. That the historic notices of dúns are as numerous as those of raths.

15th. That the Cathairs (Túr, Múr,) exceed all other fortifications in interest and historic importance.

16th. That these last-mentioned terms are employed to designate works of stone without cement, built in a manner resembling those termed Cyclopean.

17th. That they occur constantly in the names of places in the western and southern parts of Ireland, especially those adjacent to the Atlantic, and that the peculiar monuments to which they are applied are rarely, if ever, found in the northern and eastern parts of the country.

18th. That all existing notices of these remains ascribe their erection to the earliest colonists, who are traced to a Greek origin.

19th. That the greater Cathairs consist of circular walls of great thickness, and of uncut and uncemented stone, of which the faces are laid in courses of some regularity, or are of polygonal blocks.

20th. That the doorways have inclining jambs and large horizontal lintel stones.

21st. That in certain cases there are one or two chambers in the thickness of the wall. These are dome roofed.

22nd. That the principle of the arch was unknown to the builders of the Cathairs.

23rd. That in certain examples there is a surrounding *chevaux de frise* of sharp stones, which is sometimes of great extent.

24th. That the great tumuli of Ireland are constructed in the same style as the stone military remains, and are probably the works of the same ancient colonists that our histories state them to be.

As the main purpose of this essay was to give an account of the ancient military or defensive works of the country, the subject of sepulchral architecture is but incidentally treated of, and indeed handled only so far as was necessary to connect some of the structures with that race which raised the many forts on the western coast of Ireland. Hence but little notice is taken of the different forms of

sepulture at the early periods. The great tumuli of the Boyne, well styled the pyramids of the west, are partially described, while the cromlechs, stone circles, and cairns are but alluded to. It is plain that at this time Petrie had not gone into the entire subject of ancient Irish sepulture. He has done much in showing the true nature of the cromlech, or so-called Druidic altars, and has brought the light of history to bear, not on them alone, but on the four principal monuments of the Boyne, even to their very identification; and from what he has done in this essay, written in 1834, some estimate may be made of what he would afterwards have accomplished had opportunity been afforded to him.

The prevalence of cremation, and by whom and at what time it was employed—the use of urn burial, the exquisite and varied ornamentation of urns, the history and description of the kistvaen, with its occasional decorations, the rath burial, the connexion of any or all of these methods with the iron, bronze, or stone periods—all present matters for inquiry of great importance. The investigation of the whole subject, it will be remembered, is alluded to by Sir Thomas Larcom in his letter to Petrie as necessary to complete his researches, so that all that is known of Pagan and Christian work in the country might be brought together.

In the review of Petrie's labours as connected with the military antiquities of Ireland, the subject of sepulchral monuments is introduced only in illustration of his views as to the question of an early Greek or eastern colonization. Whether the constructors of the great tumuli on the Boyne came to Ireland at the same time with that early stream which has left its traces in the form of cromlechs and monoliths over so large a portion of northern and western Europe, may be considered an unsettled question. But that a sufficiently close similarity has been established between the architecture of ancient Greece, both defensive and

sepulchral, and that which early legend declares to have been the work of colonies having a south-eastern origin must be admitted; and it is not to be forgotten that the examination of most of our monumental remains strangely confirms, not only the old written records of the country, but much of its history that has become traditional. The antiquity of a tradition is in itself no argument against its truth; it may be, indeed, that the more remote the origin of the tradition, the greater will be the probability of its being based on truth, and for some ages, at all events, handed down in its naked and simple dress.

The opinion that the cromlechs and circles of stones which abound in this country were sepulchral monuments was adopted by Petrie in his early youth. It has been shown that in one of his earliest tours in Wicklow, written in 1808, and before he had attained the period of manhood, he expressed the opinion that the stone circles—one example of which he had met with and examined on Church Mountain —were certainly raised as monuments for the dead; and it is a painful and striking fact that his views as to the fallacy of former and still existing theories on the subject should not have been acknowledged by any great antiquary until after a period of nearly thirty years from the time of their publication had elapsed, when in the repose of the grave he was indifferent alike to censure or to praise.

On the 26th of February, 1838, Petrie read his paper to the Academy on the great collection of sepulchral antiquities situated in the townland of Carrowmore, about two miles from the town of Sligo. Many of these monuments were greatly dilapidated, but there were still existing vestiges of about sixty circles with cromlechs, and there is reason to believe that the collection was originally about double that number; while most of them contained bones and urns, forming the largest collection of monuments of the kind in

the British islands, and probably, with the exception of that of Carnac, in Brittany, the most remarkable in the world.*

In the second part of Mr. Stuart's magnificent work on the "Sculptured Stones of Scotland," published in 1867, that great thinker and scientific antiquary has the following passage :—

Dr. Petrie describes a very remarkable collection of stone circles, cairns, &c., at Carrowmore, about two miles from the town of Sligo. They are of the class popularly called Druidical temples, and have in every instance one or more cromlechs or kistvaens within them. . . . . Dr. Petrie concludes that the circles are wholly of sepulchral origin, and were erected as monuments to men of various degrees of rank slain in a battle, the great central cairn being the sepulchre of the chief, and the great enclosure outside the group, the burial-place of the inferior class. He adds that such monuments are found on all the battle-fields recorded in Irish history as the scenes of contest between the Belgian or Firvolg and the Tuatha de Danann colonies, and concludes with an opinion, that as monuments of this class are found not only in most countries of Europe, but also in the East, their investigation will form an important accessory to the history of the Indo-European race, and probably destroy the popular theories of their having been temples and altars of the Druids.

This sagacious conclusion of one of the most profound antiquaries of Ireland is, so far as I am aware, one of the first attempts to deduce from the *remains found in them* the real character of the stone circles, and to overthrow the comparatively modern popular delusion which assumes them to have been "Druid temples."†

Of the existence of these monuments in Sligo, Petrie had previously been in some degree acquainted by a passage in a MS. diary of the artists commissioned by the patriotic Colonel Burton Conyngham, for the purpose of making antiquarian drawings in the west of Ireland towards the close of the last century. But the description by these gentlemen conveyed no idea of the number of these remains, which are here grouped in a limited space. Petrie, who

* Proceedings R.I.A., vol. i., p. 140. † Appendix to Preface, p. 23.

was then employed on the Ordnance Survey, and in correspondence with Sir Thomas Larcom, was, during the autumns of 1835 and 1837, a guest at the neighbouring house of Rathcarrick, the residence of Mr. Walker, a gentleman endeared to him by old friendship, by the fascination of his manners, and his fondness for antiquarian pursuits. Here, in the midst of the scenery so peculiar to the western coast, dwelling at the foot of Knocknarea, on the summit of which is one of the grandest sepulchral cairns of Ireland, and close to the great monuments of Carrowmore, he passed many happy days, the recollections of which he preserved to the close of his life.

It was at this time that he wrote the first description of Carrowmore, in the form of letters to Sir Thomas Larcom, now published for the first time.

Boyle, July 31, 1837.

My dear Larcom,—After writing to you yesterday I walked along the Bailly, as far as Lough Gara, looking at raths, tumuli, and other remains. The principal object of curiosity was, however, a truly magnificent cromleac, situated about two miles from Boyle, very near the road-side. The table-stone is about sixteen feet long, and two of the original supporters, from which it has slipped, are about ten feet high. This monument is known as usual in this county by the name Leaba Diarmaid an Graine, or the bed of Diarmaid and Graine; and the popular belief, which nothing could shake, is that it was erected by the giant Diarmaid as a temporary resting-place for Graine, the daughter of Fin-Mac-Cool, who had eloped with him, and was pursued by her father. I suppose this fine monument is marked on the map, but I think it well to draw your attention to it lest it should be forgotten. I have two sketches of it.

This has nearly been a *dies non* with me. I have got a severe cold coming down, from being obliged, from the lowness of the roof of the coach, to have my head uncovered. . . .

I got, a few minutes ago, a very interesting remain of antiquity, found near the Cromleac of which I have already written. It is a headstall of the usual form, but remarkable in this, that it was entirely covered with a jet enamel. Unfortunately the greater

part of this has been scraped off, but enough remains to establish the fact, which is a very important one.

I shall stay here to-morrow, but, if possible, go on to Sligo on Wednesday.

Ever, my dear Larcom,
Yours, faithfully,
GEORGE PETRIE.

Rath Carrick, Sligo,
August 2, 1837.

MY DEAR LARCOM,—I write merely to acquaint you that I arrived here this morning by the Sligo mail. I am too much knocked-up by fatigue from a visit to the parish of Kilmactrany yesterday, a sleepless night afterwards, and the fatigue of travelling in a drenching rain to-day, to write at any length, but you shall hear from me to-morrow. I got your letter this morning as I passed the post-office. I have never seen or heard from O'D., and I regret much that he was not with me yesterday. I discovered the Cyclopean towers, from which the battle-field took its name—Plain of the Towers; they are very remarkable, yet omitted on the map. This discovery was somewhat remarkable, as I had also the good fortune to ascertain the existence of two similar forts in the southern Moy Tuire, near Cong; however, more of this to-morrow.

GEORGE PETRIE.

Rath Carrick,
August 7, 1837.

MY DEAR LARCOM,—When I last wrote to you I was suffering from severe illness, from which I am only now completely recovered, after a confinement to bed for three days; in fact, I have had a wonderful escape from fever, of which I had every symptom. This will account for my silence. I have, however, been at work for the last two days noting over the parish of Killaspugbrone, and examining the tracings, and I have added very many important monuments, which have been overlooked. I am just now starting to make a similar examination in the parish of Killmacowen—the parish in which all the cromleacs and circles are.

I very much fear that the opening of the cairn of Queen Maive is, for the present, out of the question. It would require more time than I could give to it, and so her majesty has leave to rest a while longer in peace.

It is astonishing what a multitude of ancient monuments of the Belgians are in this country. One can hardly look over a ditch without seeing some of these remains, such as a rath or a cromleac, a cairn or a stone circle. I have promised you a detailed account of my visit to Moy Tuire, and you shall have it yet; but I cannot lose any of this fine day writing, while there is so much to be done out of doors.

So I shall only request you to believe me ever, my dear Larcom,

Faithfully yours,
GEORGE PETRIE.

Rath Carrick,
August 11, 1837.

MY DEAR LARCOM,—I merely write you a line to say that, after yesterday's investigation of the sepulchral circles at Carrowmore, I am far from done, though I brought up my notes to forty circles. I now verily believe there could not originally have been less than two hundred.

But the destruction going on daily is horrible, and if I did not work now it would be too late to preserve a memorial of them in a short time. The peasantry, generally, have no reluctance to destroy them; on the contrary, are glad to get permission to clear the land of them.

I am just now going there again.

Yours ever,
Most faithfully,
GEORGE PETRIE.

Rath Carrick, county of Sligo,
August 12, 1837.

MY DEAR LARCOM,—On visiting the townland of Carrowmore on Tuesday last, I found that the sepulchral circles were more

numerous than I had anticipated, and that to catalogue them without error or omission, it would be necessary to take them in something like regular order, putting to each on the map a number corresponding to the description written on the spot in my note-book. I now send you the result of this re-investigation. I commenced on Wednesday and finished to-day.

1. I commenced with the chain of circles situated to the N. of the road leading from Seafield to Sligo, of which this is the most western. This forms an elevated platform, and has an inner circle of smaller stones, with a broken cromleac in the centre. The stones of the outer circle, which is forty feet in diameter, are of very large size, and thirty-five in number; but two of them have fallen from their places. Bones were found beneath the cromleac.

2. This is situated six paces to the E. of the preceding, and is fifty-two feet in diameter. The stones are of great size, but the greater number of them have been removed to an adjoining wall. Human bones have also been discovered within this circle.

The owner of the field in which these two circles are situated recollects to have seen five large upright stones in a group at a distance of about forty feet to the S.E. of the second circle, and which were removed to form the wall along the road side, which is chiefly composed of such large stones. These were, unquestionably, the uprights or supporters of the cromleac of another circle.

3. This circle is situated a few paces to the E. of the preceding. It is forty feet in diameter, and consists of thirty-four stones, of which four have been displaced. The cromleac remains, but the upper stone has been thrown off its supporters. It is only four feet long, one and a half feet thick, and twelve feet in circumference. Mr. Walker had the chamber of this cromleac searched, and found an interment within it. This circle appears to have had an outer one of very large stones, and twelve in number, but six only now remain.

Between this circle and the next to be noticed there are several upright stones, forming a curved line, and apparently, or as I might say, certainly the remains of another circle.

4. This circle is situated a short distance to the N.E. of the preceding one. It is in part destroyed, but the cromleac is untouched. The diameter of the circle is forty feet, and the number of stones appears to have been forty, but twenty-one only remain.

The cromleac of this circle is a good example of the size most

common to such monuments in Carrowmore. It is formed of five supporting, and one table-stone, altogether not more than five feet in height, and the table-stone fourteen feet in circumference.

5. Of this circle only eight stones remain in their original position, and the cromleac is entirely destroyed. The diameter was about the same as that last noticed, from which it is only fourteen paces distant to the N.E.

6. This circle and cromleac was destroyed about the year 1815 in raising gravel. Its situation is marked by the gravel-pit to the N.E. of No. 5.

7. Situated to the N.E. of the preceding,—this circle, with its cromleac, are perfect. Its diameter is thirty-seven feet, and the number of stones thirty-two. The cromleac is about eight feet high; the table-stone resting on six stones of great magnitude. It is nine feet long, and twenty-three feet in circumference.

The situation of this circle, being on the ridge of a hill, gives it very striking and picturesque effect.

Between this circle and the following there are also several large stones which appear to be the remains of another circle.

8. Situated still further to the N.E. and W. of the road,—this circle is ninety feet in diameter, and is most probably sepulchral, though it has somewhat the appearance of a fort or rath—the surrounding stones being nearly buried in a clay bank,—there is no vestige of a cromleac within it.

9. Situated still further to the N.E.,—this circle consists of ten remarkably large stones, and it may be doubted if there were more than twelve originally; diameter forty-two feet.

10. Situated to the N.E. of the last—this circle is in part destroyed, but from the portion which remains it appears to have been one of the grandest of the whole series.

As in the last noticed it seems to have consisted of only twelve stones, of which eight remain, and they are of unusually great size. The diameter of the circle was seventy-five feet. The cromleac, now quite ruined, was of corresponding magnitude, and an interment was found beneath it.

11. This circle is situated to the S.W. of the preceding. Four stones only now remain in their original position. The remainder with the cromleac were destroyed or removed by the peasant who holds the ground, about five years ago. Between this circle and the

road there are several very large stones, which, with others that were blasted, formed, according to the peasantry, another circle.

Here the chain of circles towards the north appeared to have ended, and the next examined were those situated to the E. of the road to Sligo, toward the south.

12. This circle, which is situated near the road, and E.N.E. of No. 9, is composed of small stones, mixed with earth, and is forty feet in diameter. There is a stone sepulchre in the centre, but no cromleac.

13. This circle, which was situated to the S.E. of No. 7, has been destroyed by the road passing through it, but the cromleac remains, and is a fine monument of its kind. The table stone is twenty feet in circumference, and is supported by six stones, but on the W. side or head there are four more stones, lengthening the grave, as frequently occurs in such monuments.

14. Situated to the S. of the preceding, at the corner of the road, a few stones only remain, the rest, including the cromleac, have been displaced, or removed by raising gravel.

15. Situated still more to the S., and on the E. side of the road. This was a double circle about forty feet in diameter, but a portion of the outer one has been destroyed to raise gravel, seventeen stones only remaining, and the cromleac is ruined. Human bones were found within it by Mr. Walker.

16. Situated immediately to the S. of the preceding, and adjoining the road.—This was also a double circle, and about the same diameter as No. 15. But the outer circle is nearly destroyed, and the covering of the cromleac is displaced. It is thirteen feet in circumference, four feet four inches long, and one and a half thick.

17. This circle is situated on the other or western side of the road, S. of the preceding, and is in part destroyed by the road. It appears to have been a double circle, external diameter forty feet. The covering stone of the cromleac has been displaced, and within its enclosure Mr. Walker found human bones and fragments of an urn. The grave, as usual, had been opened previously. The covering stone is twelve feet in circumference.

18. This circle is situated twenty paces to the S. of the preceding, which it resembled in every respect. It is forty feet in diameter, has an inner circle, as usual of smaller stones, and a cromleac, now ruined, in the centre. It appears to have had a second cromleac or kistvaen within the circle; twenty-nine stones

of the external circle remain, and the original number appears to have been thirty-five.

Between this circle and the next to be noticed, there is every reason to believe that three or more circles have been destroyed, as the peasantry allege.

19. This circle, which is situated to the south of the preceding, is the grandest of the whole series now remaining. It is seventy-two feet in diameter, and consists of forty-nine stones, the original number being apparently fifty-two. These stones are all of great magnitude, and many of them are seven feet above the ground. It had evidently several kistvaens or cromleacs within it, of which the remains are visible, as well as one outside the circle on the west, the stones of which remain.

20. Situated about twenty paces to the S. of the preceding.—This circle was of small diameter, and consisted of twelve stones, five of which have been recently removed.

21. Still further S. a few stones of this circle, with the table stone of the cromleac only remain.

22. Situated to the S.E. of the preceding, and close to the road.—This is a fine double circle, with the cromleac partly ruined in the interior. The diameter of the outer circle is fifty-three feet, and of the inner one thirty-two feet. The stones in both are, as most usual, placed quite close to each other. The number of stones in the outer circle is forty-five, but they appear originally to have been fifty-two, as places for seven are empty. Within the cromleac an interment was found by Mr. Walker.

23. This circle is situated about fifteen paces to the S. of the preceding. It is considerably injured, seventeen stones only remaining of the circle, which consisted of thirty or thirty-two. The diameter is thirty-six feet. The stones of the cromleac remain, but are displaced, and human bones have been found within it.

24. West of the preceding, there are twenty-three large stones, which evidently belonged to another circle, now destroyed.

25. Situated about six paces W. of No. 23.—Of this circle only nine stones remain and no cromleac; the diameter was forty-five feet.

26. This circle is situated to the S. of the preceding, and near the road. It is nearly perfect, but wants the cromleac or kistvaen. These stones are large, and, as usual, placed quite close to each other. They are thirty-eight in number, and the diameter of the circle is fifty feet.

27. Situated to the S.W. of the preceding,—this is a double circle, and one of the finest of the series. The stones of the inner circle are small, and nearly covered by the clay. Those of the outer one are of large size, averaging six feet in height, and twenty feet in circumference. The diameter of the circle is sixty feet. The number of stones in this circle is thirty-seven. The pillar stones of the cromleac, sixteen in number, remain, but the covering stone, or stones, for it is probable there were more than one, have been destroyed.

28. This circle is situated about twenty paces S.E. of the preceding. It is only a vestige, consisting of three stones, with the supporting stones of the cromleac. The destruction of this circle has been recent.

29. Situated still more to the south and east of the road.—This is also a vestige, six large stones of the circle and cromleac only remaining, the rest having been recently blasted and removed. As usual, human bones were found within this tomb.

30. This circle, with its fine cromleac, was destroyed within the last week by Mr. Chambers, of Clover Hill. It was situated to the E. of the preceding, and on the eastern side of the road.

31. Situated on Leachtareel Hill, to the W. of the road, and S. of the preceding.—Of this circle and cromleac only a few stones remain. They were destroyed a few years ago by one of Mr. Walshe's tenants, who occupies the farm. It was of small diameter, but the stones were of great size. Human bones were found within the cromleac.

32. This circle is situated a few paces S. of the preceding. It is nearly perfect, but the cromleac is broken. The stones are of small size, and the diameter of the circle is forty-two feet.

Within the memory of the old people there was a remarkable cairn adjacent to these circles which gave name to the hill Leachtareel. It was destroyed many years since to build walls, and not a trace of it remains.

33, 34. Of these circles, which were situated to the S. of the preceding, slight vestiges remain. They were destroyed about fifteen years ago by Mr. Walshe's tenants.

35. Situated still further to the S.—This has also been destroyed, but the cromleac remains with the table stone displaced. There were other circles within the vicinity which were also destroyed.

36. This circle is situated in the field lying west of the preceding,

and is nearly perfect. It now consists of forty-nine stones, some of which have been thrown down or displaced, and the upper stone of the cromleac has also been displaced, but not carried away. The diameter of the circle is sixty feet.

37. Situated to the S. of the preceding.—This is a triple circle, with a perfect cromleac in the centre. The inner circle is composed of rather small stones, placed quite close to each other, and not more than a foot or so above the soil. This circle is about forty feet in diameter. The second circle is composed of very large stones, twelve in number, and consequently greatly apart from each other —the interval being about six paces. This circle is about eighty feet in diameter. The third circle is composed of stones of still greater magnitude, but as several of them have been removed or destroyed, it can only be assumed that there were also twelve, and the diameter of this circle is 120 feet. The cromleac is of the smallest size, and is not more than four feet in height. The circumference of the table stone is sixteen feet, and it rests on five supporters.

38. This circle is situated to the W. of the preceding, from which it is but a few feet distant. Not more than about half the stones remain, and the cromleac is wholly destroyed; diameter sixty feet.

39. This circle again is but a few feet westward of the last, and is still more injured, but ten stones remaining. They are of large size, and the diameter of the circle is seventy feet.

40 and 41. Of these two circles, only a few stones remain. They were destroyed by Mr. Walshe's tenants about twenty years ago. They were situated in the small field to the east of that in which No. 37 is placed. As usual, human bones were found in the tombs.

42. The remains of this circle, consisting of seven or eight stones, are situated in the same field with Nos. 38 and 39. It was destroyed by Mr. Walshe.

43. Situated in the field to the south of that in which the number preceding lies, and immediately adjacent. The diameter is forty-five feet, but the number of stones cannot be ascertained, as many of them are covered over by the soil. There are no remains of the cromleac.

Immediately adjacent to this circle, towards the north, there are seven or eight large stones which appear to have been the remains of another circle.

44. Situated in the same field to the west of this circle, only eleven stones remain. The others have been removed to form a wall adjacent, diameter seventy-two feet.

45. This circle, or rather its remains, which consist only of a few stones, is situated in the same field with Nos. 38, 39, and 42. It was destroyed by Mr. Walshe.

46. Situated in the next field to the west, and close to the ditch which cuts off a portion of it. This circle appears rather to have been a cashel, or fort, than a place of interment; the diameter is about one hundred and twenty feet, and the wall ten feet in thickness. It is composed of enormous sized stones mixed with earth, and has a ditch and bank surrounding it. It has also two smaller walls within it, and extending across it in parallel right lines (as marked in the accompanying plan). This circle is situated immediately to the west of the cashel, and is in part destroyed, about twenty stones remain, but several of them displaced, and the cromleac is entirely gone. In the same field to the west there are a vast number of large stones, (and the boundary wall is in great part composed of similar stones). But it is impossible to trace with any certainty, a circular arrangement among them. It is certain, however, that within the memory of the present inhabitants of the townlands, the chain of circles was carried on without interruption, through the great field immediately to the north. They were destroyed by Mr. Walshe, who got a lease of the land from Lord Erne, in 1793, to clear the ground. The peasants who were employed in their destruction remember six or more of them distinctly, and the stones of which they were composed still remain, partly in pits within the field, and partly in the surrounding walls; in all these circles bones were found beneath the cromleacs.

Towards the north of the field the series is again resumed.

48. Of this circle, which appears to have been of great size, only one stone remains. But its cromleac is still perfect. It consists of supporting stones, and one covering, which is six feet in length and breadth. The remaining stone of the circle is about five feet in height, and is thirty-eight feet from the cromleac, which would give a diameter of at least seventy-six feet to the circle in its perfect state. This cromleac is situated to the north-east angle of the great field spoken of above.

49. Situated in the same field, about eighty paces to the west of

the preceding.—This is a double circle with a ruined cromleac in the centre. The stones of the outer circle are considerably larger than those in the inner, and appear to have consisted of thirty-two, but some of them have been removed. The diameter of the circle is thirty-eight feet. The stones of this inner circle are nearly covered with earth, as are also those of the tomb, which wants the covering stone.

50. The remains of this circle which was destroyed, with its cromleac, about three years since, consist of twenty-four large stones. They are situated in the field to the north of the preceding, and west of the great cairn next to be noticed.

51. This is the most important monument of the entire series, and evidently, both from its magnitude and central situation, marks the sepulchre of the most distinguished person entombed in this great cemetery. In its present state of dilapidation it is impossible to describe its original proportion with certainty. But enough remains to enable us to approximate to the truth, and indeed in some respects its partial destruction, by exposing its interior, has furnished facts which could not otherwise be acquired. Its situation is more elevated than that of any of the monuments by which it is surrounded, and its circumference is considerably greater, the diameter being about one hundred and fifty feet. Like many of the other monuments, it consisted originally of two concentric circles, with a cromleac or kistvaen in the centre. But the space enclosed by the outer circle was covered with a cairn or heap of stones, originally, it is probable, not less than forty or fifty feet in height. The cairn has been used as a quarry for many years past, by the neighbouring inhabitants, and this has diminished its altitude so much as to expose the tomb within it. It is composed of stones of great magnitude and built with an unusual degree of regularity of form. The covering stone is ten feet square and two feet thick, and unlike those in all the other tombs, is not of granite but of limestone, and so also are some of its supports. The persons who first opened it assert that they found nothing within it but burnt wood, and human bones. The half-calcined bones of horses and other animals were and are still found in the cairn in great quantity.* The

* A large spear-head, formed of stone, was also found, as Petrie was afterwards informed by Mr. Walker.

stones which formed the outer circle were of large size; but most of of them have been carried away, and we can now only form a conjecture as to their number, which, allowing a breadth of three feet between each, would be one hundred and fifty. This cairn is called *Listoghil*, or Rye Fort; but this name is obviously not its original one, being founded on the erroneous supposition that the monument was a Lis or Fort.

52. The next monument noticed, is situated about seventy paces to the north-west of the cairn. This, which was a large circle, has been recently destroyed for the materials which it afforded to build the wall connecting the field in that direction with the road. The cromleac, however, which is a very large and apparently double one, still remains, but is in great part buried in stones collected to clear the adjacent field.

53. A few stones only of this circle remain. It was destroyed a few years ago by Mr. Walshe's herd, by that gentleman's order. As usual it had a cromleac within it. It was situated on the same field boundary with No. 52, and within about one hundred feet of the road.

54. Of this circle also, only a few stones are left; the rest having been carried away to clear the ground, but the cromleac is untouched though covered with stones, collected off the land. It is situated at the angle of the field, north-east of the cairn, and to the east of that last noticed.

55. This circle is more perfect, but some of the stones have been removed to form a garden wall. The cromleac is perfect, but covered with stones. It is situated to the north of the preceding, and close to the road. It is the last link of the external chain of circles, which commenced with No. 1. The places of any intermediate circles which may have existed, have been occupied by the road, and houses on either side.

56. This circle is situated immediately to the north of the cairn, and about seventy paces from it. Its diameter is thirty-six feet, and it is nearly perfect; the cromleac is quite so.

57. This circle is perfect, and consists of thirty-two stones of large size, diameter forty-seven feet. The cromleac is destroyed. It is situated about eight paces to the east of the preceding.

58. Situated to the north-east. This circle is entirely destroyed, but the supporting stones of the cromleac, seventeen in number, remain.

59. Situated a few paces east of the preceding. In this instance the circle is also destroyed, and only the supporting stones of the cromleac remain. They consist of nine stones, and are arranged in a circle. This is the last of this series of monuments of which I could find any distinct remains. There is, however, not far from them, a monument which, though somewhat different in its character, is evidently of coeval erection, and which should be considered as belonging properly to the series, and I add it to this description list accordingly.

60. The situation of this monument is sufficiently marked on the map to the east of the road leading to Sligo. It is a great circular enclosure, originally surrounded as in all the preceding examples, by a circle of large stones. Most of these stones have been removed, to clear the land, and those which remain are nearly covered with earth. This enclosure is known in the district by the name of *Caltragh*, the church or graveyard, from the fact that the whole of it is filled with human bones, but no interment has ever been made in it in the memory of man, nor is there any tradition of a church having ever been there. It is evidently of Pagan times, and the conclusion may perhaps be drawn with safety, that while the other monuments were the tombs of chiefs and princes, this was the general cemetery of the soldiers or common people. This conclusion will be strengthened when I come to consider the historic origin of these remains; but I have previously to notice some other monuments, which, though not immediately connected with the series already noticed, are still so contiguous as to make it probable that they originally belonged to it.

After finishing my descriptive remarks on the series of monuments grouped together in the townland of Carrowmore, it occurred to me as probable, that a careful examination of the townlands lying to the north and south, might furnish evidences that the series had probably been carried on originally from one extremity of the peninsula of Cuil Irra to the other. I accordingly traversed the ground on both these sides with great attention, and though my anticipations were not realized towards the south, the investigation was rewarded by the discovery of several monuments to the north, of the existence of which I should have remained ignorant but for this search.

61. The first of the circles thus discovered is three fields north

of the road leading from Rath Carrick to Sligo. The townland is called Barnase-rahy. Of this circle there are but five stones remaining in their original position. They are above six feet in height, and from the portion of the circle which they form, it may be concluded with certainty that this monument was of unusual extent and grandeur.

62. The next monument noticed is a tumulus composed of stones and clay, and known popularly by the name Cruckán-a-Curragh, or the Little Hill of the Marsh. It is about one hundred and eighty feet in circumference and fifteen feet in height. The top is flat as usual in sepulchral cairns, or rather hollowed. This monument is situated immediately adjacent to the circle last described.

63. Situated a few yards to the south-east of the cairn last described, I found another circle quite perfect, but the stones in some places are nearly covered with earth. It is seventy feet in diameter. The interior of the circle is remarkable for a peculiar arrangement of stones (of which the annexed plan will give you a correct idea). Human bones have been found within the central enclosure, and, as stated by the people of the neighbourhood, a bronze sword was found about forty years ago. This was the last monument of a sepulchral character which I noticed; but in the neighbourhood of the preceding group, I discovered a remarkable boundary stone, which may be of coeval antiquity, and which should also be inscribed on the map.

64. This stone marks the mearing of three townlands. It is a thin flag of limestone set on edge, and about 9 feet in height and breadth. It has a square hole artificially formed towards one side, and measuring about a foot; and from its mottled appearance this stone is popularly called *Cloc-breac*, or the speckled stone. A little to the south of this monument there is a remarkable well or spring, called *Tober-na-Ffian*, or the well of the warriors.

I have now completed the list of this remarkable series of ancient monuments, which, excepting the monuments at Carnac, in Brittany, is, even in its present state of ruin, the largest assemblage of the kind hitherto discovered in the world.

That these monuments are wholly sepulchral must be at once obvious; and this is the only origin assigned them in the ancient and living traditions of the country. Nor are they known by any other names than those which support these traditions, as *Leaba-*

na-Ffian, the beds (or graves) of the warriors; *Leaba-na-Ffear-mor* the beds of the giants, or big men; and I have no doubt but I shall be able hereafter to prove that these are the tombs of the Belgæ, who, after the battle of the Southern Moy-Tuire, in Mayo, retreated into this peninsula of Cuil-Irra, having been again defeated and their king slain in crossing the strand of Ballysadare bay. At present, however, my space will only permit me to observe, that it is of great importance to have ascertained facts which elucidate the use of a class of monuments found in all the regions peopled by the great Indo-European family of mankind, and which have hitherto been generally considered, though unsupported by any substantial evidence, as altars and temples of the Druids, &c.

Believe me ever, my dear Larcom,

Faithfully yours,

GEORGE PETRIE.

In the year 1848 Petrie, accompanied by Dr. Todd and the writer, attended a meeting of the Cambrian Archæological Society held at Caernarvon, and another, held by the same society, in the following year at Cardiff. On these occasions the question as to the primary object for which these megalithic monuments were raised, was earnestly debated, and Petrie then saw, with regret, that these antiquaries—to use his own words—"still clung with a desperate fidelity to the old opinion, that such remains were the temples and altars of Druidic worship." In consequence of this he was induced to commence an essay on the subject soon after his return from the last meeting, which, however, he was obliged to lay aside. The fragment which remains will be read with interest. After a detailed account of Carrowmore—as given in the letters to Sir Thomas Larcom, above quoted, he adds:

I should state that it is the opinion of my friend Mr. Walker, whose acquaintance with the district is more minute and accurate than what I had opportunities of acquiring, that there are evidences sufficiently strong to be found in existing vestiges on those lands, to warrant the conclusion that the chain of these monu-

ments had been anciently extended in this westerly direction, so as to connect them with the great cairn on the summit of Knock-na-rea mountain, which is about a mile distant. And, indeed, if we consider its propinquity as to situation, and its similarity in object and character to the other sepulchral monuments which I have now noticed, it will be difficult to avoid the adoption of his opinion that this great cairn was of contemporaneous erection with the remains in the plain below it; and that, as this was the grandest monument of the entire assemblage, it marked the resting-place of the most distinguished chief or leader of the warriors, in whose honour the monuments were raised. Of this monument I find the following account in the "Tour through Connaught, in 1779, under the direction of the Right Hon. William Burton," to which I have already made reference. "June 23rd, Misgan Meive, county Sligo.—This cairn, said to be the tomb of Queen Maud, wife to Olioll, King of Connaught, in the fourth century, is situated on the top of Knock-na-reagh mountain, which is a headland on the south side of Sligo Bay. It is called in Irish Misgan Meive, and is composed of an enormous heap of small stones, and is of an oval figure of six hundred and thirty feet in circumference at the base, seventy-nine feet slope on one side, sixty-seven at the other, and the area at the top a hundred feet in its longest diameter, and eighty-five in its shortest. It is seen at a great distance."

From the preceding description we find that even this great monument has not wholly escaped, since the time of the writer, the destructive barbarism which has effected such havoc of the monuments at Carrowmore. By a reference to my notes, made in 1837, I find the measurement given as the circumference of the cairn at its base to be but 590 feet, and its longest diameter at the top but 80 feet. It is well, however, that so much has been left, for in truth, since the time of the visit of Colonel Burton's artists, till a short time previous to that of the writer, the Misgan Maive has been the common resort of the people of Cuil Irra, for stones for building purposes, though the quarries of limestone at hand might be considered inexhaustible. Moreover, the antiquary has the greater consolation of knowing that the remains of this grand memorial of a remote age has now passed into the possession of one who, fully appreciating their interest and historic value, will have a pleasure in being their zealous preserver during his own time, and have a confident hopefulness that the diffusion of a

higher degree of civilization in the country will give a continuance to this spirit among his successors.

In connexion with the preceding notices of this cairn, I should not omit to state that it is surrounded at its base by a circle of stones of very great size—not, however, as usually, placed vertically, but in a longitudinal manner, and as if intended to give support and durability of form to the shingly mass which it encloses. This circle still preserves the extent of diameter originally belonging to the heap, but many of the stones have been removed.

It should be stated also that, around this great cairn, are the remains of many sepulchral monuments of lesser importance, consisting of groups of large stones forming circular or oval enclosures. A careful excavation within these tombs by Mr. Walker, resulted in the discovery, not only of human interments, but also of several rude ornaments and implements of stone, of a similar character to those usually found in the sepulchres of this class in Ireland, and which, being unaccompanied by any other of a metallic nature, identify this group of monuments as of contemporaneous age with those at Carrowmore, amongst which no iron remains are known to have been discovered, and mark them all as belonging to an early period of semi-civilized society in Ireland.

In concluding these brief notices of the Cuil Irra sepulchres it only now remains for me to state another fact in connexion with them which I have recently acquired, and which is of some importance, as tending to connect the period of the erection of this remarkable group of monuments with those of the same class in other parts of Ireland, and particularly with those of the great pagan sepulchres on the banks of the Boyne. I allude to the discovery of carvings of a rude character on the stones of a sepulchre lately discovered on the lands of Clover Hill, and in the immediate vicinity of some of the tombs noticed near that locality. The character of these carvings and their general similarity to those found on other sepulchral monuments in Ireland, will be sufficiently understood from the annexed engraving, which has been copied from a careful sketch, very kindly made for me by Mr. Chambers, jun. These carvings appear upon one of eight large stones four and a half feet in height, and from two to two and a half feet in breadth, which form the sides of a kistvaen, or cromleac, and enclosing a grave which measures seven feet in length and five feet in breadth. The covering stone having been destroyed. Of the

remaining seven stones two others are also carved, and present a wavy pattern resembling the written letter E, and which entirely covers them; but the incisions on these stones are less deep and distinct than those on the first stone of which I have given a copy. Immediately adjoining to this tomb there are the remains of another of smaller size, and differing from it in this circumstance, that the former was, when discovered, entirely flagged at the bottom or floor, while the latter only presented an earthen surface. These tombs, as we may fairly assume, were originally surrounded by the usual stone circular enclosure; and as their discovery adds evidence to the fact of the vast number of such monuments anciently clustered together at Carrowmore, I have marked their sites on the accompanying map with a star, for distinction from those marked on the map of the Ordnance Survey. I should, perhaps add that the rising ground to the south of Leacht-areel Hill, is called *Culleen beg*, or the little hill, but this name throws no light upon the history of the monuments, and is obviously one of no remote antiquity.

"In short," he adds, "I consider that the only conclusive induction which can be at present safely drawn from the facts elicited by the inquiry into the origin and uses of these ancient monuments, is simply that which regards them as sepulchral, an induction not resting upon theoretical arguments, or fanciful etymologies, but established beyond the range of rational scepticism."

The following letters may be here inserted:—

Rathcarrick, August 16, 1837.

My dear Larcom,— . . . . . In the meantime I have not been idle, and my prolonged stay here has enabled me to add considerably to my information concerning the sepulchral circles in Carrowmore, the line of which I find originally extended nearly if not entirely to the sea. By keeping on the line of those previously ascertained, I discovered a cairn and two remarkable circles of stones, and also a perforated boundary stone, nine feet in breadth and height. It was very desirable to have made the investigation as complete as possible, as there is no such collection of pagan monuments in the British Isles—in fact these exceed in number all that are in England and Scotland together.

I have also visited some remarkable cyclopean forts, particularly one called Cashel-Oir, or the golden Cashel, in the parish

of Killerry, about five miles from Sligo; a finer specimen of cyclopean work I have never seen, of the earliest style, some of the stones twelve feet long. It is ascribed by tradition to the Fir bolgs or Belgæ, and there was a similar fort in each of the baronies of Sligo, of which I got a list with their names; these names should, I think, be inscribed on the map. The thickness of the wall in Cashel-Oir is ten feet, the interior diameter is seventy, and it is in some places nearly twelve feet high still, though its stones have been used to build a gentleman's house and offices, and a neighbouring village; I should suppose that the original height of the wall could not have been less than twenty feet.

Altogether this district—I might say county—is equally interesting to the geologist, the antiquary, and the lover of the picturesque. I was in raptures with the scenery along the shore of Lough Gill, and the sweet little wood-embosomed lake of Ballygawley, and, if I had been in better spirits, and less absorbed by the spirit of antiquarian research, I should have felt great delight in transferring some of their beauties to my portfolio. The people of this country are a peculiar race, quite Gothic in appearance, fair complexioned, with light hair, blue eyes, and not handsome. The women are remarkable for the strength and thickness of their limbs; sometimes you will meet with handsome dark-haired, oval-faced, gracefully formed females, but on inquiry you will generally find that they are foreign to the district, that they are M'Loughlins from the North for instance, or some such, who came into the country after the wars! They are all a civil, intelligent, and obliging people, but the demon of religious and political discord is playing the devil among them; the gentry and parsons are precious bigots on the one side, the priests and people on the other, and it is appalling to a benevolent and philosophical mind to look forward to the probable, if not certain result of such a state of things.

Believe me ever, my dear Larcom,

Most faithfully yours,

GEORGE PETRIE.

21, Great Charles-street,
September 4th, 1837.

MY DEAR JOHN,—I sit down to write to you with very great pleasure, though I believe I should scold you well for the disap-

pointment you inflicted on me by not joining me at Boyle, where I had no doubt I should have met with you, and where I had promised myself the pleasure of an excursion with you to the great battle-field of Moytuire. But I am in too good a humour with you now to give expression to any other feeling than regret for the loss of your valuable assistance in walking over that most interesting locality, and noticing its remarkable remains. I suppose O'Conor has informed you that I had the good fortune to discover the remains of the great towers—cashels, or cahirs, from which the place derived its name. And as I had the similar good fortune to discover the towers in the southern Moytuire, I cannot help coming to the rational conclusion that fate, having determined that I should discover these also, kept *you* purposely away, that *I* might have the double glory to myself! It is no wonder that in both instances these towers should have been deemed worthy of such celebrity, for their magnitude was extraordinary, and their construction truly cyclopean. I have dotted these northern ones on the map, but I want your advice in giving them a name, for unfortunately, I was so occupied with their construction, &c., that I did not think of making such inquiries as I ought, relative to their Irish name, and which you would not have neglected to make. The whole of the information which I obtained was this, that the field, or enclosure, in which they are situated is called, in English, "the Turē field," and that these are the only stone forts or cashels in the barony. The question then which I propound is—should "Turē field" be inserted on the map? or if not, what would you suggest? It is curious that I learned this name quite accidentally, and by a singular piece of good fortune, for the owner of the field—a man of English family—though he brought me to look at the towers, had never heard any name applied to them or the place in which they are situated. But on asking an old man—one of the Mac Donoghs—if there were any stone forts in the district, his reply was, "none but those two in the Turē field;" and, on inquiry as to their locality, he pointed to the spot where the towers are—greatly to my delight, as you may suppose, and to the astonishment of the owner. I have discovered some other remarkable cashels in Sligo, of which you shall hear an account when we meet for our winter labours, and I have seen "wonderfully towering above the waves," the cairn of Eochy, in Traigh Eothaile. But the most extraordinary *sight* which I ever saw, or which can be seen in the way of pagan an-

tiquities in Great Britain, is the assemblage of sepulchral circles and cromleacs, commonly called Druid's temples, in the townland of Carrowmore, and peninsula of Cuil-irra. I examined these remains day after day with an untiring patience, mapping their situations and noting their features, till I left nothing to be discovered, and secured an accurate record of their present state before barbarian ignorance has finished its work of destruction. Only imagine that even while I was on the spot two of these circles with their cromleacs were destroyed by a *gentleman*, whose duty it was to preserve them, for the paltry value of the stones to build walls. It is said, however, that some good always springs from evil, and in this instance of the destruction of the cromleacs and circles of Carrowmore, it has established the fact that the antiquaries of Europe have been all wrong in supposing such remains to have been temples and altars—a romantic theory—like that of the fire temple round towers, the discovery of bones and urns in every cromleac proving that they were nothing more or less than tombs. This I consider as a fact of great importance; for it will destroy for ever one of the most bewitching themes of antiquarian fancy and foolery, and will add a valuable and steady ray of light in exploring the indistinct outlines of early European history. Of these circles, placed contiguously and often touching each other, I have ascertained the existence of no less than sixty-three, and it will not admit of doubt that before the work of destruction commenced to clear the ground, as they cut down the trees in America, there could not have been less than one hundred, and possibly, if not probably, double that number.

But there is too much of myself in all this. The object of my writing is to give you such hints as my acquaintance with Westmeath can furnish, and to reply to one or two queries which you have put to me in your recent letters. And first I must tell you that I have read the said letters with great pleasure and interest, notwithstanding their Pinkertonianism of style, which I cannot help thinking a deformity. However, this is a matter of taste and character—and you cannot help indulging, even perhaps though you desired to do so, an Irish pugnacity of expression in criticism—the shillelagh style—which is certainly the more striking in effect, as it is the natural demonstration of energy and power. You knock down with such admirable force that it would be a pity to restrain your arm—so more power to it!

And yet you can sometimes err yourself! What could have put it into your head that I had St. Barry's short staff? You state it as a fact! Now the fact is I have it not. Oh, "you base blunderer!" You may see it, I dare say, whenever you please, in Athlone by requesting permission of its owner, Mr. Patrick Hanly, or O'Hanly, attorney, who resides there. My dear John, what defence will you make for yourself. Have you been dreaming, or has the ghost of the saint been quizzing you while you were exploring his ancient domains? But seriously, you saw the crosier with me, but it was only lent me for inspection by the Dean of St. Patrick's, to whom it was offered by Mr. Hanly on condition that he would get a good situation—such as chief constable of police, or some such thing—for said Hanly's son, or brother, I forget which; and this the Dean declined with proper patriotic spirit, as a thing unworthy of a gentleman, and besides that he had not the power to do so under the present government. As to Mr. Patrick Hanly I do not know what his saintly relation will say to him at the other side for this offer of an exchange of his blessed staff for the sword of a policeman! Don't you think he'll be apt to give him a crack of it on the head as he deserves?

Your pedigrees of the Roscommon families are rendered valuable by your notes, and I only regret that it was not in your power to add the names down to the present time. I regret also that it was not in your power to visit *all* the islands of any importance in Lough Ree. Some of them have ruins on them of much interest, and your discovery of the valuable Irish inscription on Hare Island is a striking proof that much might be obtained in such "desert isles forlorn." I had hoped that you would have sent us some account of the Clogteach. Are you certain it is a round tower? I have heard of a remarkable square belfry of great antiquity on one of the islands, but never of a round one. I wish yet that you would inquire about this, if you have any uncertainty on the matter.

You have now entered on a new field of discovery, and I am doing my best to have you supplied with historical prog to digest on the journey. But I fear after all it will not be in my power to send you such a plenty or variety of provisions as you got on the other side of the Shannon. However, you shan't want, you are now among the O'Melaghlins, the descendants of kings—reduced and fallen low enough, but still retaining something noble in appearance, as well as a vigour of mind not unworthy of royal descent. At least

so I found them. Twenty of them would beat five hundred at a *fair* fight any day, and would not desire greater sport. You may, I think, get much information among them, for they are still numerous in Clonlonan and Ballyloghloe. And I wish much that you could find out the representative of the name. Art O'Melaghlin was the chief in Queen Anne's time, but I believe he died without issue, at Balinahoron. He lived at Ballinderry. Murrough was next, and his line is extinct on the male side. He resided near Moate. But there were several other branches, as the Melaghlins of Castletown and of Castlereagh, &c., of whom I learned nothing. The inquiry is worth making; for if this pedigree could be completed to the present time, it would be the most perfect and best supported by historical evidence of any in Europe.

Though I visited the celebrated hill of Uisneach, I have but little to direct your attention to upon it. I was but a tyro in antiquities at the time—in the first year of my apprenticeship, and I only recollect its greenness—being green myself—and its wonderful boundary stone, as large as a house. You should examine this and the hill generally with care. I would recommend you also to call upon Sir Richard Nagle, the representative of the Mac Geoghegans, as I have no doubt but he has the MSS. of Connell Mac Geoghegan; and you would also see the Durrow crosier of St. Columb. My space is out, but I shall write again soon.

Believe me ever, my dear John,

Most faithfully yours,

GEORGE PETRIE.

J. O'Donovan, Esq.

MY DEAR LARCOM,—The hill of Uisneach is one of the most celebrated places in Irish history. It was considered the centre of the kingdom, and the huge stone of which O'D. speaks was the boundary stone of the four provinces before Meath was formed by taking a part from each. I remember it well, and it is, perhaps, the most gigantic boundary stone in the world. It was here the great meetings of the States were held, and the Druidic festivals of Bealten or the sun were celebrated. And it was here that Eire, the wife of Kethorr, who was styled Mac Grèni, from whom Eirin or Ireland is said to have taken its name, was killed at the coming of the Milesians. Can this cromleac, spoken of by O'Donovan, be her tomb? Uisneach is situated in the parish of

Killair, barony of Rathconrath, and near Killybrook—a gentleman's seat.

As to the drawings of the towers of Moytuire, I really think you might venture to put them as I have marked them. They are certainly right in situation, and can be very little wrong in size. But we shall get an opportunity of having the spot examined before the sheet be printed. The circles, with the ground, are done, but I keep it to refer to till I finish my account for you with illustration (pen) of the principal remains. It will not, I find, be done before Monday, as I have to look after those inquiries of O'Donovan's continually.

No. 3. 21 Great Charles-street, Dublin,
20th September, 1849.

My dear Roger,—Your welcome letter gave me a very great pleasure, even though it blasted my hopes and sent to old Nick my dreams of the Carrowmore Oghams. I must say, however, that I had always great misgivings about the said Oghams, and strong anticipations as to the result of a careful and intelligent examination of the carvings, and so was somewhat prepared for a disappointment. But as we must now only make the best of it, as the discovery is an important addition to our knowledge of this most interesting group of ancient sepulchral monuments, and as I propose to re-write and publish my account of them immediately, I am exceedingly anxious to get the fullest information relative to the tumulus. First, then, I wish to know—is it marked on the Ordnance map? If not you should mark it accurately. Of course you have the sheet which contains the circles. Had the mound any local name, and if so, what is it? What was its height and circumference? Was it surrounded by a circle of stones? and if so, how many stones were there? I suppose it is certain that no bronze or metal remains of any kind were discovered. I am very glad you got the fragment of the urn, which you should take care of. Is it ornamented? Lastly, I wish very much you could make drawings or tracings of the rude carvings at Culleen Beg. This is essential from a variety of considerations. Whity-brown lapping paper would be a good material for this purpose. It might be rubbed with heel-ball, or pressed into the sunk lines with a stick or pencil, which could be gone over—I mean the lines—with red

chalk or black lead. And so, my dear Roger, you see how unmercifully I chalk out work for you!

I saw our friend G. Fitzgibbon a few days ago, and was pained to learn from him that his fields of potatoes, which were the finest in the county, were all going to the pigs.

With kindest regards to all at Rathcarrick,

I remain, my dear Roger,

Your affectionate,

GEORGE PETRIE.

R. C. Walker, Esq.

I have written with a diabolical pen.

CHAPTER VIII.

ANCIENT ART IN IRELAND.

THE rise, progress, and decline of art in Ireland, including painting, metal work, architecture, and sculpture, from its earliest period down to the fifteenth century, were long ago traced by Petrie. The sole historian of our national art, he observes that its progress or its decline has never hitherto been chronicled, or indeed, received the slightest aid or illustration from the literature of the country. And so may be explained the melancholy result that whenever genius of the highest order has appeared, it has rarely been discovered or appreciated until it has fled from our shores.

The statement of Sir William Petty as to the want of any knowledge of the arts in Ireland before the English invasion has been already given.* Yet it is outdone in violence and in ignorance of history by that of Pinkerton.

"The contest," he observes, "between those Irish writers and the literati of Europe, is the most risible in the world. The former say, their country was highly civilized, had letters and

* See p. 157.

academies as the Greeks and Romans. The latter say, the Greeks we know, and the Romans we know, but who are ye? Those Greeks and Romans pronounce you not only barbarous, but utterly savage. Where are your authorities against this? In the name of science, of argument, of common sense, where are the slightest marks of ancient civilization among you? Where are ruins of cities? Where inscriptions? Where ancient coins? Where is the least trace of ancient art or science in your whole island? The old inhabitants of your country, the wild Irish, the true Milesian breed, untainted with Gothic blood, we know to be rude clans to this day. Can a nation once civilized become savage? Impossible. Such a nation may be lost in effeminacy, as the modern Italians and Greeks, but will ever bear marks of the excess, not the want of civilization."

It is true that Ireland, though abounding in remains of remote antiquity, cannot adduce them as proving any high civilization among her earlier colonists. We can afford to smile at the bardic descriptions of the glories of the palace at Emania, or of the sculptured effigies in the royal cemetery of Croghan, as quoted by O'Conor and O'Halloran; but these glowing descriptions are only proofs of the more modern composition of the poems referred to.

An error has long prevailed as to the claims of Ireland to such a civilization as Pinkerton speaks of. Such claims, based upon statements which are apocryphal, are upheld by advocates of a doctrine rather than by searchers after truth. That some of the tribes of almost prehistoric times carried with them a certain and even a high degree of knowledge, the cinerary urns of excellent form and ornamentation, the weapons of bronze, and ornaments of gold, which may be seen in our museums, abundantly prove; and that some of these at all events were of native manufacture, appears from the discovery of the stone moulds for the casting of the bronze swords, so numerous and varied, and so beautiful in form.

Nor is this ancient skill shown in the manufacture of

weapons only. The forms of the great trumpets found near Emania, with their admirably executed rivettings throughout, must be seen to be appreciated; while the specimen of the divergent spiral in bronze implements of unknown use, in the Petrie museum, which Mr. Kemble declared to be the most striking in all Europe for beauty of execution and design, shows, not only the greatest skill in casting, but the possession of an instinctive taste of the highest quality.

Still such a knowledge of art is compatible with a low state of civilization, as regards the habits and manners of the race.*

But the advent of Christianity was followed by the rapid progress of the Fine Arts:—

The introduction of Christianity commences a new era in the history of the Fine Arts in Ireland; and we may observe, that *the bloodless conversion of a people to a new mode of faith*, gives strong evidence of their being at the time, far removed from utter barbarism. The oldest accounts of the progress of Patrick through Ireland present us with many particulars tending to that conclusion. How interesting is that passage in the collections of Tirechan, a writer of the seventh century, in which we learn that the Saint on paying *the sum ordained by law*, was furnished by a Pagan king, who would not renounce the religion of his fathers, with a passport and an escort of twelve men, to enable him, with his little army of bishops, priests, and laymen, to traverse Ireland from one extremity to the other.

It is to these circumstances that we are to attribute the subsequent celebrity of Ireland for piety and learning, when the Continent of Europe became involved in almost total darkness; and

* Dr. Todd, in his Presidential address to the Academy in 1856, learnedly handles the question as to whether the gold ornaments of Ireland were not actually brought over by the early colonists. The Celts or Galli are described by many classical authors as wearing rings, torques, and plates of gold. The want of auriferous districts in Ireland sufficient to supply so large a requirement as the quantity of the specimens discovered indicates, is pointed out, and he strongly inclines to the opinion that the gold ornaments were brought to the country by the early settlers. —Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, vol. vi., p. 326.

that the Western Island was enabled to send forth to the benighted regions, what Gibbon calls, perhaps justly, a feeble ray of science and superstition, but strong enough, however, to endure and illuminate, and ultimately to kindle into a blaze that lighted up all Europe.*

But as regards the question how far the existence of Christian art in the country influenced its general civilization, it must be remembered that that art, though unquestionably progressive, was mainly confined to the clergy and their dependents. It is true that ornaments and house furniture, probably secular, of great beauty, are to be found, yet they cannot be adduced as any proofs of the extended mental culture of the laity of Ireland; and that this was held by Petrie may be inferred from his early writings already quoted.

The labours of Petrie in this department were more confined to such historical investigations as could identify the relics with the saint or locality to which they belonged, so as to fix their date, than to any minute analysis of the ornamental art by which they are distinguished. Their general character and comparative excellence of design and of workmanship were subjects more dwelt on by him than the consideration of their details.

It is in the illuminated manuscripts that the power of the early Irish Christian artists, in effects and combinations of colour, and in variety of design, is chiefly to be seen. Of these the most remarkable for richness and beauty is the Book of Kells, preserved in the library of Trinity College, from which Mr. Westwood has taken some of his choicest specimens, and which seems to have been similar to, if not identical with, the manuscript described by Giraldus Cambrensis, as belonging to Kildare.

Yet the art of painting, excepting that employed in the illumination of manuscripts, seems to have made but little

* Dublin Penny Journal, vol. i., p. 98.

advance in Ireland. Nor is this to be wondered at when it is remembered that the period of the culmination of art in this country almost corresponds with that of the dawn of painting on the continent. It is true that Cogitosus has described the church of Kildare as having been ornamented with painted pictures,* while a few examples of rude frescoes may be seen, as in Cormac's Chapel, and in the Abbey of Knockmoy. In the former of these there is a certain richness of colour, yet the work is merely ornamental in design. But in the latter, which is divided into two portions, are given first the effigies of six crowned figures, of which three are skeletons, and three as in life. These latter show the regal costume of the twelfth century. One holds a drawn sword, and each of them has a bird, supposed to be a hawk, either on the arm, or in the hand held by a string, or resting on the shoulder. The form of the crowns on the skeletons is of a much earlier date than that on the living figures, and belongs to the twelfth or thirteenth centuries, while the radiated crown of the skeleton kings, is seen on the monuments of the Merovingian princes.

Below this fresco is another representing the shooting to death of a youth who is tied to a tree. The executioners are two archers, while the Brehon or judge sits by, after having pronounced sentence, and holding a roll in his hand.

Though the figures in the Knockmoy frescoes are not altogether destitute of grace or skill, we must not conclude that they were the best efforts which the painters of those times produced. The eastern window of the Cathedral Church of Kilkenny, erected in 1318, which contained the History of Christ from his birth to his ascension, was esteemed so admirable a performance of its kind by Rinuncini, the Pope's Nuncio, that he offered seven hundred pounds for it—a large sum in those days—deeming it a worthy ornament for Rome itself. It was shortly afterwards wantonly destroyed by Cromwell's soldiers!

* Petrie shows that the "Life of St. Brigid," by Cogitosus, was a work of the ninth, and not as Colgan and other writers have held, of the sixth century.

The art of the carver or sculptor may next be considered, and to deny the quality of a certain beauty to the early stone and metal work of Ireland, is only an example of a narrow prejudice. True it is that in the drawing of the figure, as seen in the older manuscripts and in sculpture, whether in stone or metal, it is easy to perceive a deficient power of execution and design, but even with such defects the old Irish artists are often most successful in expression. In the Petrie Museum the small metal shrine of St. Moedoc, which is of great antiquity, and ornamented with bas-reliefs of ecclesiastics and holy women in their early costumes, of an execution marvellously delicate, the expression of the countenances is in a high degree felicitous and varied; and to come to later times, the crowned effigies of O'Brien and O'Conor, at Corcomroe and Roscommon abbeys, exhibit a power of sculpture which may compare with anything of the same date in England. The same admirable quality of expression may be seen in the figure of the Saviour on the Cross of Tuam, and in many other examples.

But, although the period immediately subsequent to the Anglo-Norman conquest of Ireland was marked by the erection of some fine cathedrals and abbeys—the work of the conquerors, or of some native princes who followed their example and of a later style—the arts of sculpture and of metal work declined, and lost all national character in the fifteenth century, when they ceased to exhibit any traces of Celtic design. Referring to this period Petrie says:—

> We have still in existence a very interesting example of the sculpture of this age—a statue of the Virgin and child, the size of life, carved in Irish oak; it is preserved in the new Church of the Carmelites, in Whitefriar-street. The style of this curious monument is dry and gothic—yet it has considerable merit, far too much indeed, to allow us to suppose it a work of Irish art. We rather attribute it to some able carver of Albert Dürer's school, to whose time and style it unquestionably belongs, and we should not deem

it very unlikely even to be an early work of that great master's own hand.

There are some circumstances relative to the preservation of this statue, handed down by tradition, which have not hitherto appeared in print, and which may probably interest the reader. It was originally the distinguished ornament of St. Mary's Abbey, at the north side of Dublin, where it was not less an object of religious veneration, than of wonder and admiration for its beauty. Its glory, however, was but of short duration. The storm of the Reformation came—the noble religious structure to which it appertained was given to the Earl of Ormonde for stables for his train, and the statue was condemned, and, as it was supposed, consigned to the flames. One half of it was actually burnt—but it was the moiety which to a saint is perhaps not absolutely indispensable, and which, at least when placed in a niche, is not much missed; the other half was carried by some devout or friendly hand to a neighbouring inn yard, where, with the face buried in the ground and the hollow trunk appearing uppermost, it was appropriated, for concealment and safety, to the ignoble purpose of a hog-trough! In this situation it remained till the tempest had subsided, and the "noble rage" of the Iconoclasts had passed away, when it was restored to its original uses in the humble chapel of St. Mary's parish, which had grown up from the ruins of the great monastery to which the statue had originally belonged. But in the long night of its slumber in obscurity, a great change had taken place in the spirit of the times, more dangerous to its safety than even the abhorrence of its iconoclastic enemies:—no longer an object of fervent adoration to the pious devotee, or of admiration to any except the curious antiquary, it was considered of little value by its owners. Within the last few years—the ancient silver crown with which it was adorned, was taken from the Virgin's head, sold for its intrinsic value as old plate, and melted down; and the statue itself would most probably have followed the fate of its coronet, had it not been rescued and secured for a trifling sum by the worthy prior of the convent in which it is now deposited. This crown is very generally supposed to have been the identical one used at the coronation of Lambert Simnel, in Dublin, but, as we incline to think, erroneously. (See Ware.) The crown itself we have often seen exposed for sale in the window of the jeweller to whom it was sold. It was a double arched crown, such

as appears on the coins of Henry VII., and on his only—a circumstance which marked, with exact precision, the age of the statue which it had adorned. (Op. cit.)

But it is in the variety of form and the exquisite tracery in metal work, that the skill and taste of the old artificers is mainly shown. The jewelled shrines of the consecrated bells, as well as many of the earlier and even of the later crosiers down to the fifteenth century, exhibit great power both in design and execution.* This Irish art has been by some styled barbarous, it may be presumed in the same sense that the pointed architecture was called Gothic; but to him whose sense of beauty and of excellence is not narrowed or tied down by formulæ, it has in all the qualities of proportion, variety, and gracefulness, a singular and unapproachable beauty.

If it be true that the characteristic of a savage art is its want of progression, the rule does not apply to that of Ireland. Incontestable evidences of the rise, progress, and final decay of art in the country were long ago pointed out by Petrie, and it seems to have culminated in the latter part of the eleventh century. From this time, the period of the Anglo-Norman invasion, it gradually declined until, after more than three centuries of anarchy and war, it died away, leaving its old monuments, its beautiful shrines, its sculptured crosses, decorated churches, and illuminated manuscripts, to tell of its former lustre.

In the years 1832 and 1837, as already noticed, Petrie read before the Academy his papers on the Domnach Airgid, a reliquary discovered by him at Clones, where it had remained in the care of one of the Maguire family, who were descended from the ancient lords of Fermanagh.

This shrine, it will be remembered, was made to contain a Latin MS. of the Gospels, which Petrie held to be of as

* Two very interesting examples of early wood carving are still preserved in the islands of Inisglora and Inishmurray: they represent the figures of Brendan and Molaise, the patron saints of the monasteries.

great, if not greater antiquity than any of those in Trinity College, Dublin. Indeed he inclines to the belief that it is one of the oldest copies of the Gospels now existing, being the identical one presented by St. Patrick to St. Mac-Carthen when he placed him over the see of Clogher.

"In the Life of St. Patrick, called the Tripartite, usually ascribed to St. Evin, an author of the seventh century, and which, even in its present interpolated state is confessedly prior to the tenth, there is the following remarkable passage (as translated by Colgan from the original Irish), relative to the gift of the Domnach from the apostle of Ireland to St. Mac-Carthen, in which it is expressly described under the very same appellation which it still bears.

"Aliquantis ergo evolutis diebus *Mac-Caertennum*, sive *Caerthennum* Episcopum præfecit sedi Episcopali Clocherensi, ab Ardmacha regni Metropoli haud multum distanti: et apud eum reliquit argenteum quoddam reliquiarium *Domnach-airgidh* vulgò nuncupatum; quod viro Dei, in Hiberniam venienti, cælitùs missum erat."—Septima Vita S. Patricii, Lib. iii., cap. 3, Trias Thaum. p. 149.

In this passage we find the Domnach distinguished by the appellation of Airgid—an addition which was applicable only to its more ancient or *silver* plated case, and which could not with propriety be applied to its more recent covering, which, in its original state, had the appearance of being gold.

It appears that some such case was given by St. Patrick to St. Mac-Carthen, from statements in other ancient works, such as an old Life of St. Mac-Carthen, quoted by Colgan, and Jocelins "Life of St. Patrick," which, at all events, prove that, according to the traditions of the country at that early period, such a gift had been made to the Bishop of Clogher by the Apostle of Ireland.

The inscriptions on the external case leave no doubt that the Domnach belonged to the monastery of Clones, or see of Clogher.

The John O'Karbri, the Comharb, or successor of St. Tighernach, recorded in one of those inscriptions, as the person at whose cost, or by whose permission the outer ornamental case was made, was, according to the Annals of the Four Masters, abbot of Clones, and died in the year 1353. He is properly called in that inscription, Comorbanus or successor of Tighernach, who was the first abbot and bishop of the church of Clones, to which place, after the death of St. Mac-Carthen, in the year 506, he removed to the See of Clogher, having erected a new church, which he dedicated to the apostles Peter and Paul. St. Tighernach, according to all our ancient authorities, died in the year 548.

In summing up the evidence which he brings forward to prove that this is the identical book and cumdach of Clones, Petrie remarks, that it has been from time immemorial known by the name of Domnach, or as it is pronounced, Donagh, a word derived from the Latin *Dominicus*. He adds:

"These conclusions will, I think, be strengthened considerably by the facts, that the word Domnach, as applied either to a church as usual, or to a reliquary as in this instance, is only to be found in our histories in connexion with St. Patrick's time; and that in the latter sense—its application to a reliquary, it only once occurs in all our ancient authorities, namely, in the single reference to the gift to St. Mac Carthen; no other reliquary in Ireland, as far as can be ascertained, having ever been known by that appellation; and it should also be observed, that all the ancient relics preserved in Ireland, have invariably, and without any single exception, been preserved and venerated only as appertaining to the original founders of the churches to which they belonged.

Work of two totally distinct periods of art appear upon this shrine. The copper work plated with silver, of which only three sides remain, is engraved with an interlaced design which is identical with one that occurs on the shrine of St. Moedoc, and in many instances in the Book of Kells, as well as on the crosses; while the figures in relief, the ornaments, and the letters on the third, or outer cover, leave no doubt of its being the work of the fourteenth century.

This fact renders it of extreme value to the student of ancient art. The work on the older part of the case, while thoroughly Celtic in character, seems to belong to an earlier period of the silversmiths' art in Ireland, than that on any other existing specimen of these shrines the writer has seen, and fully bears out Petrie's opinion, that it belongs to a date at least prior to the tenth century; while the outer case shows designs of a totally separate character and school, when the ornamental art of Ireland had succumbed to foreign influences, and lost all its primitive and national character, without gaining anything of the beauty or grace of design, which is found in continental art of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

The next shrine (Cumdach) of which he gives a detailed account, is that of the Soiscel Molaise, or Gospel of St. Molaise. It is a metal box about five inches long, and three broad. The frame is formed of brass plates, overlaid with silver layers, presenting on each side varieties of intricate and beautiful ornamental designs. On the front are four compartments containing the four evangelical symbols, accompanied with the figurative and real names of the evangelists engraved in the early Irish characters; and on the back is a plate of silver.

The ends are ornamented with interlaced work gilt, and one contains a figure of an ancient ecclesiastic, habited, and holding a book to his breast, probably St. Molaise bearing his Gospels; all the angles are bound together and rounded with a tubular fastening of silver; the bottom has a silver plate, cut into three large open compartments, in which panels of ornamental work were probably inserted; and, besides, there are ten smaller divisions filled with designs formed of serpents interlaced. The inscription occupies three sides of the margin, which, taken in conjunction with local tradition, confers upon the reliquary an amount of historical precision, and puts its origin and date beyond question.

This inscription, it is to be regretted, is somewhat defaced but enough remains to afford the desired information.

"A PRAYER FOR [CENN]FAILAD, SUCCESSOR OF MOLAISE, BY WHOM . . . . THIS CASE WAS . . . . AND FOR GILLABAITHEN THE ARTIFICER, WHO EXECUTED THIS EMBOSSMENT."*

The partly defaced name ending in FAILAD, was no doubt, Cennfailad, which we find in the Annals of Ulster.

A.D. 1025. Cennfaelad, son of Flaithbertach, Airchinnech, of Daimhinis, fell asleep in Christ.

Airchinnech of Daimhinis, signifies Superior of Devenish, and as such, Cennfailad was successor of Molaise, its founder and patron saint; and so the Four Masters understand it, who, in the same year, describe him as comarb, or successor of Molaise.

Thus the date of about 1020 is determined as the period at which this case was made, and these curious decorations executed, giving this reliquary the precedence, in point of antiquity, of all such examples of Irish metallurgic art, the date of which can be inferred by the name of the ecclesiastic inscribed upon them.

For many centuries it had been preserved in the sanctuary of Molaise, and the Irish Annals occasionally record the names of members of the family who became its hereditary keepers, the (O'Mithidein) or Meehan's—styling one comarb of Molaise, A.D. 1336, and another in 1437, while a third was comarb of the Ballagh, A.D. 1419. About twenty years ago, Charles Meehan, of Latone, in the Ballagh, purchased the case for a small sum from a kinsman, and on the 30th of April, 1859, it was borrowed by Lord Adare, who first met with it in Sligo, in the year 1843.† The letters on this subject to him from Petrie will be read with interest.

* See Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, June 25, 1855, vol. vi., p. 251.

† The only printed account of the paper is that published in *Saunders's News-Letter* of June 28, 1855.

21, Great Charles-street, Dublin,
19th October, 1843.

My dear Lord,—I congratulate you on your discovery with all my heart, and I assure you with perfect sincerity, however difficult you may find it to believe, that I am as deeply anxious that you may become the possessor of the precious relic, as I could possibly be to possess it myself, and most devoutly do I hope you may not lose it after having gotten it into your hands.

I had heard of this, but do not therefore think that I kept the knowledge of it secret. The fact is that I had forgotten it, and in this way.—I first heard of its existence many years ago, from a curious report of a Petty Sessions trial in the County of Sligo, in which this was brought forward to swear a witness upon it, whose oath on the printed, or any other Gospel, would not be valued! After this I spoke of it to my friend Walker, and he told me that he had "spotted it," and begged of me to be silent; and so from being silent for years on his account, I actually forgot it myself; and now I am glad that you have discovered its locality without any violation of trust, if a communication on my part to you could be considered so—by me. And, by the way, this reminds me that there is a very beautiful saint's bell, square, which they swear on, somewhere in the barony of Leyny, which Walker was once very near getting for five pounds; he would, in fact, have gotten it, but that the old woman who had it died, and it then passed into the hands of others, who valued it more highly.

I am longing to see the reliquary; and I have no doubt but I shall be able to make out the inscription, though I cannot do so from your copy. The first line is clearly "Pray for——the comharba of Molaise!" Could you not contrive to send it to me? Drawings of it ought to be made if there be any uncertainty as to possessing it.

Have you ascertained its ancient locality? Molaise was the founder and patron of Inishmurray, off the Sligo coast, but the Meehans were Coarbs or successors of Mogue, I think, at Ross More, at Leitrim. Yet, the reliquary is certainly Molaise's, for his name is on it. By the way, have you seen Innishmurray? Most interesting it is as a fine specimen of the rude churches and houses of the sixth century; and then, its wooden statue of Molaise! quite lower age Roman, if I can trust a drawing of it, which I have seen.

How delighted I was with the enthusiastic tone of your letter.

In the study of antiquities, our own in particular, you have got a pure, intellectual enjoyment beyond price, and which you will never resign.

I have no doubt that the reliquary is as old as you suppose; but this we can ascertain.

Ever, my dear Lord, faithfully yours,

GEORGE PETRIE.

In another letter he adds:—

I have ascertained enough to prove that your conjecture, as to the age of the reliquary, is a correct one; for the absence of surnames shows it to be anterior to the tenth, or at all events, to the eleventh century; and as another evidence in favour of its antiquity, I may remark that I do not recollect to have met with the Roman v for u, in any inscription later than the close of the ninth century. For instance, it occurs on the tombstones of St. Coirbre Crum, Bishop and Abbot of Clonmacnoise, and of Suibne Mac Maelhumai, the celebrated writer; both of whom died in the ninth century.

In the year 1833 Petrie read to the Academy an essay on the Ancient Consecrated Bells of Ireland; this the council resolved should be published, illustrated by engravings from drawings of many of these relics with their singularly beautiful shrines, which he exhibited.

These engravings were prepared, but the paper was never printed in the Transactions of the Academy, it having been withdrawn for completion, and having fallen into abeyance as other more important works intervened.

The essay commences with a discussion of the question as to whether bells were used in Ireland in pagan times, and were not rather first introduced with Christianity. To the latter view Petrie inclines, though, working with his usual caution, he duly weighs all that may be said in favour of their more remote antiquity. He allows it to be an unquestionable fact that the pagan Irish had the art of casting bronze swords, spear-heads, and domestic implements exactly similar in form and material to those of the Greeks of the heroic time, and other ancient nations; and he proves, from

statements in the Books of Ballymote and Lecan, that Patrick's artificers were native Irish, and some of them sons of artificers in the same line, who only employed the skill more anciently known to them in the service of the new religion. Yet, he adds, that we have no proof of bells having been in use before the introduction of Christianity; and many passages from our ancient records prove that bells, as well as crosiers, book-covers of metal, chalices, and other religious utensils, were extensively manufactured in Ireland, in the fifth and sixth centuries; and we find in the lives of St. Patrick, preserved in the Book of Armagh, that he is described as introducing bells through the country. "He carried with him across the Shannon, fifty bells, fifty patens, fifty chalices, altar books of the law, books of the Gospel, and left them in new places."*

It may also be added, that though no passage has been found in Irish MSS. which distinctly states that bells were first introduced into Ireland with Christianity, it can be inferred from all their ancient romances and historical tales that such was the universal opinion of the Irish themselves. Thus in the Ossianic poems, St. Patrick is generally designated as "the clerk of the bells, and bachals or crosiers;" and Ossian is made to say that if Oscar or Gall had lived in Patrick's time there would not have been a bell, or crosier, or book of the Gospels, to be found in his church, or in Ireland. Again, in the story of the Children of Lear, one of the most ancient romantic tales of the Irish, the individuals who had been metamorphosed into swans, are represented as doomed to continue in that state until they shall hear the sound of the bell of a Christian clergyman.

The use of bells for the service of the church, from the time of St. Patrick and his followers down, can be abundantly proved by our ancient histories.† And in after times the consecrated bells of the early saints were applied

* MS. Essay on Bells, p. 5.

† Colgan, Acta Sanctorum, pp. 11, 149, 150, 458. Girald. Cambr., Topogr. Hib., c. xxxiii. Ann. Clonmac., A.D. 547. Leabhar Breac, fol. 1, 6, 37 b. Ann. Four Mast., 1043, 1123.

to various superstitious practices. This he shows from the lives of the saints, ancient historical poems, annals, and other records. These bells, enshrined in costly cases of elaborate workmanship, were preserved in the churches to which they had originally belonged, and many of them are still remaining in the country.

In this essay large use is made of the legendary accounts of miracles worked by these bells, which all possess an infinite value as giving evidence of the various uses to which bells were applied, as well as conveying vivid impressions of the mode of thought in society which so long prevailed in Ireland.

All these bells were of a quadrangular form, and varying in height from four to fifteen inches. Owing to the slow progress of antiquarian investigation in Ireland, it is a remarkable fact that up to the time of the reading of this paper, few descriptions of any ancient bells found in this country had been given.*

The description of the bell which is represented on the cover of the Stowe Missal, by Dr. O'Conor, is shown by Petrie to be inaccurate, as well as the assertion that no other ancient representation of these bells is to be found, for he brings forward many examples of such occurring on the early sculptured stone crosses of Ireland; and he also adds that he had seen not less than thirty of these ancient bells themselves, and knew of the existence of as many more. The bells described in this paper were, first, the bell of Clogher, in his own museum; secondly, the Clogh-na-Righ, then preserved in the church of Fenagh, and spoken of in the "Book of Fenagh," a MS. of the fifteenth century.

He then passes on to a detailed history of the great bell

* Stuart, in his Hist. of Armagh, p. 7, gives an excellent account of St. Patrick's Bell, published in 1819. The Bearnan Cuilaun is described and figured in Trans. R.I A., vol. xiv., Jan. 7, 1822.

of Armagh, with its jewelled shrine, executed between the years 1091 and 1105, of which a beautifully illustrated description, by Dr. Reeves, has been published. Here, unfortunately, the essay breaks off, the remainder of the MS. having disappeared, in which he spoke of the bell of Conall Caol; the Bearnan Cuilaun, or bell of St. Culanus, who is supposed to have died in the beginning of the tenth century; the bell of Killshanny, or of St. Cuana, of the county of Clare, who died about the middle of the seventh; the bell of St. Ruadhan of Lorrha, who died at the close of the sixth; and the Clogoir, or golden bell, of St. Senan, of Scattery Island, who died, A.D. 544.*

It will be remembered that for the addition of the splendid reliquary, called the Cross of Cong, to its museum, the academy was indebted to the munificence of Professor M'Cullagh; and in May, 1850, an account of the cross was read by Petrie, a year after the death of the donor. The paper opens with the following tribute to the character of one whose loss to the university, the academy, and the country, was irreparable.†

In offering to the academy some account of the very interesting relic of antiquity now before us, and which is popularly known as the Cross of Cong, I am but fulfilling a promise made long ago to the noble-minded and highly gifted man by whom it was presented to our institution; and while oppressed with the sad recollections which the performance of this duty naturally awakens, it is a great consolation to me that I feel the time and the occasion to be peculiarly appropriate to my task. . . . . .

It would be wholly unbecoming in one of my humble intellectual station, to offer any panegyrical observations on the general character of the eminent man to whom we are indebted for the possession of this remarkable relic, a man whose death has left a blank not easily to be filled, even in this institution of science and learning, and it is happily not necessary that I should attempt it;

*See Transactions of the Kilkenny Arch. Society, vol. ii., pp. 61, 63; and Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, vol. i., page 174.

†See Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, vol. iv., p. 572.

but, as one who had the happiness to have been honoured for many years with his intimacy, or, I may say, with his most affectionate regard, it will not, I trust, be deemed presumptuous if I allude, and endeavour to do justice to, those peculiar features of his mind which led him to present this valuable monument of antiquity to our academy, the possession of which qualities obtained for him the affections of many who might otherwise have only reverenced him for his acquirements and genius. I allude especially to his large capacity of mind which enabled and led him to place a just value upon knowledge of every kind, however foreign to his own immediate studies and pursuits, and that characteristic feature of a noble human heart, an ardent love of country, generating an impassioned zeal for its advancement and welfare.

The procuring of this reliquary is due to Petrie, who describes his first sight of it in the MS. of one of his unpublished tours in the west, in the year 1822 :—

During our sojourn at Cong I had the pleasure of visiting the Rev. Mr. Prendergast, the last mitred abbot in Ireland, at his rural residence about two miles from the town, on the Ballinrobe road, having been favoured with a friendly letter of introduction by the late Rev. Mr. S———. The object of my visit was to see some interesting remains of antiquity, formerly the property of the abbey, and still in the possession of its abbot ; but the singularly picturesque and romantic situation of the abbot's humble retreat would in itself have been one worthy of attention. It is a small but neat thatched cottage, almost buried in a little wooded dell, a perfect wilderness of rocks and trees, through which we must wind along a little rugged path, barely wide enough to permit a horse to force his way, and presenting in several elevated points most romantic vistas of Lough Corrib, with its many islands, and the long line of distant mountains that constitute its background.

The venerable clergyman received us at the door with easy politeness, which warmed into cordiality on perusing his friend's letter of introduction, and after some general conversation relative to the object of my visit to that unfrequented part of Ireland, favoured us with a sight of this wonderful relic, the Cross of Cong.

This marvellous example of the goldsmiths' skill in times long gone by, has to all students of Irish antiquities and

history a double value; first, as showing the perfection to which ornamental work had been carried, marking as it does an epoch in the history of the country, and of its art; and secondly, as another verification of the old records of Ireland. An inscription, or series of inscriptions, the first of which is in Latin, and in the old letter, runs all along the edge of the cross, telling its history, and that its purpose was to enshrine a portion of the true cross.

✠ HAC CRUCE CRUX TEGITUR QUA PASSUS CONDITOR ORBIS.

Of the different persons whose names are recorded, with the exception of the artist or maker, of whom no other account has been found, many historical notices are preserved in our authentic annals; and one of these authorities also records the bringing of the piece of the true cross into Ireland, and the making of this shrine for its preservation. It occurs in the Annals of Inisfallen, at the year 1123, the year in which the first General Council of Lateran was held, during the pontificate of Pope Calixtus, and is to the following effect:—

"A bit of the true cross came into Ireland, and was enshrined at Roscommon by Turlough O'Conor."

This entry in our annals gives us all the information that is preserved to us in reference to this relic, which was probably the first of the kind that was sent to Ireland, although we are told by O'Halloran of an earlier gift of a piece of the holy cross, by Pope Pascal II., to Murtogh, the grandson of Brian Boroimhe, and Monarch of Ireland "with opposition," in the year 1110; and that in honour of this piece of the cross, the Abbey of Holy Cross, in Tipperary, was founded about sixty years afterwards. But, as O'Halloran gives us no authority for this statement, and though a piece of the cross was preserved there, and still exists, it is more probable that it was not sent into Ireland till the time of the erection of that monastery, which was in 1169.

It is scarcely necessary to state that it was during the reign of Turlogh O'Conor, and about the period that this piece of the cross was received into Ireland, that successful efforts were made by the Papal See to obtain a reformation in church discipline, and a more absolute domination in ecclesiastical matters in Ireland than it had

enjoyed previously; and we may perhaps very fairly suppose the present of this relic to have been a precursor to those agitations in the Irish Church, and look upon it as an historical memorial of those great events which followed.

The remaining inscriptions are in Irish, and give the names of the four persons under whose superintendence this shrine for the holy relic was made. The first was Muireadach O'Duffy, Archbishop of Connaught, for whose use it was intended; the second was the King Turlough O'Conor, at whose desire and expense it was executed; the third, Donnel O'Duffy, was the bishop who watched over its progress; and the fourth, Maclisa O'Echan, was the artist who executed it. Of the last mentioned, and now most interesting of those four men, no other record can be found; no monument is left to tell of his former greatness save the exquisite work that has stood for more than seven hundred years, bearing witness to the marvellous power and delicate skill of the artist.

Muireadach O'Duffy, the senior or archbishop, for whose use this cross was made, was a very illustrious man, whose death is thus recorded in "The Annals of the Four Masters."

A.D. 1150, Muireadach O'Duffy, Archbishop of Connaught, the arch-senior of Ireland in wisdom, in chastity, in the bestowal of gifts and food, died at Cong, on the 16th day of May, on the festival of St. Brendan, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

King Turlough O'Conor, under whose care and at whose desire the work was wrought, was surnamed the Augustus of Western Europe. He reigned fifty years in Ireland and though a cruel and unprincipled king, he raised the power of Connaught higher than it ever was before. He was magnificent and generous in many of his acts, and zealously cultivated the arts of civilized life, as we learn from such existing remains as the richly adorned church and cross of Tuam, as well as the work now in question.

The bishop, Donnel O'Duffy, who is described as the ecclesi-

astic under whose superintendence the shrine was made, was also distinguished in his time, and Petrie observes that this family of O'Duffy in Connaught appears to have been peculiarly devoted to religion. After giving five instances of members of it who were abbots, bishops, or archbishops, he mentions that the market cross at Gong was erected by two of this name who were abbots of that place. In the following entry in his MS. journal above quoted, Petrie describes the discovery of the beautiful processional cross.

This reliquary was found by the Rev. Mr. Prendergast, P.P., in an oaken chest kept in a cottage of the town where it and other remains of antiquity had probably been concealed since the Reformation, or at least subsequent to the rebellion of 1641. A great portion of the valuables thus hidden consisted of deeds of grants of land to the abbey, *and of Irish manuscripts in vellum splendidly illuminated!* It grieves me to add, that these no longer exist? The abbot, as he confesses, being at the time ignorant of the value of such remains, thought little about them; and on going to the Continent shortly after to improve his education, carelessly left them in the charge of a young priest whom he appointed to do his duty during his absence. He remained abroad eleven years, during which time he found that the most ancient and valuable manuscripts which he saw on the Continent, appeared to resemble, but not equal in beauty, those he had left at home. Thus awakened to a sense of their value, we may imagine, what at least ought to have been, his astonishment and horror, on finding on his return home, that his deputy had during his absence lost or destroyed all those curious and valuable remains—the cross excepted; and that, unfortunately, the very beauty of the manuscripts had been a chief cause of their destruction, the ignorant young man having cut them up, to decorate his breviaries, &c., with the illuminated letters which they contained!

The next most important relic we find mentioned by Petrie is the shrine of St. Manchan, which he describes in a manuscript diary kept during one of his early tours—as belonging to the parish of Lemanaghan, King's County, in the diocese of Meath.

Mr. Mooney is in possession of one of the most curious religious relics now perhaps in Great Britain, the shrine of St. Monaghan? This most interesting remain was put into his possession by his Catholic neighbours, himself being a Protestant, as a kind of trust, that it should not leave the district in which it had been for centuries preserved, and they did so regardless of the request of their bishop, who demanded it for the new chapel erected for the parish, on the accidental destruction by fire of that on whose altar it had previously been kept.

In form this venerable relic resembles that usually belonging to the ancient Ciborium, and generally represented by the top of the ancient stone crosses. The material is yew, but covered over with brass work and with inlaying of ivory, and enamelling. On each of its two sides are crosses, formed in the centre and extremities by five large cups or pateræ; beneath these were placed a range of figures in bass-relief formed of brass also, and separate from each other. These figures have been lost from one side altogether, but eleven still remain on the other. They are rude in design but beautiful in execution, like all the other parts of the work, and their costume, which is the same in all, affords one of the most valuable existing examples of the dress of those early times. They have all the kilt, and cloak fastened on the breast with a large brooch. The head covered with a cap or baired, and the feet with brogues. These seem to be the only articles of dress, unless the body might be covered with a close vest that would show the external form. The kilts are embroidered with different ornaments, and the caps differ much in height. One, which is very high, is richly ornamented.

These figures resemble Egyptian figures, in their stiff simplicity of attitude, and have but little variety except in size; one has a hatchet like that called a celt, but with a handle, in his hand, others have large rings, and two have an instrument like a small crook. Whether they were religious, historical, or not, I cannot divine, but they prove the use of similar figures which have been often found in Ireland, and which Doctor Ledwich, with his usual ignorance, calls Pagan talismans.

The magnificence of this unique reliquary made me desirous to see the ruins of the Monastery which a saint so venerated had ruled.

The cell or chapel of Lemanaghan is situated on a small island

in the midst of a bog, three miles from Firbane, and was connected with the adjacent country on two sides by a causeway. This causeway was for some centuries impassable from the rising of the bog, but it is at present clearly visible from the adjacent road. The building is rude and small, and similar to most of those of the same age. In the village of Lemanaghan are the ruins of the Abbey Church, afterwards made parochial. The west end is . . . and had a fine door ornamented at each side with three-quarter columns; one side alone remains. The east end has been altered, and larger windows in the Gothic style introduced. These changes seem to have been made in the fourteenth century, and are probably coeval with a castle of the Mac-Coghlans which is adjacent. There is only one ancient gravestone in the churchyard, but the inscription is illegible. It is, probably, that of the patron saint, who, according to tradition, was interred here.

This reliquary—sadly mutilated as it is—still preserves enough of its original characteristic features to enable us to form a correct idea of its primeval, costly, and elaborate beauty, and to become intimately acquainted with what may be regarded as the final development of that phase of Celtic art-ornamentation in Ireland, which has excited such a deep interest throughout Europe in our own time. And in this shattered, mutilated shrine, we behold an impressive illustration of the final extinction of that graceful imaginative art, as well as that of the monarchy which had seen its birth and fostered its development.

But though by its mutilations we have been deprived of the incised inscriptions which, according to the usage of the Irish, would have preserved to us the names of the king at whose order it was made, of the bishop or abbot for whom it was made, and of the artificers who made it, we are happily not without a historic record which in a great degree supplies this loss. In the Annals of the Four Masters, at the year 1166, we find an entry, thus translated by Dr. O'Conor—

"Scrinium Manchani."

"The shrine of Manchan, of Maethail, was covered by Ruaidhri Ua-Conchobhair (Rory, or Roderic O'Conor), and an embroidering of gold was carried over it by him, in as good a style as a relic was ever covered in Ireland."

The accuracy of this description must be at once apparent to all

observers. But it may be fairly objected, that this record was not applied to the shrine of St. Manchan of Lemanachan, in the King's County, but to that of another St. Manchan, of Moethail, now Mohill, in the County of Leitrim. This, however, is not the place to enter on a discussion of this question, and I shall only state my firm conviction that the substitution of the name Moethail, for that of Lemanaghan, is one of the many errors of transcription, or guesses to supply an obliteration, which the Four Masters made in the original annals—those of Clonmacnoise, from which they copied, and that I feel perfectly satisfied that the shrine of Lemanaghan can be no other than that, the adorning of which the ancient annalist had recorded.

Of the history of the ecclesiastic, for the preservation of whose relics this costly shrine was made, as well as of the many other saints of the same name, whose feast days are recorded in our ancient calendars, but little is as yet known—and hence most probably the error of the Four Masters already assumed, in ascribing the shrine to a St. Manchan of Mohill, who was certainly a different person. We only know that he flourished in the early half of the seventh century, and that we must infer him to have been a person greatly venerated in his time, as we find his death recorded as a bishop and abbot, by Tighernach, the earliest of our annalists, as one of the most eminent persons who fell victims to that great mortality, which, sparing neither sinner nor saint, prevailed in Ireland in the year 665. From the same veritable authority we have the following interesting record of the circumstances which led to the gift to the Abbey of Clonmacnoise by the king of Ireland, of the lands afterwards called Lemanaghan. This record, amplified by the Four Masters, is thus translated by Dr. O'Donovan. . . . .

I have seen and sketched the original church or oratory, which is situated at some distance from Lemanaghan on a grave mound, the Tuam n-Erc of the annalist, in the midst of what not very long ago was a wet bog, and, no doubt, originally a lake; and owing to this circumstance it is still well preserved; it is only twenty-four feet in length and fifteen in width, and presents to the antiquary an interesting characteristic specimen of the architecture of the seventh century. The parish church also still remains, it is situated in the village of Killmanaghan, and also in good preservation. It is of much larger size and of later age, as shown by

its ornamented door-way, which exhibits the characteristic features of the architecture of the eleventh or twelfth century—or, in other words, it is probably contemporary with the shrine which no doubt originally adorned its altar. There are there, at some distance from it, three holy wells, which are greatly resorted to by the poor classes for the cure of blindness, lameness, and other chronic diseases, and the anniversary of the patron saint's day, the 24th of January, is still kept as a holiday.

When Sir William Wilde's admirably illustrated catalogue of the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy is completed, it is to be hoped that a representation of this magnificent shrine, of which he has deposited a full sized model in the museum, will be given.

The next shrine of importance that we find described by Petrie is the Fiacal Padraig. In the account of his visit to the abbot of Cong, alluded to before, he thus describes the reliquary:

The relic I have next to notice is of a less dignified character than the preceding; though, perhaps, not less highly valued in its time. It is called the Fiacal Padraig, which is, in plain English, "St. Patrick's tooth." This singular relic is contained, or supposed to be contained, within a hollow brass case somewhat resembling in form an armorial shield, twelve inches long by nine broad, and one inch and a half in thickness. It is richly ornamented on both sides with figures in bass-relief executed in silver, and may justly be regarded as a curious, and perhaps unique specimen, illustrative of the state of the arts in Ireland during the fourteenth century. On one side in the centre Christ is represented on the cross, over which four figures of saints in their proper ecclesiastical costumes appear, and four others are placed in a parallel line below. At the top there was a line of inscription, now defaced, which evidently contained the names of the four saints represented beneath it, as a similar line on the base gives us those of the saints below. A parallel line across the centre contains a latin inscription, setting forth that the shrine was ornamented by Thomas de Bramighem, lord of Athunry.

The other side is divided into four compartments by a richly-

ornamented cross in gold and silver, with filagree work, and studded with crystals, amber, and coloured glass.

The compartments formed by the cross contain historic or allegorical devices which I confess my inability to explain. The first represents a bishop with a figure kneeling at his feet, a tree at either side with a bird on each, and two dogs on the ground running at each other. The second has a figure of an ecclesiastic seated in a chair, a book in one hand, and the other hand pointing upwards; a church, with large windows in the pointed style, appears in the distance. The third represents a king seated, playing on a harp resting on his knee—a small instrument, resembling that called the Harp of Brian Boroimhe, preserved in Trinity College. In the distance there is a large Gothic church, resembling that in the second compartment. The fourth contains a standing figure of an ecclesiastic with a crosier.

The Thomas de Bramigham, at whose expense this case was ornamented, was either sixth Baron of Athenry, who flourished in the early part of the fourteenth century, or Thomas the eighth Baron who died in 1374 or 1376. I should be inclined to suppose the former, but that the latter is celebrated for his pious donations to various religious orders (see Lodge, &c.) . . . . . .

It may interest some of my readers to show that those who believed in the authenticity of the relic, which was so long and carefully preserved, were not without some historic evidence to strengthen their faith. It appears from the several ancient lives of St. Patrick that in the old age of the saint his teeth were sought for with avidity by his disciples, and preserved with care in their churches, some of which, as Kill Fiachal, in Munster, and Cluain Fiachal, near Armagh, derived their names from them.

In the Tripartite life of this saint, which is usually supposed to have been written by St. Evin, in the sixth or seventh century, but which bears internal evidence of its having been compiled in the tenth from more ancient documents, mention is made of six of the saint's teeth being thus preserved, of one of which there is the following account:—"To him, while tarrying in that place, came St. Bronius, Bishop of Casselirra, and St. Mac Rime, patron saint of the church of Corcaraoidh, and there he wrote for them an alphabet. And I heard, says an ancient author, from another, that in the same place he gave a tooth out of his mouth to Bishop Bronius, because he was dear to Patrick.

Then also the holy man laid the foundations of the church of Casselirra, in the porch of which is the stone upon which fell his tooth, of which mention has been above made.*"

The tooth venerated as being preserved in Casselirra is that which this case is supposed to contain, and the respect with which it was regarded has even outlived the Reformation. In an ancient account of Connaught, in my possession, written in the seventeenth century, the Fiachal Phadruigh is spoken of as the most venerated relic in the province, and the various superstitious purposes to which it was then usually applied are described. Thus, through its supposed miraculous power it enabled its possessors, by hiring it out, to lead a life of indolent independence, and it was used in this way to such an extent, that the Abbot of Cong, feeling the shame which such practices brought on his church, by a stretch of clerical power, forcibly possessed himself of the miracle-working relic, and consigned its vagrant owners to a more laborious and reputable life.†

This remarkable reliquary has been long in the possession of the writer, and some years ago it was opened in the presence of Petrie, Professor MacCullagh, the Rev. Dr. Todd, Mr. Burton, and Mr. G. Smith. The broken state of the edges rendered the proceeding easy, and it was effected without the slightest injury to the shrine, which was found to be covered by two metal plates, the outer being that on which the crucifix, the figures, and ornaments are placed. In the inner plate of the front of the shrine, and exactly beneath, and corresponding to the crystal ball set at the foot of the cross, was a perfectly wrought concavity, fitting into a similar hollow in the wood. This contained a little bag or case, apparently of coarse linen, in which was found a powder of a dark grey colour, and a most delicately formed plain cross of iron, of about three-fourths of an inch in height. Both were carefully replaced.

On the 13th of June, 1853, we find Petrie making some

* Vit. Tripart. S. Patricii, ii. 93, 97 (Trias Thaum., p. 142.*b*.)

† "They (the Irish) also swear by St. Patrick's tooth, by the bones of St. Ruth, and the black bell that finds out truth."—*Vide*, "Carr's Tour in Ireland," p. 259.

observations to the Academy on the shrine of St. Lachtan's arm, A.D. 1121, and on the Miosach A.D. 1533, when exhibited by Dr. Todd.

To his practised eye it was clear that the various forms of art on these relics belonged to different epochs—repairs restorations, and additions, having been made according to the taste of the several ages. The shrine called the Domnach Airgid, and that at St. Gall, offer examples of the same kind. In such instances, the older work is, according to Petrie, of a purer style of art and more perfect execution than that of a later date.

The following letter was written in reference to the last-mentioned shrine, now preserved in the College of St. Columba:—

Dublin, 21, Great Charles-street,
8th August, 1843.

MY DEAR LORD.—I should have written to you yesterday, but that I had hoped by deferring writing till to-day, I should have more to say about your miosach; in this hope, however, I have been disappointed. I have been unsuccessful in adding anything to the facts I had previously ascertained, but these are quite enough to establish beyond doubt that the miosach was a reliquary of your St. Columba. Here they are:—

1. It appears from General Vallancey's "Collectanea," and Sir W. Betham's "Antiquarian Researches," that the miosach was obtained in the neighbourhood of Fahan, in the county of Donegal, by Dr. Thomas Barnard, Dean of Derry, and afterwards Bishop of Killaloe and Kilfenora, and finally Bishop of Limerick, about sixty or seventy years ago, or if not obtained then by him, it was by his father, Dr. William Barnard, Bishop of Derry, who succeeded in 1746, and died in 1768.

2. It appears from an inquisition taken at Lifford, county of Donegal, in 1609, that in the parish of Clonmanny—which immediately joins Fahan—Donagh O'Morreesen held certain townlands, as the Bishop of Derry's Nonnach, and the Abbot of Derry's Coarb, which "were given to his ancestors, who were servants to Columbkille." And it further appears from this

inquisition that there were in this parish six gorts or glebes, of which three belonged to the vicar, and three "to the keeper of Columbkille's missagh or ornaments," which keeper was to a certainty an O'Morreesen.

3. It appears from the inscription on the case of the miosach, that the said case was ornamented by Brian, the son of Brian O'Muirguissan (or Morreesen), in the year 1523 or 1524. Now I think these facts are quite sufficient to prove your miosach to be that known as "Columbkille's miosach or ornaments," and I can only express my delight that after its various wanderings, and transfers to ignorant and unworthy hands, it should find its way to so fitting a locality as it is now destined for, and to so worthy a possessor and keeper as my beloved friend, the Lord Adare.

That we shall discover other facts connected with its history, I have little doubt; you will remember that in a MS. in my possession, it is stated that the three great reliques of the northern Hy Nialls and Uy Conallians were the Cathach, the Bell of Patrick (now in my hands), and the Miosach Cearnachan. Is Miosach Cearnachan then an alias name for this reliquary, or is miosach a genuine name for a reliquary? O'Donovan thinks the word signifies a calendar, and if so, perhaps the calendar in the Academy is the one which your case contained; at all events it would be strange if the O'Neills and O'Donnells would hold any relique of St. Cearnachan in greater reverence than that of their patron St. Columba. And if it should be the same as that of Cearnachan mentioned in the MS., it will be a singular instance of good fortune that the three great reliques of the North should still remain to us, and be placed beyond the chance of future destruction.

I cannot conclude without remarking on the fortunate circumstance of its recovery in London; for if it had fallen into other hands its history would, in consequence of Sir William Betham's ignorant notice of it, be wholly lost. See how he copies and translates the inscription. "Brian, the son of Brian of the sea-shore of Moy, covered me Anno Domini, 503,* in the month of——." And he adds, "I have not been able to ascertain who this

* The figures are MCCC CC . . . III. The M was read by Sir William Betham as NI, supposing it to be the latter part of the word "DOMINI." The error is only of a thousand years. The use of dates to manuscripts and inscriptions was not introduced till a late period.

Brian, the son of Brian was, but the sea-shore of Moy is the north coast of the county of Mayo, and was the country of the O'Dowds; nor am I able to throw any light on the history of the miosach, or the circumstances by which it came into the hands of Dr. Barnard, late Bishop of Limerick. It was sold with his library after his death, 1806, and thus came into the hands of the late Mr. Valence, the bookseller, and from him to Mr. Jones, from whom I purchased it."

Excuse this very hasty scrawl, and believe me ever, my dear Lord,

Most faithfully yours,
GEORGE PETRIE.

Lord Adare.

In speaking of the progressive decline of the Fine Arts in Ireland, after the close of the thirteenth century, Petrie refers to the repairs of this relic in the following terms:— "While in the case of the 'Meeshac Cearnachan,' which was repaired or newly ornamented in the sixteenth century (1533), the design and workmanship are utterly barbarous."

On another occasion Petrie exhibited a crosier, lent to him by the Rev. Dr. Russell, which was a remarkable specimen of beautiful workmanship of the tenth century as he believed. The story of the discovery of this relic is told in the following interesting letter from Cardinal Wiseman to Dr. Russell, by whom it was enclosed to Petrie:—

London, April 14th, 1850.

MY DEAR DR. RUSSELL,—I have just fallen in with the most valuable relic. It is an ancient crosier, I have no doubt of Irish origin, and shaped like the Duke of Devonshire's, with which I shall compare it to-morrow. The top (of silver part gilt) is like a horse's neck, and inside is an inscription which I am anxious to have deciphered. It is difficult to rub it, and I am not a good hand at it. I, therefore, enclose a copy, with rubbing of the first part to test it; the last word cannot be rubbed, because the letters are filled up with some metal, I think silver, in the brass plate in which they are cut . . . . . The crosier is very short and heavy, of wood covered with brass plates, which, meeting at the

back, have the joinings covered with crosses. There are three knobs, besides the one under the crook, very deeply, and yet, in part, filled up with silver or yellow of some sort. The history of the crosier is this :—last year Mr. Withim, a Catholic solicitor, died of cholera ; he belonged to a very old Catholic family. In his chambers was an old cupboard, which is known not to have been moved for sixty years. The chambers were sold the other day, and, on removing the cupboard, the crosier fell from behind it. It was valued for probate, and was going into a dealer's hands when I saw it, and offered what he was going to give, and so secured it. The family would have given it, had it not been to be accounted for in the executorship. Probably you have some one at Maynooth who may make out the inscription at once, and, perhaps, its date. If not, I suppose O'Donovan, or some other antiquarian in Dublin, may be able to read it. Excuse my troubling you about such a matter.

Yours affectionately in Christ,
N. WISEMAN.

On the same evening of his noticing this crosier, Petrie also exhibited the Limerick crosier of Cornelius O'Dea, A.D. 1446, which is peculiarly interesting, from the evidence afforded by the name of the Bishop, of its having been executed in Ireland at the beginning of the fifteenth century. The following enamel inscription appears in a small compartment on the mitre, which belongs to the Limerick Pontificalia—THOMAS + O CARR-Y D + ARTIFEX + FACIENS.

The next object of interest which we find Petrie describing is the brooch called, without any good reason, the Tara brooch. He enlarges on the delicacy and perfection of the execution of its ornament, and the variety of designs to be found upon it—the patterns being, as he describes, seventy-six in number. He also notices, as peculiar to this brooch, the attached chain of work similar to that called Trichinopoly—the elaborate ornamentation of the back as well as the front, and the admirable sense of fitness of relative situation shown in the placing of the various ornamental designs, adding, "nor is the example of niello, upon the

reverse of this brooch, a solitary instance, though we have seen none of such delicate beauty; but of the carving or casting of glass into the forms of human faces, as seen in this brooch, no other example, I believe, is to be found." The form and general character of this brooch he describes as Celtic, and, perhaps, Moorish; but, he adds, while they may belong to the most remote antiquity, yet the arts shown in the workmanship of the details, are those which belong "to that period when such arts were carried to the greatest artistic perfection in Ireland—namely, the eleventh century."

Among other examples of the early art of Ireland, which have been noticed by Petrie, are its stone monuments, and remains of ancient sculpture. In a Paper, read before the Academy, January 22, 1849, on altar stones, he mentions having seen many specimens of such in Aran and Connemara. These stones are roundish, but never perfectly globular, of a flattened convex form on their upper and under faces; not unlike the case of a watch, and in diameter they vary from two inches and a-half to about five inches. In those places where he first saw them they were black, though they vary elsewhere. They are named from the patron saint of the Church in which they lie, and are generally marked with a cross, either cut in relievo, or incised. The stone of Bran, in Arran, is the only one on which he had seen any inscription. On one, at Drumcliff, there is a cross of a more elaborate pattern. These stones are believed, to the present day, to be possessed of miraculous properties for healing sicknesses, and are used for swearing on, and also as maledictive stones.

"They loosed their curse against the king
They cursed him in his flesh and bones,
And daily in their mystic ring
They turned the maledictive stones."*

* *Lays of the Western Gael, p.* 34. *S. Ferguson.* A Pagan practice, in use among the Lusitanian as well as the insular Celts, and of which

Two of them, both of which bear inscriptions as well as crosses, are to be seen in the Paris Museum. They are common in the western Isles of Scotland, and Petrie conjectures that they were originally portable altars, as superaltaria, commonly used throughout Christendom in the middle ages, consecrated stones to be laid upon unconsecrated altars when celebrating mass, on a journey, as when access to a consecrated altar was impossible. There is abundant evidence that such were commonly used in Ireland in the time when the teachers of Christianity were travelling missionaries. Another object of these stones, Petrie suggests, was that they might serve as memorials left by these early teachers to aid in preserving the memory of their labours, and keeping alive devout feelings among the people. This seems borne out by a passage in the book of Lecan, which states that Aire, son of Forba, who died A.D. 737, had a son Erna, or Hierne, "who left no heirs but mass stones." After giving many legends which seem to support this theory, Petrie also conjectures, but with less confidence, that these stones may have been borne by pilgrims from the Holy Land, or else brought into the country by the foreign monks, who came in such crowds to Ireland in the fifth century. He adds, that he would not have hinted at this theory, but for an interesting legend related to him by O'Curry, of a black stone which fell from Heaven on the altar before St. Declan when he

Dr. O'Donovan records an instance among the latter as late as the year 1836, in the island of Inismurray, off the coast of Sligo. Among the places and objects of reverence included within the Pre-Christian stone Cashel or Cyclopean Citadel of the island, he mentions the Clocha Breaca, or speckled stones. "They are round stones, of various sizes, and arranged in such order as that they cannot be easily reckoned, and, if you believe the natives, they cannot be reckoned at all. These stones are turned, and, if I understand them rightly, their order changed by the inhabitants on certain occasions when they visit this shrine, to wish good or evil to their neighbours."—*MS. Collections for Ordnance Survey Lib., Royal Irish Academy.*

was returning from Rome. "And he had great courage against the Gentiles through the power of this stone, and he had it carried home."

Petrie concludes with the following words:—

"I have now only to thank the academy for the patience with which they have heard me, and to apologise for occupying so much time with a subject which, however novel, may appear to many perhaps of very little importance. For my own part, I consider no truth, no hidden or forgotten fact relating to the mysteries of nature, or to the history of the human mind, and more particularly to that higher characteristic of it—the religious sentiment, unworthy of a patient research for its recovery."

In speaking of stone sculpture in Ireland, he observes that many evidences may be found of the Irish having possessed great proficiency in this art before the tenth century. This is shown chiefly in the carved tombstones and the stone crosses erected, for various purposes, in the vicinity of the churches. Statues, properly so called, were not introduced for some centuries later, the prejudices of the people being opposed to them. Monumental effigies earlier than the twelfth century are not found in Ireland, and appear to have been introduced by the Anglo-Normans. The ancient Irish tombs present only ornamental crosses. The latter, though rude in design, often exhibit an acquaintance with classical forms and costumes, and such an agreement in style with the Greek and Roman sculptures of the same ages, as leaves little doubt of such work being the result of a foreign influence. He instances the crosses of Clonmacnoise, the date of which is 924, and of Monasterboice, which is 923, besides the earlier example that he brings forward of the sculptured stone of Suibne Mac Maelhumai, who died in the year 890. In the years 1847–48, Petrie offered some observations to the Academy on the Newton stone and St. Vigean's cross, both of which he asserted to

have been connected with Pictish history—the letters being, as he stated, a corrupt form of the Roman alphabet.

In the year 1853 Petrie read a paper on the stone cross at Tuam, he having been the first to draw the attention of the public to this the most remarkable and the most beautiful relic of Irish sculpture now remaining. In the MS. of his western tour, written about the year 1822, he has the following passage :—

"I have still to describe another piece of antiquity, of which no notice has hitherto been taken—the ancient market-cross of Tuam. This monument, the most remarkable of its kind, and the most splendid existing in Ireland, no longer remains in the situation for which it was intended. It is broken into three pieces, of which I discovered two lying in the church-yard, and the third, which was the base or pedestal, in the fish-market, where it was covered over with a heap of stones and rubbish. When together, it stood sixteen feet high, and is composed of three blocks of sandstone, and all the sides are covered with sculpture. From the accompanying outline you will observe that the arms were supported by pillars resting on the sides of the pedestal, a peculiarity of which I know but one other instance—the contemporaneous cross of Cormac Mac Carthy at Cashel. On the top we see at one side the figure of Christ represented, with the Irish crown and the kilt; on the other side we see religious figures, apparently intended to represent the apostles. The shaft is composed of rich tracery, and the base has two figures on each side, probably intended to represent the king and bishop by whom the cross was raised, along with the inscription running in a line along the base. The reader will, no doubt, applaud my antiquarian zeal in uncovering, and thus discovering, the curious inscriptions; but I must not take all the credit to myself, for, while I was working like a pavior, a gentleman offered me his assistance, who, strangely enough, bore the very name of O'Hoisin, or Heshin, he little thinking that in this act of politeness he was assisting in rescuing from oblivion a monument consecrated by his ancestor. The first inscription is a prayer for Aed Oissin, for whom this cross was made, who became abbot, A.D 1128; the second for King Turlogh O'Conor. This cross offers the only instance of a work of the kind, in which the name of the artist is recorded; the last inscription being for the sculptor Gilla Christ, o Thuahail."

He then goes on to comment on the beauty of the designs of this cross, and the similarity they bear to the ornamental designs of our ancient manuscripts, showing that they belong to the same school of art as that which existed in this country as far back as the sixth century. The nature of the designs is also the same as that of the rude tombstones of this early period, although the execution is infinitely superior, and shows the progress in art up to the twelfth century.

"The progressive decline of the fine arts in Ireland from the end of the twelfth century is as yet an unwritten chapter in the history of our country. Nevertheless, there are few circumstances in our annals that more strongly depict the debasement which it was the unhappy fate of Ireland to have suffered in those troubled times, or that more strikingly indicate the indissoluble connexion which ever exists between the cultivation of the fine arts and the civilization, greatness, and happiness of a people. If in such a state of barbarism as Ireland was then reduced to, genius had arisen, it would have died like a flower of the desert, unnoticed and unknown, for it was not the warrior's rude and bloody hand that could preserve and cherish it, nor his yet ruder mind that could appreciate its excellence and beauty; the seed should be wafted to some more genial clime before it could be nurtured into vigour."—*Dublin Penny Journal*, vol. 1.

From this short review of Petrie's labour, in connexion with the ancient arts of sculpture and metal work in Ireland, the reader may learn what were the grounds on which he based his views as to the dates of those works which bore no traces of inscriptions by which the antiquary could discover a clue to their origin. These grounds were a careful study of the nature of the art exhibited in them, a knowledge of the different styles of ornamental design which existed in Ireland at various periods, and observation of the different degrees of power exhibited in the execution of such works, united to the comparison of them with those remains, the dates of which had been already fixed by

himself and other labourers in the same field. To give due value to such investigations, the exercise of a singular variety of power, such as Petrie possessed, is required; for to the critical mind of the scientific man, he united the subtle perception of grace of form, and a sense of the minute shades of difference of feeling and execution, which can be possessed only by the artist mind. He was a critic in the true sense of the word, for his principles of judgment were based not only on a thorough practical knowledge of art, but also on broad general views of what is true and right. "True criticism of art," to use the words of Ruskin, "can be just only when it is founded on quick sympathy with the innumerable instincts and changeful efforts of human nature, chastened and guided by unchanging love of all things that God has created to be beautiful, and pronounced to be good."

From the rudest beginnings of the decorative art of Ireland, as seen in the carved stones found in the Pagan sepulchres, he traced its growth, through various periods of development, to the twelfth century of the Christian era, and its gradual decline to the fifteenth. To the first period belong the rude zig-zag and single-line-spiral, characteristic of the prehistoric art of many other countries and races; to the second the divergent-spiral or trumpet pattern of the early British or late Celtic period; and when Christianity reached our shores, designs formed of interlaced ribbons, serpents, &c., seem to have been introduced. It is now well known that this art is found in numbers of ancient manuscripts belonging to a period ranging from the seventh to the twelfth centuries, the dates of which have been satisfactorily determined; and it may be presumed that the arts of the jeweller followed that of the scribe in close succession; however, no example of these arts has yet been found, to which an earlier date can be assigned than the end of the ninth, or beginning of the tenth centuries, and the examples

of such brought forward by Petrie may now be enumerated. In the year 890 we have the stone of Suibhne Mac Maelhumai, on which the interlaced design and divergent spiral are found carved. Then in 923–924, we have the fine crosses of Clonmacnoise and Monasterboice. To this period Petrie would probably assign the more ancient silver cover of the Domnach Airgid, basing his belief on the fact that in the tripartite life of St. Patrick, a MS. which even in its present interpolated state is confessedly prior to the tenth century, the presentation of this shrine to the bishop of Clogher is mentioned; a fact which shows that such a shrine was, at all events, in existence in the lifetime of the writer. In the year 1025 the death of Cennfailad, the bishop, for whom the shrine of St. Molaise was made, is recorded; therefore it must have been executed between the time at which he was ordained bishop, and his death. In this shrine are found all the designs, which are characteristic of this school; whereas, in those which follow, a gradual disappearance of such may be noticed, and the most characteristic of all—the divergent spiral—does not occur again. This design is found nowhere in more redundance than upon the back of the Tara brooch, therefore Petrie has good grounds for assigning it to the same period. It does not appear in any of the following works belonging to the twelfth century, although the interlacings and other patterns found in early celtic Christian art are carried to their finest perfection of execution.

The shrine of St. Patrick's bell,	A.D. 1105.
The Lismore crosier, . .	A.D. 1113.
The shrine of St. Lachtan's arm,	A.D. 1121.
The cross of Cong, . .	A.D. 1123.
Stone cross of Tuam, . .	A.D. 1128.
The shrine of St. Manchan, .	A.D. 1166.

After this period a still more decided change is seen in the character of the ornamental art of Ireland, which

is so lamented by Petrie in the close of his "Historic sketch of the state of the Fine Arts in Ireland," before alluded to, and the nature of which change he tells us we may find exemplified in the difference between the two cases of the Domnach Airgid, the first probably belonging to the close of the ninth century, the second to the middle of the fourteenth; as also in the total absence of any Celtic character in such work as the Miosach. To this period of decline belong—

The Fiacal Padraig, A.D. 1300.
The second Case of the Domnach Airgid, A.D. 1353.
The Limerick Pontificalia, A.D. 1466.
The Miosach, A.D. 1523.

In these works we find scarcely any trace of Celtic art, and their chief interest lies in their highly finished representations of ancient costume. The ornamental designs and grotesque figures are such as may be found in the art of other countries at the same period, such as triangles crossed to form a star, or geometrical arrangements of leaves. It is impossible to look at the work of this period without being struck by the total absence of that quality which is so characteristic of the Irish school when at its best, namely, that delicate perfection of execution, which tells of concentration of thought and earnestness of purpose in the artist. The life, the grace, the boundless play of fancy—the freedom of inventive power, have all disappeared, and in its place we have careless and unfeeling work.

It is a remarkable fact that as Ireland was in the vanguard of progress in religion and art, in western Europe, from the seventh to the twelfth centuries, so also does it seem to have been foremost in decline; and though in other countries mediæval art touched its finest point in the thirteenth century, Celtic art had reached its full perfection a hundred or two hundred years before. This art, whose

rise and progress may be traced from a pre-christian period, owed much of its originality and life to its national character. It sprang from the heart and instinct of the native population, and drew its indescribably minute perfection of execution, from the intense devotion of the holy men who carried it to its highest point—and so for the secret of its premature decay the student of her history will not long search in vain. Ireland became the scene of intestine war,—her monasteries were rifled, her libraries burned, her precious reliquaries robbed or destroyed:—a prey to the consuming fire of internal jealousy and strife, as well as to the attacks of external foes, her native energies were paralyzed, and her inspirations chilled, by the long years of suffering thus entailed.

The following letters may be given here:—

My Dear Dr. Russell,—Not being at home to-day I address this note to you from the Royal Irish Academy; and shall take your list as I find it.

There are five crosiers in my possession, namely:—

1. The crosier of Cormac MacCarthy, king and bishop of Cashel, 1123, engraved in my ancient architecture.

2. The crosier of St. Damnad, otherwise Dympna, the patroness of the people and country of O'Neill.

3. The crosier of St. Murus, of Fahan Mura, in the county of Donegal, the patron saint of the O'Neill's.

4. The crosier of St. Tola, of Disert O'Dea, near Corofin, the patron saint of the O'Quinn's and O'Dea's.

5. The crosier of St. Colman mac Duach, of Killmacduach, in the county of Galway, the patron saint of the O'Shaughnessy's and O'Heyne's.

I have, in addition to the above, a portion of a beautiful crosier, but I know nothing of its history.

The Academy have portions of four crosiers, and one perfect one.

The Lismore crosier.

The Clongowes wooden crosier.

The Abbotsford crosier.

The St. Grillan's, or Ahascragh crosier.

Cormac's—my own, above noticed.

The crosier of Tuam, by this I meant the cross of Cong, now the property of the Academy.

Cardinal Wiseman's.

Cornelius O'Dea's.

The crosier (head) of St. Fechin, of Fore, is in the possession of Mr. Nugent, of Rutland-square, Dublin.

The crosier of St. Berach, of Termon Barry, county of Roscommon, in the possession of the Hanly family.

There are two crosiers in the Museum of Trinity College, Dublin, but nothing is now known of their history. These are all the Bachals that I can at present call to mind as remaining; but I have little doubt there are many others in obscure hands, of which we have as yet heard nothing.

I trust I shall have the pleasure of availing myself of your kind invitation to the meeting to-morrow night, and remain,

My dear sir,

Most faithfully yours,

GEORGE PETRIE.

Rev. Dr. Russell.

4th February, 1851.

Dublin, 67 Rathmines-road,

No. 15. 12th September, 1855.

MY DEAR MR. HANNA,—I assure you that I feel quite ashamed to take up the pen to reply to your letter, so deep are the upbraidings of my conscience for neglect in answering some of your former communications. The truth is that when I received them I was depressed by illness—mental anxieties, and labour, to such an extent, that I was unable to do many things which I should gladly have done. You had, however, no real loss, for I had but little, if any, information to give you upon the subject of your inquiries. There are no arms upon any of the ancient tombs at Clonmacnoise, or, indeed, at any other cemetery in Ireland. Heraldic bearings were, I have no doubt, introduced into the country by the Anglo-Normans, and I have met with no Irish arms of an earlier period than the fourteenth century. I suppose, however, that the clans had, or may have had, generally, some device—as the O'Neills, the red hand,' at an earlier age; but I fear it would

be difficult now to establish this conjecture as a fact. Your account of the old Rosary has interested me; but I can only guess at its probable age, which I would suppose to be the sixteenth century. Had the figure of the Saviour remained, it would have determined its age at once. I scarcely think, however, that its age could be *much* earlier than the period I have named; for I have not found the use of pearls in any Irish ornaments of an older date than the fourteenth century, and that but rarely. They are usually of the fifteenth. I think your conjecture a good one—that the Rosary probably belonged to some of the Russell family. I am quite unable to say what is the material of the avis. The pearls may be Irish, and if so, of course the Rosary too. Pearls were much used in Irish religious ornaments, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

I shall be very glad to hear from you respecting the Martin antiquities, when you have anything to communicate. It would be a great pity if the good things which Mr. M. had were not secured for our National Museum, at the Royal Irish Academy.

Pray pardon this hasty note, and believe me,
My dear Mr. Hanna,
Most sincerely yours,
GEORGE PETRIE.

John W. Hanna, esq.

7, Charlemont-place, Dublin.

MY DEAR MR. GOODMAN,—For your last two letters, and, still more, for your very kind gift of the two very curious antique articles, which I have safely received, I beg to assure you that I feel most deeply grateful. A zealous collector yourself, you can fully understand the delight which collectors feel when they receive any interesting addition to their collections, and how sincere, as well as lasting, is their gratitude to those who add to their gatherings, for the pleasure derived by the recipients from having the gifts constantly before their eyes, keeps the kindness of the donors from ever fading from the memory. For myself, I confess that I would not resign the happiness which I derive from the indulgence of my innocent hobbies—or manias, as most people would call them—of hunting after old Irish tunes and Irish antiques, for any other more common enjoyments that could be

offered to me. In short, it is my firm belief that we hobby-riders, when our hobbies are, as we conscientiously believe, worthy and intellectual ones—such as will afford an assurance that we have not lived a mere animal existence, have the best of it, and, like madmen, have a pleasure in our pursuits, which only ourselves can know.

But all this, as I can scarcely doubt, you will consider as the garrulousness of old age, and such I *suspect* it is, and give you no more of it.

Though I cannot feel a *certainty* as to the use of these curious articles, I believe them to be very ancient, and I cannot imagine a more probable conjecture as to their use than that which you suggested, namely, that they were chess-men. Your reference to the incident in the story of Deirdre is very suggestive and interesting. That very anciently chess-men were punctured at their bases so as to be firmly fixed on upright pegs on the chess-board, I have no doubt from specimens in my own and other collections, and the giving pegs to the men to fit into the holes in the board, would be only another and, perhaps, a better mode of obtaining steadiness. Might not the silver-headed piece have been a king? I regret very much that it has gone astray; and perhaps it might be an inducement to the farmer to look after it to tell him that I would give him a crown for it.

The tunes, which you have so kindly sent me, are all beautiful, and the ploughman's whistle, which greatly interested me, as being very different in its construction from those which I had collected in other parts of Ireland. It is very simple, and, perhaps, somewhat monotonous—but how deliciously sweet and soothing!

I should like to see your set of the boat tune—airs of this class are hard to be got now in Ireland, but they are still common in the Hebrides.

With the kindest wishes of the season,

I remain, my dear Sir,

Most sincerely yours,

GEORGE PETRIE.

Rev. J. Goodman.

CHAPTER IX.

ANCIENT MUSIC OF IRELAND.

THE closing years of Petrie's life were devoted to the work on Irish music, which was brought out by the Society formed for the publication of the National Melodies of Ireland. Music had been a passion with him from his earliest boyhood, and throughout his whole life refreshed and re-invigorated his spirits when depressed by the fatigue of mental labour. To quote his own words:—"In the hours of worldly trials, of cares and sorrows, I have felt its power to soothe and console; to restrain from the pursuit of worthless and debasing pleasures, of soul-corrupting worldly ambitions, destructive of mental peace; and to give contentment in a humble station."

The evenings in Petrie's house were generally devoted to music; his daughters—imbued with his own refined and delicate taste—singing in concert, and lending to his violin a soft and subdued accompaniment on the piano. His love for music was not confined to that of his own country, a broad and educated mind leading him to enjoy and appreciate classical as well as all national music. In his youth he was a member of many quartett societies for the practice of the works of Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn.*

* In his younger days he used to walk for miles to listen to the bands of the militia regiments. Of one of these, that of the Tyrone regiment, he was in the habit of speaking with delight during his life. Among the performers in this band were Nicholson, Willman the trumpet player, and others, who afterwards became very distinguished musicians.

It is related of him by a friend and contemporary, that on the occasion of Mozart's Don Giovanni being produced for the first time in Dublin, with the part of the Don by Ambrogetti, whose conception and entire performance of the part were probably never equalled—such was Petrie's delight in this music, that for the many nights that the opera was performed consecutively, he never missed a single representation of it. As day succeeded day, he would say that he would not go that night, and after dinner would sit down to his work. But as the hour of opening the

Of these three great writers in the German school, Haydn was decidedly his favourite, while Bellini he placed first in the rank of Italian composers. In the melodies of this writer, so national in character, he found expression for the tenderness, grace, and refinement which seemed to permeate his whole nature.

But his deepest and most lasting love was for the ancient airs of Ireland; and the true expression he gave to them can hardly ever again be equalled. Many now are gone of the happy circles that gathered round him at his own house, or at those of his friends; men of letters, artists, poets, archæologists, all lovers of Ireland, and true workers for her, whose hearts were kindled and purified by these perfect strains. Those who now remain will often love to dwell in memory on the graceful figure of the old man with his violin, turning, as he used to do, his back upon his audience, and facing the wall on which, perhaps, was hanging one of his own paintings, harmonious as the strains which he was pouring forth, while his graceful form swayed gently to the rhythm of the air that he was playing.

From his early boyhood, whenever he heard an air which, in any degree, touched his feelings, or appeared to him to be either unpublished, or a better version than any which had been already printed, he never neglected to note it down; and his summer ramblings through most of Ireland—for objects more immediately connected with his professional pursuits—afforded him constant opportunities of increasing the collection which so early in life he had commenced to form, and which, at last, amounted to many hundreds.

theatre drew near he became *restless* and unhappy, and at last felt compelled to fling aside whatever he was employed in, and rush away so as to be in time for the first grand chords of the overture. This opera was produced in Dublin in 1816 or 1817.

His first essay on music appeared in the *Dublin Examiner*, in the year 1816. It was a review of a work called Albyn's anthology, a collection of the melodies peculiar to Scotland and her Islands. One of the many instances of the spirit and practical nationality of the Highland Society was this attempt to preserve what remained in Scotland of the old music, and the old songs of its people. In this periodical we find a letter from Petrie on the claims of Scotland to several Irish airs, among which is the tune of Robin Adair, which cannot be found in any collection of Scottish melodies, prior to the last century; and the original words with which it is united, "You're welcome to Paxton, Robin Adair," are a corrupt version of the Irish ballad, "You're welcome to Puckstown, Johnny Adair," which was written about the year 1745, and adapted to the ancient melody—"Eibhleen a Ruin." This Johnny Adair is still remembered with honour in the county of Dublin, in which Puckstown Castle is situated. The original melody of "Eibhleen a Ruin," one of the most simply constructed and expressive airs of which any country can boast, is said to have been composed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by Carrol O'Daly, as we learn from the late Joseph Cowper Walker's Memoirs of the Irish Bards. In this letter he says—

"Carrol O'Daly, brother to Donough More O'Daly, a man of much consequence in Connaught, about two centuries ago, paid his addresses to Miss Elinor Kavanagh. The lady received him favourably, and at length was induced to promise him her hand; but the match, for some reason now forgotten was broken off, and another gentleman was chosen as a husband for the fair Elinor. Of this, Carrol, who was still the fond lover, received information. Disguising himself as a jongleur, or gleeman, he hastened to her father's house, which he found filled with guests, who were invited to the wedding. Having amused the company awhile with some tricks of legerdemain, he took up his harp, and sang the song of Eibhleen a Ruin, which he had composed for the occasion. This, and a private sign, discovered him to his mistress. The flame which he

lighted in her breast, and which her friends had in vain endeavoured to smother, now glowed afresh, and she determined to reward so faithful a lover. To do this, but one method now remained, and that was an immediate elopement with him. This she effected by contriving to inebriate her father and all his guests." (*The Dublin Examiner.*)

In thus seeking to reclaim the airs that belong to Ireland, we have the gratification of performing what we consider a duty to our country; for however lightly most of our readers may, and we believe do regard such matters, we cannot help thinking that our music is, after all, one of the things we have most reason to be proud of. If melody be the breathing of nature—the language of sentiment and feeling,—and such we believe it—what country has displayed so large a portion of these divine gifts in its airs; so much variety, mingled with such exquisite sensibility; and what might not be expected, under a wise and liberal policy, from a people so peculiarly and so happily constituted, and gifted with so great a capacity for the enjoyment of those pleasures that soften and humanize! We are, however, far from wishing it to be understood, that we suppose the ingenious editor of this volume was aware that he was possessing himself of property to which he had no just title; that he collected the airs, as he asserts, we have not the least doubt. The Highlands of Scotland, and the Isles, were, it is well known, until the middle of the last century, frequented by numerous Irish minstrels who sought that protection and encouragement which the distracted and miserable state of their country had denied them, and who returned the hospitality and kindness with which they were received with poesy and song. Thus the Highlanders became possessed of so many of our melodies and Fenian tales, which, though rude indeed, are, as Spencer says, "sprinkled with many goodly flowers of poesy."*

But, as years passed on, these early views of Petrie's were to a certain degree changed, and it became more and more obvious to him that the Celtic music of Scotland, though much of it may have been imported into that country by the wandering bards of Ireland, yet did not spring wholly from that source, but may have been coeval with the early

* From the *Dublin Literary Gazette*, 1816.

peopling of the Highlands and Isles by the Hiberno-Celts. Indeed, it is hard to believe that the love of song and the aptitude for melody should not be shared by both the Scottish and Irish Celts. In truth, it seems as if the term Scotch music has been used in too general a sense, and as if it implied a national music having a common origin. It is more probable, that looking at the differences of the races that occupied Strathclyde, and the eastern lowlands of Scotland, these people had each a music of their own—a music which may have transmitted its character to that which at the present day is commonly styled Scotch, and which has little, if any, of the true Celtic character. A few Danish airs are to be met with in Scotland, as in Ireland.

The beautiful and ancient Scottish ballad called "The Cruel Sister," with the double refrain of—

> "Binnorie! Oh, Binnorie!
> By the bonnie milldams of Binnorie,"

which has been imitated by Mr. Carleton in his song of "Killeavy! Oh, Killeavy!" is to be found in collections of the Scandinavian music. "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" is probably a Danish air; while among the airs of Ireland, "The Cruskeen Laun" is a known example of a Danish warlike song, or a march. When played in march time, all character of a drinking song disappears; and Moore, in giving his words—

> "To-morrow, comrades, we
> On the battle-field must be,"

to this air, seems to have recognised its nature.

"Without some knowledge of the character of the ancient songs, we have no clue to the sentiments which the melodies were intended to convey, but that which—as in the present instance—is derived from its name; for the words, "My love will ne'er forsake me," appear to me most happily expressive of the triumphant

and manly tone of feeling which pervades the air in question to a degree not often found amongst the melodies of Ireland. So strongly, indeed, does this feeling appear to me to preponderate, and so different from that of our tunes in general is the structure which was necessary to produce it, that, had this air come to me from any questionable authority, I should have been inclined to doubt its Irish origin; or, had it been shown to me as an ancient Gothic or Scandinavian air, such I should have very readily believed it. Such affinities and peculiarities are not, however, very uncommon amongst the multitude of our melodies; and, if we were allowed to indulge in conjecture as to the probable origin of them, we might, perhaps, ascribe it to the long occupation of our island by the Danes and Northmen, or even, not impossibly, to the blending of Teutonic races with the Celtic in ages more remote."*

That during at least the last two centuries some of the most famous harpers of Ireland visited Scotland, is admitted; and that, as they brought with them, so they left after them, many of the Irish airs, is probable, yet it may be doubted that, in their wanderings, they often penetrated the mountainous, or more purely Celtic portions of the country, in preference to the richer lowland districts.

It is true that the silver tuning key long in the noble family of Macdonald, and which was, in all probability, that of Rory Dall O'Cahan, was presented by Lord Macdonald, in 1775, to Acland Kane, in testimony of his performance at the castle in Skye; yet, though the islands and Perthshire were unquestionably visited, we read of these minstrels more in the lowlands, in the courts of kings and the halls of barons, where it is unlikely that any merely instrumental music could take root.

And this opens up a question as to our national music, in which Mr. Bunting and Petrie were at issue; the former holding that the words of the song were adapted to the air, the latter that the air was composed to give expression to the words; and, when the gathering and keeping in their

* Ancient Music of Ireland, p. 17.

purity of these precious melodies is considered, the question becomes of great importance.

The opinion of Bunting that airs which are but instrumentally rendered become fixed in the memories of a people, and are handed down traditionally and intact, is earnestly combated by Petrie. He shows that the air was originally made for the words, not the words for the air, and that it is the metrical arrangement, and the sentiment of the words to which these tunes were originally sung, that give them their peculiarity, and beauty of form and expression. Hence, in his life-long searches, he never failed, where it was possible, to note, not the air alone, but the words and metre of the old Irish song, and it is this, together with all circumstances as to the locality, history, and source of the air, that gives his collection its distinctive value at once as a musical as well as an archæological record.

When his work on Irish music came out, in 1855, objections were raised on account of so many of the airs being accompanied by disquisitions as to their historic nature and localities. Yet it is to this distinctive feature that the work owes much of its value. It is not a mere dry collection of national airs, but rather a learned study of the Irish music considered in relation to the characteristics and ethnology of the Celtic race, and illustrated from the copious stores of his great collection.

The metrical construction of the songs of Ireland is varied, and often peculiar; and when English words are adapted to our airs, the tune has frequently to be modified, and so loses more or less of its original character; and thus it is that in Sir John Stevenson's arrangements, adapted to the beautiful words of our lyrical poet, the air is often rendered far from genuine.

It was only when hearing Petrie play the original airs in their untouched form that it could be seen how such changes had lessened their individuality of character, and taken from their power.

It is in those airs which are pre-eminently the love melodies of the Irish that the difficulty of adapting them to English words is most seen.

These melodies are all in triple or *three-four* time, and consist of two parts, or strains, of eight bars each, and the same number of phrases, divided into two sections. Of these sections the second of the first part is, generally, a repetition—sometimes, however, slightly modified—of the section preceding; and the second section of the second part is usually a repetition of the second section of the first part—sometimes also modified in the first, or even the first and second phrases—but, as usual in all Irish melodies, always agreeing with it in its closing cadence.

In his selections for the Irish melodies, Moore seems to have been less intimate with the structure of this class of Irish airs than his celebrated contemporary, John Philpot Curran. And in the few of them to be found in his work, however happy in the expression of their sentiment, he fails to convey their native rhythm, and does not hesitate to change the accents and character of the melody to suit it to words which otherwise could not be sung to it. Of this the "Last Rose of Summer" is an instance.

As an example of a stanza correctly written to an air of this class, Petrie quotes Curran's song of the "Deserter."

"If sadly thinking,
And spirits sinking,
Could more than drinking
My cares compose,
A cure for sorrow
From sighs I'd borrow,
And hope to-morrow
Might end my woes."

How deeply the old music of his country was loved by Curran, how much he felt its power and its pathos, the following anecdote, given to the writer by an intimate friend of the great orator, will show:—On occasions when he felt

he would have next day to make one of his more impressive speeches, he was in the habit, during the stillness of evening, of walking up and down, and alone, in one of the shaded alleys of his old-fashioned garden, always carrying his violin in his hands crossed behind him, while his head was bent in meditation. He would now and then pause, and as if to assist his thoughts, bring the instrument forward and play a few bars of some old Irish air, when he would replace it and resume his walk.

Those who look at music as a source of sensuous enjoyment only, have but a narrow view of its uses and its value.

In the following passages from one of Petrie's manuscript journals he thus alludes to the ancient music of Ireland.

Time will roll on and carry on its wings the arts and luxuries of a new civilization, obliterating all the memorials of the old world, all the natural strength and freedom and tenderness that belonged to man in his simpler, and in his less artificial state, and which he has expressed in his works. But the depths of feeling that are expressed in the natural works of man in this state of imperfect civilization, and particularly in the original music which comes direct from the heart, untrammeled by rules, will, however simple, possess charms of a more lasting and touching kind to those who retain the pure simplicity of man's nature, than the finest works produced by the brain or the fancy of the most skilful musicians of a cold and artificial age.

On this, as well as on a former journey through parts of the county of Clare, the ancient melodies of the country were a chief object of research, not only from an anxious desire to assist in the preservation of the music of Ireland, but also with a view to ascertain if the melodies of this district had any features or character distinguishing them from those of other parts of the Island, my success, however, was on both occasions inconsiderable.

The music of Ireland has hitherto been the exclusive property of the peasantry—the descendants of the ancient inhabitants of the country.

It is characteristic of their ardent and impassioned temperament, and expressive of the tone of feeling that has been for ages predominant. The upper classes are a different race—a race who possess no national music; or, if any, one essentially different from that of Ireland.

They were insensible to its beauty, for it breathed not *their* feelings; and they resigned it to those from whom they took everything else, because it was a jewel of whose worth they were ignorant. He, therefore, who would add to the stock of Irish melody must seek it, not in the halls of the great, but in the cabins of the poor. He must accept the frank hospitality of the peasant's humble hearth, or follow him as he toils at his daily labours; but he must choose a season to do so—unlike the frightful summer of 1822—when even "the song of sorrow" was only heard embodied with the song of death!

It is a great error to suppose that all the valuable melodies in Ireland have been gathered. I am satisfied—and I speak from experience, having for very many years been a zealous labourer in this way—I am satisfied that not the half of the ancient music of the country has yet been saved from the danger of extinction. What a loss would these be to the world! How many moments of the most delightful enjoyment would be lost to thousands upon thousands, by the want of those most deeply touching strains? Dear music of my country! I cannot speak of it without using the language of enthusiasm; I cannot think of it without feeling my heart glow with tenderness and pride! Well may Ireland exult in the possession of such strains; but she will exult more when freedom shall bid her indulge the proud feelings that of right belong to her!

If the character of a people were to be judged by its national music—and is there a truer criterion—where, in the world, would there be found a people of more intense sensibility—that sensibility, which though it may, in its unconfined expansion, often exceed the limits within which cold prudence would confine it, is still the root of all genius, and the source of every generous feeling!

Could we suppose a being of another planet come down to live among the inhabitants of this; ignorant of every language but music—that language of the heart—what strains would allure him like those of this green island? In what region would he be

addressed with such eloquent language, whether of gaiety or tenderness, of sorrow or of joy, as in this bright land of song?

Alas for those who are insensible to its beauty! It is among them that the dull and ungenerous bigots will be found who spread poison on the land which they tread. Could music penetrate their stony hearts, the melodies of Ireland would make them weep for the ill they were the means of perpetuating on this unhappy island; and they would embrace that ill-treated people with a generous affection, anxious to make reparation for past injuries.

It will be easily inferred that in obtaining settings of airs with the full stamp of purity and authenticity, Petrie, whenever he could do so, took the airs from the singing of the people, rather than from performers on musical instruments.

In the autumn of 1857 it was the writer's privilege to spend a fortnight in the Islands of Aran along with Petrie and several of his friends, when he often accompanied him in his search after the old Irish music, of which not less than twenty-eight airs were collected. It will be well to describe the method by which the airs were obtained. Inquiries having been made as to the names of persons "who had music," that is who were known as possessing and singing some of the old airs, an appointment was made with one or two of them to meet the members of the party at some cottage near to the little village of Kilronan, which was their head-quarters.

To this cottage, when evening fell, Petrie, with his manuscript music-book and violin, and always accompanied by his friend O'Curry, used to proceed. Nothing could exceed the strange picturesqueness of the scenes which night after night were thus presented. On approaching the house, always lighted up by a blazing turf fire, it was seen surrounded by the islanders, while its interior was crowded with figures, the rich colours of whose dresses, heightened by the fire-light, showed with a strange vividness and variety,

while their fine countenances were all animated with curiosity and pleasure. It would have required a Rembrandt to paint the scene. The minstrel—sometimes an old woman—sometimes a beautiful girl, or a young man—was seated on a low stool in the chimney-corner, while chairs for Petrie and O'Curry were placed opposite; the rest of the crowded audience remained standing. The song having been given, O'Curry wrote the Irish words, when Petrie's work began. The singer recommenced, stopping at a signal from him at every two or three bars of the melody to permit the writing of the notes, and often repeating the passage until it was correctly taken down, and then going on with the melody, exactly from the point where the singing was interrupted. The entire air being at last obtained, the singer —a second time—was called to give the song continuously, and when all corrections had been made, the violin—an instrument of great sweetness and power—was produced, and the air played as Petrie alone could play it, and often repeated. Never was the inherent love of music among the Irish people, more shown than on this occasion; they listened with deep attention, while their heartfelt pleasure was expressed, less by exclamations than by gestures; and when the music ceased, a general and murmured conversation, in their own language, took place, which would continue until the next song was commenced.

The learned introduction to Mr. Bunting's ancient music of Ireland is from the pen of Mr. Ferguson, now Deputy-keeper of the Irish Records, whose learning, poetic power, and devotion to Irish literature have earned for him the esteem of all classes of his countrymen. To this national preface, which embraces the whole subject of Irish instrumental and vocal music, Petrie contributed a notice on the ancient harp, preserved in Trinity College, Dublin, known under the name of Brian Boruimhe's harp. But this designation he shows to be an erroneous one.

This beautifully decorated instrument was placed in 1672 in the museum of Trinity College by Colonel William Burton Conyngham, to whom it was presented by the Chevalier O'Gorman, accompanied with a romantic legend, in which fictitious statements are so engrafted on historic fact, that few, even if these had the power of distinguishing them, would think of doubting one more than the other. The legend states that on the deposition of Donogh, the son and successor of Brian, he went on a pilgrimage to Rome, A.D. 1023, carrying the harp and the golden crown of Ireland with him, and that the possession of these regalia was alleged by Adrian the Fourth as a title warranting him to transfer the kingdom to Henry the Second, on which occasion the crown was sent to the king of England; but the harp, however, remained in the Vatican, until the conferring of the title of Defender of the Faith on Henry the Eighth. It was subsequently presented by the king to the first Earl of Clanricarde; then passed into the hands of the Mac Mahons of Clare, and from them into those of Commissioner Mac Namara of Limerick.

Now it is stated in the Annals that Donogh O'Brian went, A.D. 1063 (not 1023), on a pilgrimage to Rome, where he died, but it is nowhere said that he carried the crown or the harp with him. The story of the crown of Ireland having been sent to Henry the Second by the Pope, is disproved by the fact that the gift which accompanied the Bull giving away the kingdom of Ireland was a gold ring, set with an emerald. But what conclusively establishes that this harp could never have been in the possession of Brian Boruimhe is the style of its ornamentation, which is of a later period; and the fact which illustrates the ignorance of the inventors of the story, is that it carries armorial bearings: such were not in use until after the first Crusade, and further, the arms are not those of O'Brian, but of the northern house of O'Neill.

The ornamentation of this harp shows it to have been a work of the fifteenth century, while the sacred monogram of the I.H.S. is not found on monuments of an earlier age. Its occurrence, as well as the small size of the harp, make it probable that it was of that class used by ecclesiastics to accompany the singing of their hymns. That such instruments were in use for this purpose appears in the lives of the early Irish saints, and Cambrensis states—

"Hinc accidit, ut Episcopi et abbates, et Sancti in Hibernia, viri citharas circumferre, et in eas modulando piè delectari consueverunt."

On several of the stone crosses, and in two ancient shrines, one in the Petrie Museum, and the other, the Fiacal Padraig, in the possession of the writer, harps of this description are represented as held on the knee of the ecclesiastic, and Petrie conjectures that this harp was made for one of the two O'Neills, who flourished in the fourteenth century —one as bishop of Clogher, and the other as bishop of Derry.

The antiquity and form of the Irish harp is illustrated by Mr. Ferguson, by a reference to its appearance on the cover of an Irish manuscript of the eleventh century, long preserved in the Stowe library; and again on the monument of Nieg in Rosshire, and the sculptured cross at Ullard, in the county of Kilkenny. In the first examples the harp appears with its pillar and sounding-board; but in the second, an older form, without the pillar, and like that of the Egyptians, is to be seen. This instructive and delightful introduction is illustrated by anecdotes of our national harpers, a race now nearly extinct, which, independently of their humour, show many of the habits of the time. Did space permit, the writer would gladly give the account of some passages in the lives of the famous Rory Dall O'Cahan, signalized in Sir Walter Scott's "Legend of Montrose" as the

teacher of Annot Lyle, including his spirited answer to King James; of Connellan, of Carolan, and of Hempson, the latter of whom played at the Belfast meeting in 1792, where he said—"when I played the old tunes, not another of the harpers would play after me;" of Duigenan, an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, the victor in a trial of skill with a Welsh harper, which was held on the floor of the Irish House of Commons, when he was purposely dressed in his *cauthach* and high-tasselled cap, both made of rushes; and of Higgins, who, though blind, was imprisoned for housebreaking, but by the help of a fellow-minstrel, also blind, so enchanted the gaoler's wife that, in her husband's absence, overcome by music, cordials, and love, she allowed him to steal the keys and escape; and of many others of that pleasant fraternity.

Professor O'Curry, in his deeply interesting lectures on the condition of ancient Ireland, while agreeing with Petrie that the harp in Trinity College cannot be of the time of Brian Boruimhe, combats the opinion that it is really a harp of the O'Neills, but throws little light on the tradition of its having been presented by Henry the Eighth to the first Earl of Clanricarde.

As to the story connected with its gift to that monarch by the Pope, he remarks that its invention cannot justly be attributed to the Chevalier O'Gorman, as that gentleman in all probability only communicated to General Vallancey the current story of the time.

In a communication from Petrie, given by Professor O'Curry in his XXXIII. lecture, he gives notices of several of the more modern, though still remarkable harps of Ireland. To this the writer gladly refers. But the following extract from his letter bearing on the antiquity of the Irish harp may well be given:—

To the lovers of ancient Irish melody—a body, I regret to say small in number amongst the educated classes in Ireland—it is a matter of deep regret that no very ancient specimen remains to us

of the instrument which gave that melody a grace of form and depth of feeling which that of no other country has ever equalled, or will ever surpass. As a nation, indeed, we have been and are hopelessly indifferent in the matter. We suppose the Irish harp to have been a barbarous instrument, and believe the music to which it gave birth to be at best but rude and unsuited to civilized ears; and in truth it is not of a kind to touch the feelings or satisfy the conventional taste of society as at present constituted.

The religious sentiment, so strongly characteristic of the Gaedhelic mind, has, in despite of so many adverse circumstances, preserved to us a few relics of those saintly men who by their zeal in the propagation of Christianity, both at home and abroad, obtained for their country the title of *Insula Sanctorum;* and these relics are no less interesting as touching memorials of the good men of a remote age, than valuable as specimens exhibiting an intimacy with the elegant arts, which without them would probably be more than doubted.

Highly, however, as I appreciate these remains, I confess that I would rather have possessed the harp of the apostle Patrick, or that of the gentle Keven of Glandalough, which we know to have been so long preserved, than their bells, shrines, or croziers, or any other of their relics; for such were only memorials of their professional existence, while their harps would present to our imagination the existence of that sensibility to "the concordance of sweet sounds" which the Creator has bestowed upon man, as the most sensuous and pure of his leisure enjoyments. Unhappily such touching memorials, however, we can never possess.

But we may still indulge the hope that our bogs, which have preserved for us so many interesting remains illustrative of the progress in civilization of our forefathers, may still conserve and present to us a specimen of our ancient harp; for at least one such they have already given us in our own time, but it seems to have been uncared for, and, consequently,—destroyed!

The late Mr. Henry Joy, of Belfast, in his learned and admirable "Historical Critical Dissertation on the Harp," printed in the late Mr. Edward Bunting's "General Collection of the Ancient Music of Ireland" (vol. i.: London, 1811), has informed us that—

"About ten or eleven years ago, a curious harp was found in the county of Limerick, on the estate of Sir Richard Harte, by whom it was given to the late Dr. O'Halloran. On the death of that gentleman it was thrown into a lumber room, and thence

removed by a cook, who consigned it to the flames. Its exact figure we have not been able to obtain. Several gentlemen who saw it, declare that it totally differed in construction from the instrument now known in Ireland; that it was smaller in size, and still retained three metal strings, with pins for several others. It was raised by labourers at the depth of twelve spits or spadings under the earth in Coolness Moss, near Newcastle, between Limerick and Killarney. It seems extraordinary that any vestige of metal strings or pins should have remained, notwithstanding the qualities attributed to moss water."

From the great depth at which this harp was found, continues Dr. Petrie, it could hardly have been less than one thousand years old.*

It was held by Petrie that the rate of growth of bog, a subject so important as bearing on questions of archæology in Ireland, might be estimated at one foot in a century. This would give the date of the harp as about A.D. 800, even supposing the depth of each spit or spading to be less than a foot. On this subject the following letter from the Professor of Geology in the University of Dublin is important:—

Trinity College,
26th October, 1868.

My Dear Dr. Stokes,—I received your interesting note respecting Dr. Petrie's estimate of the age of the Irish harp found at Coolness Moss.

I made some investigations once in the County of Kildare, on the date of growth of part of the Bog of Allen, and estimated it at *one foot in sixty years*; this would be rather quicker than Dr. Petrie supposes, but is quite consistent with his estimate.

An object like a harp, also, would not be likely to work down, by the action of rain, in the way in which flint weapons are known to descend through wet gravel or bog.

The subject is very obscure, and but little known about it.

The chief plants concerned are mosses and two heaths—Erica and Calluna.

I am, yours sincerely,

Dr. Stokes. Samuel Haughton.

* Lectures on the Manners and Customs of the People of Ancient Erinn, edited by William K. Sullivan, Ph. D., pp. 289-291, vol. ii.

But we have bogs manifestly of different ages, as well as showing different rates of increase. The great bog basins of Ireland, now occupying the sites of former lakes, are among the more recent. Professor Sullivan has observed to the writer that in estimating the age of any object as calculated from the depth it has been found in such bogs, it must be remembered that when these are formed on an inclined plane, as in lake bogs, the depth at which any article is found will have a different value according as it relates to the earlier or the late formation, and he holds that many of the county of Limerick bogs are of a greater antiquity and slower growth than those of the central basin of Ireland.

As in the earlier periods of Petrie's life he never seriously meditated bringing out any work on Irish music, he freely gave to others airs for publication which, in some instances, might have appeared in a more true form before the world had they been edited by himself. When but seventeen years of age he gave a large number to the poet Moore; and, shortly afterwards, a greater number to Frances Holden, some of which airs are also selected by Moore as companions for his exquisite lyrics; and, lastly, to Edward Bunting he freely offered the use of his whole collection; but this gentleman, probably actuated by feelings of delicacy, only selected seventeen for publication.

In December, 1851, a Society for the preservation and publication of the Melodies of Ireland was founded, Petrie being elected President, while the names of some of the foremost men of the country are to be found in the list of the Vice-Presidents and council.

One volume, consisting entirely of airs collected by Petrie, appeared under the superintendence of this Society, in the year 1855. It contains 147 airs, while a supplement to it, being the first part of a second volume not yet completed, contains thirty-six airs. Some of these melodies were sent him by friends, who, knowing his ardour in

research, had themselves collected for him. Poets, sculptors, painters, among whom we find such names as those of of Davis, Allingham, MacDowell, and Burton; physicians, students, parish priests, Irish scholars, college librarians, have all aided in the good work; but most of Petrie's airs have been noted by himself, from the singing of the people, the chanting of some poor ballad singer, the song of the emigrant—of peasant girls while milking their cows, or performing their daily round of household duty,—from the playing of wandering musicians, or from the whistling of farmers and ploughmen.

When compared with other national music, the airs of Ireland, especially those expressive of the deeper feelings, have a wealth and variety of melody peculiarly their own. To the modern composer collections of such airs should be of infinite value, as offering him original material to work on, and variety of themes from which to draw new ideas and fresh inspirations. Those who have heard the tune of the "Wild Geese," which was chanted at the Siege of Limerick, or that of the Tipperary "Reaper's song," will admit the value of Irish music in this respect.

It may be suspected by many that, in inclining to rank these Irish airs as the most beautiful national music in the world, his views were partial, yet he justly remarks that the people of every race and country will prefer their national music, as it is expressive of their own musical sensations, and is associated with the songs and recollections of their youth. No air has as yet been found amongst the martial music of Ireland that can rank as high as the "March of the men of Harlech," yet there are many which approach it in vigour and majesty of expression. Speaking of one of these airs, "the King of the Rath," Petrie observes :—

As this is the first example which I have selected of the hitherto unpublished military tunes of the Irish now in my possession, I deem it proper to state that all such airs, amongst the Irish, were

of a lively or quick-step character,—the slow march of England and other nations being unknown to, or at least unused by, them; and that all such strains are, of course, in common time, or that compound form of it consisting of two triplets, and known as *six-eight* measure. I should further state that these ancient tunes appear to me to be still very extensively preserved in Ireland as jig tunes, of which—when not, as they often are, in triple time—they may be regarded as the parents; if, indeed, as is most probable, these marches were not originally applied to both purposes.

Two forms of these airs appear—the march and the festive military song with chorus. The preservation of so many march tunes, when they were no longer required for their original purpose, is due to their having been transmuted into dance music. It would be well if the directors of military bands gave our soldiers—English, Scotch, and Irish—more frequent opportunities of hearing their own national music. In Mr. Chappell's excellent collection may be found many remarkable specimens of old English military music. Amongst the Gaelic airs of Scotland we know what fine martial tunes there are, and how much greater to an Irish heart would be the exciting power of such an air as "The March of Brian Boruimhe," or "The Return from Fingal," than the selections from modern Italian operas we so often hear played by our bands. National distinctions should be precious in the eyes of all men, and England should seek to cherish, not extinguish them in those nations that have passed beneath her rule. It is a great truth, asserted by Mr. Ruskin, as regards the art of painting, that generalization is unity, not destruction of parts, and composition is not annihilation, but arrangement of materials; and that the masses which result from right concords and relations of details, are sublime and impressive, while those which result from eclipse of details are contemptible and painful. This high principle should be greatly carried out in the art of government. It is not by obliterating all national distinctions and melting them into one, that true unity is attainable; but by respect-

ing them, and raising them to fullest life. Thus the way may be opened to self-respect in each nation individually, all that is good and great in each may be drawn forth, and thus united, form true harmony.

To those possessed of any sensibility, the effect of the Caione, the funeral chant of Ireland—the Irish cry of sorrow —is touching in the highest degree. There is an excellent example of it in Mr. Horncastle's collection, harmonized for four voices.

In the singing of this lament by his daughters, Petrie took the keenest pleasure, and would lend his own voice to the dirge, with its original words,—

"Oh, son of Connal, why did'st thou die? Royal, noble, learned youth!
Valiant, active, warlike, eloquent!
Oh, son of Connal! etc."

It was during a visit to the beautiful scenery of the Boyne, between Drogheda and Navan, that the writer, in company with Petrie and some dear friends, first heard the Caione. This was many years ago. The funeral was that of a young girl, and the coffin covered with a white pall, and strewed with flowers, was carried by her companions, all in white, while the youthful mourners, similarly dressed, followed. A scene more characteristic of the country it would be difficult to imagine; and as the procession wound its way under the shade of the wild wood, the song of sorrow, chanted by the voices of the pure and young, was heard in its swell and fall, until the arrival at the grave was told by its cessation.

To return from this digression. It was Petrie's opinion that the music of Ireland stands pre-eminent among that of the other Celtic nations in beauty and power of expression, —especially in her caiones, her lamentations, and her love-songs; the latter, by their strange fitfulness, and sudden transitions from gladness to pathos and longing, are marked

with a character peculiarly her own. It may well be supposed that some of these delightful tunes are accompanied by songs of corresponding simplicity and pathos. Doubtless, originally in every case the perfect music was set to noble words in the native language. But the destructive course of time, coupled with the bias of popular lyricism to politics, has, within the last century, caused the words of many of the best old Celtic love-chants to disappear utterly from the memories of the peasantry. A few years more, and probably none would have been left for the delight of the literary antiquary, the philologer, and the lover of popular and tradition. Petrie, then, and his friend, Professor O'Curry, have high claims to gratitude for the exertions they have made to preserve the words usually sung to the melodies in this collection.

In every country in Europe save Ireland the examples of Scott and Percy have been successfully followed, but of the dying-out poetry of the Irish people, whose songs, as numerous, sweet, and pure as the wild flowers, are still to be gathered from the peasantry, no such collectors have arisen. The following rendering of Professor O'Curry's prose translation of the words sung to the lovely and mournful air, called "By the brink of the white Rocks," is not unworthy of its music, and may be given as a specimen of the love-song of an Irish peasant girl:—

O Love, do you remember that night beside my pane,
When you'd neither hat nor gloves nor coat, to keep you from the rain?
You grasped the hand I gave you, with a loving heart and eye,
And there we lingered talking till the lark was in the sky.

O Love, do you remember the night we lay below
The branches of the rowan-tree—the nightwind drifting snow?
But your head was on my bosom, and your pipe played sweetly then—
That night I little thought our ties of love would part agen.

O Darling of my heart of hearts, some night, and soon, come here,
When all my people are at rest—we'll talk together, dear,
And I'll fold you fast within my arms, and tell my tale so true,
How I've lost all hope of heaven for the pleasant love of you.

Of the exact date of the airs to which these songs are chanted, it would be impossible to form an estimate approaching to accuracy, but we know that, even so early as the eleventh century, the Welsh bards sought for and received instruction from those of Ireland; while Giraldus Cambrensis mentions the attention of the Irish to musical instruments, and their skill in using them, as beyond all comparison superior to that of any nation he had yet seen. He adds, speaking of their playing on the harp,—"They delight with so much delicacy, and soothe so softly, that the excellence of their art seems to lie in concealing it." Handed down from father to son, and grandame to grandchild, these songs have thus lived on from year to year, and century to century. Perfect in beauty as many of them are, yet, in truth, they do but survive as the wreck of better times,—the broken voice which tells of a life that has passed away since it gave them birth—of a people who are fast becoming scattered and lost.*

* In reference to this subject the following note from one of Petrie's friends, written in 1857, is interesting, as bearing on the antiquity of the music of Ireland:—"In reading Zeuss' 'Grammatica Celtica' (which I have been doing at odd hours) it occurred to me that I might do you some service by noting down the allusions to Irish music which I met with in the glosses whereon the Irish portion of that work is founded. These glosses are, as you are probably aware, all of the eighth or ninth centuries—some perhaps earlier—more ancient, therefore, I presume, than any MSS. preserved in Ireland, except the Book of Armagh. From the nature of the books glossed, Priscian's Grammar and St. Paul's Epistles chiefly—the allusions in question are scantier than I could wish. Such as they are, however, they may be useful, and will certainly be interesting to you:—

"1. The Harp. 'Cithara' is always glossed by cruit; a harpstring is téit; 'citharam percutiebat' is no fennid.

But for the researches of Edward Bunting, and a few who have followed in his track, Petrie remarks that the memory of our music would have been but little more than a departed dream, never to be satisfactorily realized, and that, notwithstanding all that has been done by those persons, it never has been collected truly and perfectly, and cannot be so now.

I could not but feel (he goes on to say) that what must have been at no distant time the inevitable result of the changes in the character of the Irish race, which had been long in operation, and which had already almost entirely denationalized its higher classes, had been suddenly effected, as by a lightning flash, by the calamities which, in the years 1846–7, had struck down and well-nigh annihilated the Irish remnant of the great Celtic family. Of the old, who had still preserved as household gods the language, the songs, and traditions of their race and their localities, but few survived. Of the middle-aged and energetic whom death had yet spared, and who might for a time, to some extent, have preserved such relics, but few remained that had the power to fly from the plague and panic-stricken land; and of the young, who had come into existence and become orphaned during those years of desolation, they, for the most part, were reared where no mother's eyes

"2. The Flute or Pipe. 'Tibia' is glossed by buinne; a fluteplayer or piper (tibicen) by eochairchéitleo.

"3. The Irish used to sing to the accompaniment of the crot or the buinne, for 'id quod canitur aut quod citharizatur' is glossed by angaibther iarno buinniu l. croit, no ani crottichther (what is sung to [literally, *in*] the *buinne* or *crot*, or that (which) is played-on-the-harp). l. is the contraction for no (or). 'Modulantibus' is glossed by donaibh binnigedoar (to those [that] make melody). Focanim is the gloss to 'succino'—so that perhaps the Irish were accustomed to sing in parts.

"4. They don't seem to have had any instrument like a *cymbal*, for 'cymbalum tinnicus' is glossed humae fogairgedar (brass [that] gives voice). 'Cymbalum' by cenetae ciuil iaro (a kind of music this); 'cynera' (?) by cenetae ciuil dam (a kind of music also).

"5. The name of a *trumpet* I have not found in Zeuss' glosses, but one of them says of its sound: is fain fri cach, fain fri fcor, fri imthecc (it is different in fight, different in retreat, in advance)."

could make them feel the mysteries of human affections—no mother's voice could soothe their youthful sorrows, and implant within the memories of their hearts her songs of tenderness and love, and where no father's instructions could impart to them the traditions and characteristic peculiarities of feeling that would link them to their remotest ancestors. The green pastoral plains, the fruitful valleys, as well as the wild hillsides and the dreary bogs, had equally ceased to be animate with human life. 'The Land of Song' was no longer tuneful, or, if a human sound met the traveller's ear, it was only that of the feeble and despairing wail for the dead. This awful unwonted silence, which during the famine and subsequent years almost everywhere prevailed, struck more fearfully upon their imaginations, as many Irish gentlemen informed me, and gave them a deeper feeling of the desolation with which the country had been visited, than any other circumstance which had forced itself upon their attention."

Petrie goes on to state that it was the consideration of the circumstances of which this fact gave so striking an indication, that, more than any other, induced him to accept the proposal of the Irish Musical Society, and secure to the public his long-hoarded stores of melody. Many collections, it is true, have already appeared of the melodies of Ireland, nevertheless, scarcely one of the airs in the volume before us had been published. The collection of Sir John Stevenson, in which the melodies are set to words by Moore, is the one with which the English public are most familiar. Beautiful as Stevenson's arrangements are, variations have been necessarily made which too often destroy the national character of the air, and which will always be lamented by those who are acquainted with the original. Holden's and Bunting's collections are more correct, and some of the finest airs in them have been supplied by Petrie himself; but the present publication stands alone as being the work of one who was at once a musician and a profound archæologist. The importance of this last qualification has never been sufficiently insisted

on as regards national music. Deep researches are now being made as to the extent of the civilization of the Aryan family before it separated, as to the situation of its abode, and the relative periods at which its members left their common home.

The groundwork for such researches is supplied by the words common to the various Indo-European languages; and it may well be asked whether the natural music of a country, in itself a language of all others most subtle and refined in expression, should be passed over without investigation.

If the study of philology be invaluable as a means of increasing our knowledge of the development and progress of the intellectual, so should music be equally prized and studied as the language of the emotive faculty. Considered in this way, each new melody will be to us as a new word, a fresh revelation of the history of the human race. The student of European national music may thus trace some of the characteristics of one branch of the Aryan family. By observing what airs are common to different nations, he may discover curious evidence, in some cases, of such airs having been produced before the separation of the Aryan race; in others of the subsequent intercourse of the peoples that possess them. He may learn somewhat of the idiosyncracies of nations, by studying the changes that took place in such melodies as have passed from people to people, and by finding what airs are peculiar to one.

Thus firmly convinced of the historical interest of this ancient Irish music, Petrie points out specimens, where they occur, of airs connected with fairy legends, and bearing a strong affinity to Eastern melodies. The lullaby tunes, especially, have a close resemblance to those of Hindostan and Persia. He points to three classes of music, said to have been brought into the country by the Tuatha de Danann, a mythic, or heroic race, supposed to have invaded Ireland many centuries before Christ. The origin of many airs

bearing a Gothic or Scandinavian character, he traces to the long occupation of the Island by the Danes and Northmen, and the blending of the Teutonic with the Celtic races, in ages now remote. Those airs, which are peculiarly Irish in expression, Petrie analyzes with a power possessed by none but himself. He stands alone in his knowledge of the national character of which they are the exponents, and in his sympathy with their every expression of varying passions and emotions. He opens to our view, in the analysis he gives of each air, cadences of imploring and impassioned tenderness in some—of hopeless sadness, or wailing sorrow in others; and points out the sportiveness and grace, or spirit-stirring animation and vigour of the dance-music, and the soothing tones of the *Suantraidhe*, or sleep-disposing melodies.

In this collection we find many specimens of airs composed and sung to beguile the hours devoted by the peasantry to their various occupations. Thus they have plough tunes, spinning tunes, smith's tunes, miller's and carter's songs, and lullabies in great numbers. The first mentioned of these are strains of a simple, wild, and solemn character, which the ploughman whistles in the field to soothe or excite the spirit of the animals he guides.

Amongst the numerous classes of melodies which a people so music-loving as the Irish invented, to lighten the labour and beguile the hours devoted to their various occupations, there is, perhaps, no one of higher interest, and certainly no one that I have listened to with a deeper emotion, than a class of simple, wild, and solemn strains, which the ploughman whistles in the field, to soothe or excite the spirits of the toiling animals he guides, as well as to fill his own ear with sounds expressive of peaceful and solemn thoughts. The accompanying songs of the birds are scarcely so pregnant with sentiment,—so touching to a sensitive human soul; and it would be difficult, if not impossible, for a mind not closed to the sense of beauty, to hear such strains without feeling a glow of admiration for the character of a people amongst whom, whatever may be the faults engendered by untoward circum-

stances, the primeval susceptibility to the impressions of melody was yet, despite all destructive influences, so generally retained; and which susceptibility has preserved to us so many indigenous airs, which, in their fitness for the purposes for which they were employed, no mere intellectual *art* could rival.

Of the airs of this class, however, we have had, unfortunately, but two specimens hitherto preserved,—unfortunately, as I say; because from the changes now in progress amongst the agricultural classes in Ireland—in a great degree the consequences of the calamities of recent years—such airs are now rarely or never to be heard; and, if we would seek for them, it should be in those new-world homes of the Celts, in which, possibly, they may be for a time retained as heart touching reminiscences of the green fields which their fathers had for so many ages toiled in, and which their sorrows could not make them cease to love.

They bear a striking resemblance of character to French airs of the same class described by George Sand in the opening of "La Mare au Diable," from which the following passage may be given:—

Puis la voix mâle de ce jeune père de famille entonnait le chant solennel et mélancolique, que l'antique tradition du pays transmet non à tous les laboreurs indistinctement, mais au plus consommés dans l'art d'exciter et de soutenir l'ardeur des bœufs de travail. Ce chant, dont l'origine fut peut-être considérée comme sacrée, et auquel de mystérieuses influences ont dû être attribuées jadis, est réputé encore aujourd'hui posséder la vertu d'entretenir le courage de ces animaux, d'apaiser leurs mécontentements et de charmer l'ennui de leur longue besogne. Il ne suffit pas de savoir bien les conduire en traçant un sillon parfaitement rectiligne, de leur alléger la peine en soulevant ou enfonçant à point de fer dans la terre; on n'est point un parfait laboreur si on ne sait chanter aux bœufs, et c'est là une science à part qui exige un goût et des moyens particuliers. Le chant n'est, à vrai dire, qu'une sorte de récitatif interrompu et repris à volonté. Sa forme irrégulière et ses intonations fausses selon les règles de l'art musical, le rendent intraduisible.

Mais ce n'en est pas moins un beau chant, et tellement approprié à la nature du travail qu'il accompagne, à l'allure du bœuf,

au calme des lieux agrestes, à la simplicité des hommes, que le disent, qu' aucun génie étranger au travail de la terre ne l'eût inventé, et qu' aucun chanteur autre qu' un *fin laboreur* de cette contrée ne saurait le redire.

Aux époques de l'année où il n'y a pas d'autre travail et d'autre mouvement dans la campagne que celui du labourage, ce chant si doux et si puissant monte comme une voix de la brise, à laquelle sa tonalité particulière donne une certaine ressemblance. La note finale de chaque phrase, tenue et tremblée avec une longueur et une puissance d'haleine incroyable, monte d'un quart de ton en faussant systématiquement. Cela est sauvage, mais le charme est indicible, et quand on s'est habitué à l'entendre on ne conçoit pas qu'un autre chant pût s'elever a ces heures et dans ces lieux-là sans en déranger l'harmonie.

Next to these are many airs of a lighter and more mirthful kind sung by women while sitting at their spinning wheels. The smith's song, in his collection, he is inclined to rank as a specimen of ancient imitative music, suggested by the measured time and varied tones of the hammer striking on the anvil.

The great numbers of these airs breathing a spirit of light-hearted joyousness, of quiet cheerfulness and sweetness, or soothing calm and rest, would alone suffice to prove the fallacy of the generally received opinion that melancholy is the characteristic expression of Irish music. On this subject Petrie observes:—

To those who have inconsiderately, if not flippantly, expressed an opinion that the melodies of Ireland are wanting in variety of character,—that they are tiresomely uniform in their expression of an unmanly despondency,—or, in more poetic phrase, that they are "the music of a people who had lost their liberty," and so forth—and such opinions are still very generally expressed—this air, as well as numberless others still preserved, may be cited in proof of the fallacy of such hasty assumption. It is true, indeed, that in this, as well as in most of our old lively tunes, whether vocal or instrumental in character, there is a blending of tones not in themselves mirthful or enlivening; for, as the poet Moore writes, "Even in their liveliest strains we find some melancholy note

intrude,—some minor Third or flat Seventh,—which throws its shade as it passes, and makes even mirth interesting." But such tones are only like the judicious touches of dark colour in a bright picture, which, instead of darkening, serve to increase its brilliancy, while they add to its substance and vigour.

In speaking of one of the many Irish lullabies published by Petrie in this volume, he remarks:—

The following melody, together with the Irish song which accompanies it, were recently taken down from the singing of Mary Madden, a poor blind peasant woman from Limerick, now resident in Dublin; and both tune and words appear to me to possess a high degree of interest;—the tune, as a beautiful, and, as I believe, a very ancient example of one of the three classes of music said to have been introduced into Ireland by that heroic or mythological race called the Tuatha de Danann, namely, the *Suantraidhe*, or sleep-disposing music;—and the fairy legend embodied in the words, preserve to us a valuable illustration of the nature of the superstitions connected with the same mysterious race, and which, despite of every counteracting influence, have so long retained their hold on the belief of the people. Further, with reference to this air, I would observe that its strong affinity to the lullaby tunes of Hindostan and Persia will scarcely fail to strike the investigators of national melody; and connected as it thus is with a fairy legend, this affinity must be regarded with interest by those who trace such superstitions to an Eastern origin.

Petrie adds—"In reference to the above and other Lullaby songs, still preserved in the county of Limerick, Mr. Joyce makes the following remark":—

These songs, so far as I could learn from a pretty extensive inquiry, were many of them very similar in ideas, expression, and general character. The child was generally soothed to sleep with the promise of a golden cradle—cliabán oir—rocked by the wind on a fine sunny day, under the shade of trees—a combination of circumstances in perfect keeping with the poetical character of the Irish peasantry. The verses were always followed by the burden "Sho-heen sho," &c.; and, when sung by a good voice, the whole melody and song must have had a powerfully soothing effect.

Mr. Curry's literal version of one of these songs may be given as remarkable in its expression of maternal tenderness combined with poetic imagination.

I would put my own child to sleep,
And not the same as the wives of the clowns do,
Under a yellow blanket and a sheet of tow,
But in a cradle of gold, rocked by the wind.
Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo,
Sho-heen sho, you are my child;
Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo,
Sho-heen sho, and you are my child.

I would put my own child to sleep,
On a fine sunny day between two Christmases,
In a cradle of gold on a level floor,
Under the tops of boughs, and rocked by the wind.
Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo, &c.

Sleep, my child, and be it the sleep of safety,
And out of your sleep may you rise in health;
May neither cholic nor death-stitch strike you,
The infant's disease, or the ugly small-pox.
Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo, &c.

Sleep, my child, and be it the sleep of safety,
And out of your sleep may you rise in health;
From painful dreams may your heart be free,
And may your mother be not a soulless woman.
Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo, &c.

In many of the melodies contained in Petrie's collection notes occur, which, to the ear of the modern or so-called classical musician will sound wild and uncouth, even as the motions and costume of the Indian chief appear strange and rude to the eye formed solely by the study of the refinements and fashions of modern civilization. Nevertheless beauty does exist in the freedom and grace of the unfettered motions of the savage; and if, in the study of this music, we fail to perceive its natural greatness, the fault lies, not in its singular strains, but in ourselves. In these

tunes are modulations and omissions such as seldom occur except in the oldest national music. Many peculiarities of ancient composition may be accounted for by reference to the construction of ancient musical instruments. This, as Mr. Chappell observes, "is most discernible where the employment of one instrument has predominated greatly over others —as in Spain the guitar, and in Switzerland the mountain horn. The impress of the harp is left on many English and Welsh airs in their bold stateliness of character. If this is not equally traceable in Irish music, it is, in all probability, because the Irish continued to use the small harp, strung with wire, when it had fallen into disuse in England and Wales. The wire-strings would vibrate longer than the catgut, but their chords would lack force and decision." Many of the oldest Celtic airs have been drawn from a defective scale—the old Scot's scale—which, as we learn from Dr. Burney, resembles that of the Greeks and Chinese in the omission of the fourth and seventh of the key, and are marked by a careful avoidance of the major seventh. We find an air modulating from (G) major into (E) minor; and (D) natural, instead of sharp, occurs in the modulation, as also is often the case in the old Gregorian chants. In the key of (G) minor we find the (F) natural throughout. These airs are almost all characterized by the occurrence of the submediant as a strongly marked note. Many of of them end in a different key from that in which they commenced. In this way there are numberless instances proving a totally different system and form of composition to have existed among the ancients from that now in use, and in the arrangement and harmonizing of these airs such differences must be attended to and respected, else we run the risk of destroying the characteristic expression of the air, and its value as a relic of antiquity.

Dr. Marx, in his Kompositionlehre, speaking of the German choräle, remarks :—

Many of our chorale belong neither to the major nor minor modern modes, but to an earlier system of modes, and cannot be treated according to our present system of modulation, or, at least, if so treated, not in a manner conformable to their spirit. They require different modulation and different harmonizing and of such a kind only as is consistent with that old system. Even the melodies themselves, if viewed apart from harmony, are often utterly at variance with our modern principles of composition. If we wish to harmonize suitably chorale of this description (and they are the finest that we have), we must make ourselves acquainted with the modes in which they are written, in so far, at least, as is requisite for the judicious selection of the harmony to be so employed.

This may be applied, with equal truth, to the Celtic music. The songs of primitive man are confined to a few notes seldom extending beyond the interval of the fifth, which, in early music is always the interval brought forward in a prominent manner. In the singing of our Irish airs, though written on a less limited scale, it is to be remarked that the notes even are not always distinctly intoned, but in the transition from one to another all the intermediate portions are slightly touched, mounting, as the writer above quoted states, " en faussant systématiquement ;" and this may be noticed in the singing of the Irish peasant of the present day, and particularly that of the boatmen on the Western Coast; the effect produced is singularly wild and strange, and seems in harmony with the surrounding scene, and the cry of the sea-bird and wailing of the wind around these barren cliffs and mountains.

It is one great impediment thrown in the way of the student of ancient national music, that in the already published collections of such airs, those who have undertaken to arrange them, feeling the impossibility of putting to them harmonies and accompaniments which would be correct according to the rules of modern science, have thought themselves obliged to vary the melody in order to avoid consecutive octaves and fifths occurring in similar motion. Better have left the simple air untouched. The fault lay not, as

they supposed, "in the savage wildness" of the melody, but their own want of power. Beethoven and Chopin, in their compositions overcame such obstacles; and in many of their works we find consecutive fifths appearing where no discord is produced. Palestrina begins his "Stabat Mater," still used in the Pope's chapel, by three successive chords with sharp fourths to the base (A, G, F), descending diatonically. The old church composers, ignorant of the modern rules of relation, take fearlessly two or more perfect chords of the same kind, diatonically using every note of the scale except the seventh as a base. Hence doubtless, in part, the solemn, wild, and melancholy effect of this ancient music, so different from music written in accordance with our modern laws of composition. Such rules, in all art, may be valuable as assistance to the patient students who, through them, work to freedom and to greatness—to those of whom it may be said, in the words of one of our true poets:—

> They live by law—not like the fool,
> But like the bard who freely sings
> In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,
> And finds in them not bonds, but wings.

Yet beyond these heights there is a higher still, to be arrived at only by those unconscious workers who feel that through them the spirit breathes, but know not how it operates.

While forming his collection Petrie carried on a correspondence with friends, as interested as himself in the subject of national music. Among these we find the names of Thomas Moore, MacDowell, Chappell, Eugene O'Curry, J. P. Joyce, etc. Many of the letters will be read with interest.

Sloperton, Devizes, June 7, 1835.

DEAR SIR,—I shall much rejoice at our correspondence, should it be the means of leading to our nearer acquaintance, and hope to be allowed, when I come next to town, to pay personally my respects to you. Whatever you may think of my *Irish* feeling

(and were it not for your kind and flattering article in the Magazine, I should have feared you rated it very low) I have at least enough to enable me to appreciate—I will not say (however deserved) the "manly and sensible," as you do not seem to like those epithets—but the warm, honest, and enlightened zeal which you show in behalf of everything relating to the honour of our country. With respect to the opinion I ventured on the subject of our music, or rather of those airs which have reached our times, I am much inclined to think I may have been mistaken, and that the date of those airs is much more ancient than I have made it. But this has no more to do with the existence or merits of our music *before* the date of those airs than any doubt as to the age of a particular Irish manuscript has to do with the antiquity or merits of Irish manuscripts in general; and you will see, from the last chapter of the published volume of my History, that I take credit to our country for the sweetness of its music from the very earliest times.

With regard to what you say in your letter respecting our Milesian legend, it appears to me (though I can hardly think it possible) that you mean to compare this fiction with the Border Tales and Songs of Scotland, and the romantic legends of England's King Arthur, &c., whereas, assuredly, the *real* counterparts of our Gadelian antiquities are to be found in the Forty Kings of Scotland and the descent of the Bretons from Breste, and the Trojans, —clumsy figments, which Milton and Camden in vain endeavoured to overturn, but which fell at last by the weight of their own nonsense, leaving only our structure of the same kind standing, or rather tottering, in the senile pages of Keating, &c., &c.

Your offer of assisting me with the advantage of your research and learning upon points which you must necessarily be so much better acquainted with than myself, I accept with pleasure and thankfulness, and shall take every opportunity of availing myself of it. It is my intention at present to visit Ireland this autumn, and I shall not fail to remember your advice respecting the facsimile from the Brehon MSS. as well as the old notation of the Irish melody. Where, however, is this to be found? I must confess, among my other scepticisms, some doubts as to the conjuring powers of Spray—except with his voice, poor fellow.

I am, dear sir,

Yours very faithfully,

THOMAS MOORE.

Dublin, 67 Rathmines-road,
June 13, 1855.

Dear Sir,—Though I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you, I yet trust you will pardon the liberty which I take in addressing this note to you, as its chief object is to thank you on the part of the Irish Music Society, and still more on my own account, for the two valuable and interesting communications, relative to our melodies, which you were so good as to send to my friend, the Rev. Dr. Todd.

To me, as the editor of the publications of that Society, now in progress, your letters could not fail to be of a very great interest; and I may truly say that, since I engaged in this undertaking, nothing has occurred in connexion with it that has given me more pleasure than to find that it was deemed worthy of aid and encouragement by a gentleman of your distinguished ability and unbiassed judgment; and for any further aid which you may be so kind as to afford it, the Society, I have no doubt, will feel greatly obliged, and I, particularly, must be deeply grateful. I should add that I should have addressed you much sooner on this subject, but that I have had a great deal to do, and my power of working has been very much diminished by a feeble state of health during our unusually severe winter and spring.

Your facts relative to the antiquity and Irish origin of the tune so generally known by the name of Lochaber, were quite new to me, and are so valuable that I mean to use them in the course of my second volume. As you observe, Duffett must certainly have been an Irishman: indeed, his name is almost a decisive proof of that fact, for it is only an English form of the name *Dubhtach*, which was formerly pronounced Dufhach, but is now usually made Duffy. No man, however, but an Irishman who was familiar with the peculiar metres of Irish lyrical poetry could have written a song so perfectly imitative of their structure, and I do not know of any later song in which these characteristic features are so well embodied in an English form. Curiously enough, I was already acquainted with the name, but the name only, of Duffett's song, for I have in my possession a copy of a little volume of lyrics, entitled, "A small Garland of pious and godly Songs, for the solace of his Friends and Neighbours in their Affliotions," and which was written and published in London in the reign of Charles the Second, by Luke Wadding, a Catholic bishop of Ferns, in

Ireland, and in this volume there are two songs to the tune of "Since Celia's my Foe." The first of these is called "The banished man's Adieu to his Country," and begins thus :—

"Dear Country, adieu !
Though faithful and true,
To-morrow,
With sorrow,
I must part with you ;
Without more delay,
This is my last day,
Remember,
November,
Doth force me away," &c., &c.

The second song is called "The banished man's Adieu to the World," to the same tune, and its first line is a parody on the first line of Duffett's song. Thus :—

"*Since the world is my foe,*
And her joys prove my woe,
From her charms,
Full of harms,
Away I will go." &c., &c.

It never, however, occurred to me that the tune of "Since Celia's my Foe" might be an Irish one, though many other tunes referred to in the little volume are undoubtedly Irish, as their names sufficiently show. And the discovery of this fact leads me to believe that possibly some of the other tunes which bear English names in the work, may also be Irish airs; and, as probably, some of these English songs may be known to you, I take the liberty of sending you their names, in the hope that you may have it in your power to throw some light upon the subject.

"Bonny Broom."
"What time the groves were clad in green."
"Alas, I cannot keep my sheep."
"How cold and temperate am I grown."
"Since I could call my heart my own !"
"The Dump."
"I do not love 'cause thou art fair."
"Bonny Broo." (Perhaps the same as Bonny Broom.)

"Fortune my foe."
"The skilful Doctor."
"Farewell, fair Armedia."
"The knell."

These are all that have English names.

In your first note to Dr. Todd you state that you had given to my late friend, Edward Bunting, some Irish tunes from Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, but that he made no use of them! This was only what I should have expected of Bunting, who had an insuperable objection to give any authority for his tunes but his own. But it was very foolish, for he had no authority to substantiate the antiquity of any of the airs which he has printed, which would be so great and important as that with which you supplied him; and if you could kindly put me in the way of procuring copies of those tunes, I should feel most deeply grateful, and should most certainly not treat them as Bunting did.

I should also state that your allusion, in your second note to Dr. Todd, to the tune, "Calen o Custure me," mentioned by Shakespeare, very much interested me, for its name is certainly Irish; and I hope that, sooner or later, you may be able to put your hand upon the setting of it. (See Appendix.)

I cannot conclude without remarking that the high opinion which you have expressed as to the exquisite beauty of our Irish music has afforded me great pleasure, for it has given me an assurance that my own high opinion of its excellence is not—at least, to any great extent—a result of national feeling or prejudice. I am a lover of the national airs of all the parts of our empire, not only for the beauty which they often possess, but because they appear to me to indicate the peculiar traits of character which distinguish the people of each portion of the empire from the others. But I do think that, in expression of the tender sentiments, and often in the art of their construction, there are no national melodies equal to the Irish in the whole world. I have been long familiar with your admirable "Collection of Ancient English Melodies," and they have been long used in my family as a true source of quiet evening enjoyment. It is, I believe, only in this way that national music can be truly felt, and be appreciated justly. Could I venture to hope that my work would reciprocate this pleasure at your fireside, it would make me very happy to believe. At all events, I trust to have the

pleasure of hearing your opinion upon it, for the committee of the Irish Music Society have, by a unanimous vote, passed a resolution that you should be requested to accept from them, as a token of their respect, the volumes of the work as they may appear; and as the first volume is now all but finished—the title-page only is wanting—I hope it will be in your hands in a very short time.

Believe me, dear sir,
Your very obliged and faithful servant,
GEORGE PETRIE.

Wm. Chappell, esq.

Dublin, 67 Rathmines-road,
August 28, 1855.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I need hardly tell you that the sight of your well-known handwriting on the envelope, on Sunday last, gave me a very pleasurable surprise, for much as I coveted a few lines from you, I considered that you had so much fatiguing work to do, that I had given up all hopes of your writing to me, and only looked forward with anxiety to see you once more in old Ireland. In truth, in one circumstance your note gave me a disappointment, for I had hoped your return home would be sooner than you tell me it will be,—but a few weeks will glide over rapidly.

As to myself, I am pretty much the same in health and spirits as usual. Poor as a church-mouse, but just as little disposed to commit suicide from despondence.

If I were *very* superstitious, I should long before this have come to the conclusion that the malevolent devils would never allow the volume of Irish melodies to see the light in a finished form, so awful have been the delays. With the exception of an Introduction, the last part was finished long before you left Dublin, and the Introduction was finished, and in the printer's hands, in the month of May; and though it never received any corrections since, the volume is not yet out! Oh, I can't help giving a groan. Well, at all events, it is now in the binder's hands, and I do trust to see a bound copy of it before the week is out. In the said Introduction I have thrown out a little of my mind in a way that may possibly be thought egotistical,—but I shall not mind that. I wrote what I thought necessary, without fear of

criticism, and if it shall obtain your approbation, and the approbation of a few similar minds, as I trust it will, I shall be perfectly unmoved by the censures of others. Without courage in the course we consider right, we shall never effect any large amount of good. This Introduction has run to fourteen pages: when I took the pen in hand I thought I should find it difficult to make it fill three and a half, which was what I proposed to myself.

But, like a true egotist, I am writing to you only about myself, and yet, my dear friend, I do not well know what else to write about. There is nothing new or important stirring here—nothing, in fact, that the newspapers have not told you of. The Academy has got an increased grant from Government; that is, £500 instead of £300 a year, and they have got money to complete their buildings, &c. This will gratify you, if you have not already heard of it.

This is all I have to tell you. Should you see Mr. MacDowell again, pray remember me kindly to him, and tell him that I am getting on with the second volume; that is to say, between ourselves, as well as I can, without having you beside me. But in truth, except in the way of preparation, I can do nothing of consequence till I have you again to aid me. And so, my dear friend, this note is just as short as your own, but it affords me the opportunity of assuring you of my unaltered and unalterable affectionate regard, and this has been my chief motive in writing it.

Ever yours,

GEORGE PETRIE.

E. Curry, esq.

No. 1. Dublin, 67 Rathmines-road,
31st October, 1855.

MY DEAR MR. MACDOWELL,—I have just now had the pleasure to receive your kind note, for which I beg you will accept my sincere thanks.

I have not got more than a single Prospectus of "The Melodies" by me or I should forward them to you at once, but I shall lose no time in requesting the secretary, Mr. Pigot, to do so. If the old Belfast spirit—which gave such encouragement to Bunting in his publications—still exists, it ought to give a very liberal support

to our efforts; and if support do not come from some quarter or another, this last effort to preserve what Ireland ought to feel most proud of, will be a failure, and a disgraceful failure. I am glad, however, to find that an enlightened patriotic spirit is, at all events, not dead in Belfast. They have erected a statue to a young man of high promise, of whom they might be justly proud, and they have got that statue executed by one who has more than realized the best promises, and of whom they may well be even prouder; for his renown will for ever live without the aid of bronze or stone, while the former may survive only through the genius of the latter.

You ask me "what has been the cause of the TERRIBLE delay in the appearance of the first volume?" and it is more than I can answer. As far as I am concerned, that volume has been completed more than six months; some of the volumes have even been bound these two months, and yet there is not a copy issued. One of the secretaries of the Society, is in the Crimea! and the other secretary has been everywhere. Thank heaven, however, *he* is at home now; and I trust that the last part, with the title, indexes, &c., will be forwarded to the members without further delay. Of course, I fear with you that this procrastination will have a sad effect on the subscribers. However, I try to look cheerfully forward, and I work on with the second volume. I have nearly a part of that volume in type now, and indulge the hope that it may be issued before the year is out; and I need scarcely add that I shall feel deeply obliged for any additional contributions you may be so kind as to send me. Mr. Curry had told me that you had many more airs, which he thought I had never heard, and you may be sure that I am longing to see them. I shall have some of those you have already sent me in the forthcoming part.

Believe me, my dear sir,
Yours ever most sincerely,
GEORGE PETRIE.

P. MacDowell, esq., R.A.

No. 2. 67 Rathmines-road,
12th October, 1855.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have not been able to go out since I last saw you, and I am yet afraid to go, though I feel decidedly better

to-day. I want to ask you do you know the tune known by these names, "Maidin Fomhar," "Cailin Peacach," and the "Shining Daisy;" and, if so, have you any of the songs so called. If you have, pray write them for me, as soon as you can conveniently. Shall I have the pleasure of seeing you on Sunday?

Ever affectionately yours,

GEO. PETRIE.

E. Curry, Esq.

Dublin, 67, Rathmines-road,
30th April, 1857.

MY DEAR MR. CHAPPELL,—I beg to thank you with my whole heart, for your very kind and complimentary present, and further, to assure you that I do not believe a copy of your admirable and truly national work will ever fall into the hands of one who will more highly estimate its importance, or enjoy its beauties with a more ardent and unchangeable feeling,

Though, as you are well aware, I am a passionate and loyal lover of the eminently beautiful melodies of my own poor country, I am not so blinded, or prejudiced, by that love as to be unable to feel deeply and appreciate the charms of the noble melodies of old England. The latter are indeed of a graver style of beauty than the former, but both are equally the exponents of the peculiar mental characteristics of the races from whom they have derived their existence, and they equally deserve to be held in honour.

I cannot venture a conjecture as to how far, in this money-seeking and unromantic age, your able and patriotic labours to remove for ever from your country the ignominious stigma so long allowed to remain on it, namely, that it was without a national music—will be appreciated; but of this I feel satisfied, that your achievement will at once render your name an honoured one amongst men of refined sensibilities and cultivated minds, and that time must progressively increase the feeling of national gratitude to which you are so justly entitled.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Most sincerely yours,

GEORGE PETRIE.

William Chappell, Esq.

P.S.—I have received the extract, and thank you for it warmly.

7, Charlemont-place, Dublin,
11th April, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. CHAPPELL,—I trust that I need hardly assure you that the receipt of any communication of yours must always afford me a great pleasure, and the more so if you should ask for any information which it might be in my power to communicate. I might and should have given an answer to your question yesterday; but as I had an engagement to dine with our friend, Dr. Todd, in the country, I thought it desirable to ascertain his opinion for you in corroboration, or otherwise, of my own. The result is that we are both satisfied that there has never been a published translation of Stanihurst's *De rebus in Hibernia gestis*, which is the work to which you refer. Your supposition that there had been such a translation must, I think, have arisen from your having seen another work by the same author which you have confounded with the Latin one of 1584—namely, his *Description of Ireland*, which was dedicated to Sir Henry Sidney, Lord Deputy of Ireland. This work was written in English, and has been printed by Holingshed. It is very possible that Bunting—or rather the late Mr. Harry Joy, of Belfast, who compiled for him the Dissertation prefixed to the folio volume—may, as you conjecture, have taken the translation, or mis-translation from Jones's *Welsh Bards*, but I think it more likely he found it in Cooper Walker's *Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards*, Dublin, 1786. I have not Buntiug's volume at hand, or I would compare the translation in it to that given by Walker; but as you may not have Walker, I will here transcribe from him the translation of the passage in question, in order that you may yourself compare it with the other. I need not copy the original Latin.

"In these days lives Cruscius, the most remarkable harper within the memory of man. He carefully avoids that jarring sound which arises from unstretched and untuned strings; and on the contrary, by a certain regulation of modes, and selection of tones, he preserves an harmonious concord which has a surprising effect upon the ears of his auditors, so that you would consider him rather as the only, than the greatest, harper. Hence we may conclude, that performers have not hitherto wanted the harp, but the harp performers."

This, I confess seems to me to be a very fair translation of the passage.

I avail myself of this opportunity to thank you again, and warmly, for your delightful works, of which I have received the fifteen parts; and seven of the old ditties. There are but few nights in the year that I, with one or other of my girls, do not play more or less of them, and the oftener we play them the better we like them. In truth they are to us a never-failing source of the purest enjoyment, and I say it with the most conscientious sincerity, and with a conviction that the better, if not the larger, portion of the people of our empire will concur with me in the opinion, that you have conferred upon the nation a glory and a treasure that justly entitles your name to be for ever held in grateful and honourable remembrance.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Chappell,
Most sincerely yours,
GEORGE PETRIE.

William Chappell, Esq.

7, Charlemont-place, Dublin,
1st June, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR,—I beg to assure you that it gave me a very great pleasure to receive a letter from you, and that, now that I have had the good fortune of making your acquaintance, I trust I shall have a similar pleasure often. In truth, it is only natural that we, who have a common love for the beautiful music of our country, and an anxious desire to preserve it as far as we are able, should be in friendly intercommunity with each other, and I have long desired that we should be so.

The tune, of which you have sent me the setting, has been known to me for a long period, and I have always considered it as one of the most beautiful of our melodies. It is generally known in the county of Galway, and is called "The Old Coulin," and most certainly it is *not* a tune of Carolan's, but much older. I first set it from the singing of Paddy Conealy, the Galway piper, about five-and-twenty years ago, and shortly afterwards got a set of it very slightly differing from a folio manuscript volume of Irish songs and tunes written by Edward O'Reilly, the Irish lexicographer. This volume passed into the hands of the late James Hardiman, and thence to the library of the Royal Irish Academy, in which it is now preserved. The tune was the favourite Irish one

of the late Lord Rossmore, who had a strong love and a fine taste for Irish music. I have heard him descant upon its expression of sentiment, with an admirable appreciation of its beauty, for a quarter of an hour at a time. I should also tell you that the tune has been published by Edward Bunting in his first volume of Irish melodies, about the year 1793, with the name of Ծrean bıom no Cıṛe, or "I would rather than Ireland." But *he* has set it in the minor mode, which makes it appear a different tune, and I doubt that he was right in doing so. I certainly never heard it so sung.

So much for the tune, and now in reference to the antiquities. I certainly have never seen anything like them, and can form no idea as to their probable use. The metallic portions of them are not, as you suppose, a mixture of copper and tin which, however produced, is very common in our bronze antiquities. It is the metal called *orichalcum* by the Romans. I think it most desirable that one or two of these articles should be secured for the Academy, and I would venture also a request that you would procure one or two of them for my own collection. I should be glad to have your name, among those of my friends, as a contributor in the catalogue of my collection, which I am preparing for publication. Of course I shall gladly pay for them.

Believe me, my dear sir,
Faithfully yours,
GEORGE PETRIE.

Rev. James Goodman.

Dublin, 7, Charlemont-place,
20th November, 1863.

MY DEAR MR. GOODMAN,—I must trust to your kindness to pardon my leaving your very kind letter so long unacknowledged and unanswered. I assure you that illness alone was the cause of it, and that my inability to write to you gave me very many painful feelings. I need scarcely say that your letter gave me a great pleasure, so much, indeed, that I have read it over several times, and have been led to indulge the hope that you may be so good as to favour me, from time to time, with such communications on a subject in which we both, and equally, take such an ardent interest.

Well, in reference to the two tunes which you have so kindly sent me, I have only to say that I, too, consider them as melodies

of exquisite beauty, and as most admirably noted. And I give the preference, as you do, to the air ben Eirinn. Neither of these, however, were new to me. I had settings of both having the same names. But I consider your settings as decidedly purer and more beautiful than those which I had already acquired, and I was gratified to find that the gentleman—Mr. Joyce—from whom I obtained the best of them, fully concurs with me in this opinion. The words of the Ben Eirinn have been published, with an English versified translation, by Mr. Walsh, in a small volume of Irish songs. This volume is now out of print, and, I am sorry to say, not often to be met with; for I have lost my copy of it, and have been long looking in vain for one to replace it. Pray go on collecting! It is a noble work to be employed upon—the building up a glorious monument to the cultivated genius, and the exquisite nature of a people, whose fate alas! has not been a happy one.

I beg to remind you that you promised to send me a copy of a beautiful tune, in the notation of which I made, with a pencil, when I had last the pleasure of seeing you, some corrections—I do not remember the name of it.

The list of your tunes interested me much. With many of the names I am familiar as having copies of the tunes myself, and I have no doubt that I may have copies of many more of them under other names. I feel almost glad that you have exhausted the stock of tunes of your "old friend, ex-piper Kennedy," so that you may have time to collect from the peasant singers, by whom, as I have always found, our melodies are most purely preserved. Pray look after the ploughmen's whistles, the spinner's tunes, and the boatmen's tunes, if any such are to be found.

In the matter of the antiquities which you have obtained for me so very kindly, I really do not know how to express my gratitude. I can only hope that it may be in my power, at some future time, to show it.

And, in reference to the mode of forwarding them to me, I can only say that I think the safest way would be to send as a mail parcel, the cost of which, of course, I should defray.

Believe me, my dear sir,

Most gratefully and sincerely yours,

GEORGE PETRIE.

Rev. James Goodman.

CHAPTER X.

LATER EVENTS OF HIS LIFE.

THE break up of the Ordnance Topographical Survey in 1839, placed Petrie in circumstances of difficulty. The provisional income which he had received as head of the department ceased, and although the great essay on Ecclesiastical Architecture was far from being completed, he had, as has been shown, to return to his work as a Painter. This he did manfully, and it is easy to understand, after so many years of his prime of life had passed, with what disadvantages he recommenced his former occupation. Yet it was after this time that he produced some of his finest works, such as the Last Round of the Pilgrims at Clonmacnoise; Conors Pass, in the County of Kerry; the Fair of Sligachan; and the College of St. Brecan, in Aran. The Report of the Select Committee in 1843, which recommended the renewal of the Topographical Survey, was unattended to by the Government which had appointed it, and he had to undergo the double labour of professional occupation and literary work, while bringing out his first volume of the "Inquiry into the Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland."

It was not until the autumn of 1845, that Petrie first visited Scotland, his principal object being to compare the round towers of Brechin and of Abernethy, such excellent specimens of the late and very early style of building, with those of Ireland. In the latter, with its time-caverned stones, its severely cylindrical form and total absence of ornament, he took the deepest interest; speaking of this tour, he writes as follows:—

October 12th, 1845.

MY DEAR LORD,—I have returned from Scotland, filled with delightful recollections, and wonderfully set up in health and spirits. I never spent a fortnight more agreeably, for the country was full of interest to me, and I had the society of friends that I

loved, and whose every thought was for my gratification. Our spirits never flagged, and in truth we were like so many schoolboys just let out of school. We spent two days in Glasgow, and nearly as much in Edinburgh, thus *doing* those cities well, and we then *did*, and well too, the Round Towers of Abernethy and Brechin which were never *done* before. They are interesting and important in the highest degree, for their architectural features perfectly correspond to the dates assigned by the old Scotch Chroniclers to the Churches to which they belong—Abernethy being of the sixth century, and Brechin of the tenth. The doorways of both are quite peculiar and noble, that of Brechin particularly, which has relievos of the Saviour crucified on the lintel, and saints on each side. We subsequently visited a portion of the highlands, in which I discovered many antiquities not previously noticed, and indeed, on the whole, I was able to satisfy myself that the antiquities of Scotland are yet to be done !

I am now quietly engaged in finishing my picture, which, as well I suppose from want of practice as from bad health, has been a tedious work, but nevertheless I trust it will be my best work of its kind, despite of everything, and the subject is lovely. When I have finished, I shall endeavour to get on with my second volume, but it will be slowly, for I must still paint to live.

The article in the *Quarterly* has given great delight to all my friends, and appears to have made a great impression on the minds of all. Dear Mr. Sewell, how grateful I am to him, and how anxious do I feel that he should not suppose me unworthy of his kindness. I suppose you have seen the article in the *Dublin Review*. It is written by Dr. Russell, of Maynooth, the editor, in the same kind spirit.

Yours faithfully,

The Viscount Adare. G. PETRIE.

During the next year Scotland was revisited, when Petrie made studies for his great picture of the Valley of Sligachan, in Skye, with its mountain amphitheatre, in which the rugged and almost inaccessible summits of the Cuchullin hills form part of the subject.

On this occasion he landed on Iona; but the visit was made during the short hour afforded on the voyage

round Mull. The last of the crowd of visitors had hardly reached the Relig Oran, when the recall bell of the steamer rang. Of course little could be seen of the antiquities of a spot so peculiarly interesting to him, and the only inscription he could carry away was that discovered by the free kirk clergyman on a capital of one of the Cathedral arches,

DOMINICUS O'BRALCHAN FECIT HOC OPUS.

When the vessel reached Staffa he did not enter the cave, being unwilling to endure the desecration of the scene by the confusion of sounds which the motley crowd, on these occasions, are in the habit of producing, in which, whistling, blowing of horns, singing the Hundredth Psalm, shouting, and firing of pistols, combine to make up the hideous discord.

After reaching Skye by the ferry of Kyleachin, and a visit to Loch Coriskin, he proceeded to the northern part of the Island to examine the monastery founded by St. Columba, and which is laid down in the old maps as situated on an island in the centre of a lake.

But, on arriving at the place, no lake was to be seen, and all inquiries of the people as to its locality were fruitless. Petrie and his friends were entertained with true Highland hospitality at the house of Mr. Macdonald, when the sought-for structures were pointed out, surrounded, not by water, but by a great and level field of the richest corn. The lake had been drained by the proprietor when a young man, and its basin formed the most fertile land in the whole island. The buildings consisted of a low and ruined cashel, with the remains of an early church, and of many minor structures, probably the residences of the recluses.

In the course of his conversation with the venerable lady of the house, the subject of Gaelic music was introduced, when he learned that, owing to the effects of the famine and emigration, it was becoming every day more scarce. Only a few years back, on the occasion of a visit from Mr.

Worsaae, the Danish antiquary, Mrs. Macdonald was able to obtain singers who could execute all the domestic music of the country, yet now that had become impossible.

Some days were spent in the midst of the singular mountain scenery of Skye. The Cuchullin hills and Lough Coriskin, so vividly described by Scott in the "Lord of the Isles" as the landing-place of Bruce, were twice visited, and on the first occasion so fine was the weather that the sea and sky might be styled Italian, the smaller Hebrides at sunset showing like gold on the sapphire sea. During the return voyage of the party to the little hamlet of Broadford, with an oar for a mast, and a shepherd's plaid for a sail, Lough Scavig had hardly been cleared when, on the summit of the most westerly of the range of hills to the south, appeared a shaft of aurora light slightly deflected from the perpendicular, and of apparently great height. This soon disappeared, but was immediately seen again shooting from the top of the next mountain, and so it travelled in succession over all the peaks of the range till the last was gained, when it finally became extinct.

During a day spent at Broadford, Petrie, who had not accompanied the party on their day's excursion, was found in the evening attended by one of the Scottish staghounds. He said,—"I have had a delightful day, strolling about and conversing with the people, from whom I got a great deal of interesting information, and this noble creature has never left me. Our landlady, too, gave me a singular history that shows the fidelity of the Celtic race. Her grand-uncle was one of four Macdonalds, the boatmen who brought Prince Charlie out of Skye. The pursuit was so hot that on the return they were made prisoners by a party of soldiers. Not a man of them would tell where they had landed the prince, and so they were sent, as she said, to Edinburgh or London. Two of them were shot, and a third was flogged, and soon after died, and when the ques-

tion was put for the last time to her grand-uncle, he answered—what, do you think? 'You have shot two Macdonalds, and cut the soul out of another man, and you may do your will with me, but I am not going to tell.' 'Well,' I exclaimed, 'what became of him?' 'Oh!' said she, 'they just let him come away home, and he lived in this house for years, and died in the very bed you were lying in!'"

Petrie's last visit to Scotland was in 1856, in company with a party of friends, and the time was spent amidst the scenery of the Caledonian canal and Ben Nevis; here he examined the vitrified fort at Glen Nevis with great interest. During his stay at Invermoriston the parochial school was visited. He had often spoken of the primary educational system of Scotland, as being the groundwork of her prosperity, and of her sons' success in the world. The clergy of Scotland he had always held in the highest respect, pointing to the Parochial survey as the great evidence of their general mental culture. On this occasion he was so delighted with the progress of the children that he proposed to the schoolmaster to consent to his holding an examination of the senior classes, when prizes should be awarded. The scene next morning was one of great interest. The day was the 12th of August. The school was crowded; bare-legged children came from a distance of six miles, and every countenance was lit up with excitement. At the school Petrie found the minister and the exciseman, who were asked to form a court of appeal, when the examination began, which lasted for six hours. The subjects were the Old and New Testaments, English, writing from dictation, arithmetic, English and Scottish poetry, and the history of Scotland.

The answering of both boys and girls was singularly straightforward, and so good, especially in the history and poetry of their own country, that after some time Petrie whispered to his friend—"I see that we must be very sure of

ourselves as to the questions, for some of these little fellows know as much about the matter as we do!"

Two prizes were awarded for the boys, and the same for the girls. A short address to the children was then made by the clergyman, in which he contrasted the object of the visitors with that of the many who at this season repair to the Highlands. "They come," he said, "to slay the stag and the grouse; and these gentlemen from Dublin are hunters too, but it is for human souls." After a general shaking of hands the children cheered and escorted the party to the inn. The prizes, consisting of handsomely bound Bibles, with inscriptions, were duly forwarded from Dublin.

In 1847, and during the chancellorship of the Archbishop of Armagh, Lord John Beresford, the University of Dublin conferred on Petrie the degree of LL.D.—*Honoris Causâ*. Yet the gratification he felt on receiving this distinction, honourable alike to the University as to himself, was soon clouded by grief for the death of Professor Mac Cullagh, whose lasting friendship was one of the chief enjoyments of his life.

Soon after this period a strong representation was made to the Prime minister to have Petrie's name placed on the Civil List, even as an act of justice. The pension was granted in 1849, and amongst those most prominent in bringing the matter before the Irish Government were the Marquis of Kildare, and ultimately Mr. Hamilton and Sir Joseph Napier, Bart., then the representatives in Parliament for the University of Dublin.

The want in Ireland of a collegiate school, similar in organization to those of Eton, Rugby, Harrow, and Winchester, led, in 1843, to the foundation of the College of St. Columba under the patronage of the Primate, one of the most enlightened and princely ecclesiastics of the Irish Church. Among its early promoters and fellows are to be found the names of the Rev. James Henthorn Todd, D.D.,

Lord Adare, the Rev. William Sewell, of Exeter College, Oxford, and the Right Hon. William Monsell.

A movement so important as a means of giving to the sons of the Irish gentry a classical, scientific and religious training, while at the same time their minds should be imbued with some regard for the literature, antiquities, and history of their country, had for Petrie the deepest interest. It was calculated to promote among the future owners of the soil a more healthy tone, and a larger amount of proper pride in their nationality. It has been well said by a profound English writer: "that to an ignorance of the past history of Ireland must be attributed most of that indifference with which Irishmen in English society sometimes venture to depreciate, and even disown their country. While to a remembrance of the same history, however vague and obscure, and overlaid with legends and superstitions, we may trace many of those high, and even holy instincts which redeem the other faults of the Irish peasantry."*

In the Spring of 1845, Petrie visited Oxford for the first time, being the guest of the Rev. W. Sewell.

To those who know anything of his mind and cherished pursuits, it will be easy to understand what feelings of hallowed enjoyment he experienced during his residence in that old and glorious centre of learning and religious thought, —the very heart of England, which now, while preserving all that is good in her early system and traditions, is standing so nobly forward in the cause of the advancement of science. For the rest of his life he used to recall the days passed in converse with so many congenial minds, while the contemplation of the grandeur and fitness of the old architectural forms which surrounded him, still subserving their ancient purpose, brought forcibly to his mind the contrast with those ruined structures of his own country, long deserted, and

* Quarterly Review, vol. 76, p. 354.

desecrated, but which once were the homes of religion and of learning, and of the arts that civilize man.

In 1849, Petrie, then one of a brilliant party assembled at Dunraven Castle, took part, in company with his friends, Lord Adare, and the Rev. Drs. Todd and Graves, in the very animated discussion, already alluded to, with some of the Welsh antiquaries assembled at the meeting of the Cambrian Archæological Society, on the subject of Cromlechs, when he maintained their sepulchral character, in opposition to the doctrine that they were altars of the Druids, or structures of a still more questionable kind. In this discussion he was ably supported by his friends. Ireland was pitted against Wales, the inductive against the deductive school, and the battle might be compared to that between Sir Arthur Wardour and Mr. Oldbuck, as to the roll of the Pictish Kings.

On this occasion, while visiting one of the early Welsh churches, he observed that the materials of the building were being made use of in the erection of a modern structure. His notice of this circumstance at the meeting called forth a letter of remonstrance and explanation from the Rev. Edward Vaughan, Rector of the parish of Llantwit Major. To this Petrie replied as follows:—

Dublin, 21, Great Charles-street,
6th October, 1849.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter a few days since, and to express my regret that from various circumstances it was not in my power to reply to it sooner.

I assure you that I also very deeply regret that any observations of mine, though made from a sense of duty, should have caused you annoyance or trouble; and from the explanations which you have communicated to me, I have no doubt that the injuries done at Llantwit Major have been less than I had supposed, as well as the dangers which I had apprehended as likely to follow. With respect to the report given in the *Merthyr and Cardiff Guardian* of the remarks which I made at the Cambrian Archæological Meeting, I beg to state that it only attempts to give the substance, not the

very words which I used on that occasion, and which it would be impossible for me now to recollect. I feel satisfied, however, that I did not say that "I had actually seen that very day (Friday) a stone-cutter, at Llantwit Major, in the very act of cutting up an ancient monument of the place." I could not have said this because I saw no stone-cutter at work. But I did endeavour to convey to the meeting, and I dare say, indignantly, the fact which came under the observation of my friends and myself, namely, that a large monumental flag, presenting a sculptured cross of an interesting character and very early date, lay broken into pieces at the church door—one half of it cut into square blocks for building purposes, and the other grooved by the mason in preparation for a similar operation; and seeing this, I very naturally supposed that the destruction had been recent and in progress, that in fact it had only been interrupted by the crowd of visitors then about the church, to be resumed as soon as they had departed. Nay, more, seeing this, I was led to the conclusion that it was but a continuation of a course of destruction which had been going on for some time and which would be persevered in if public opinion were not speedily expressed to prevent it. Again, I am not quite correctly reported as having stated of my own knowledge that "the contractor was allowed to use all the stones for the repairs of the church, and what he might not use he might carry away." I could, and did only state this as a fact communicated to some of my friends by the workmen employed within the church, and which they and I very naturally believed to be true, and in this conclusion I was strengthened by the silence preserved by Dr. Carne, to whom, on his being introduced to me, I expressed my feelings on what I had witnessed and heard, and who, on my asking him if there were no gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Llantwit, who could or would put a stop to this progress of destruction, turned from me and left the place without attempting a reply.

This, my dear sir, is all that I have to say on this unpleasant affair. Visiting with peculiar feelings a scene of such deep historical and antiquarian interest as Llantwit Major, and seeing remains of various ages, which the people of South Wales in particular, should be proud of possessing, and which its gentry should feel linked together to preserve, I could not but witness with regret and amazement the evidences which presented themselves not only of the neglect and consequent decay of such remains, but

even as it appeared to me, of their active destruction; and with feelings excited by such evidences, I could do no less than avail myself of the opportunity afforded me to raise my voice in reprobation of what I had seen, and with the hope that it might not be the less efficacious in promoting a conservative feeling in their favour as that of an humble stranger. Your explanations have assured me that the injuries actually, or likely to be perpetrated at Llantwit Major, are not so great as I was led to believe, and speak of; and I therefore beg to repeat the expression of my sincere regret that my remarks should have caused you any pain. In giving them utterance I had no intention or desire to wound the feelings of any one. I was only anxious to contribute my aid in combating an apathetic feeling in regard to the preservation of ancient monuments, of the existence of which, though not a general characteristic, I saw many evidences in Glamorganshire, and which I conceived it to be a primary object of an archæological assembly to exert itself to remove.

I remain, dear Sir,
Yours very faithfully,
GEORGE PETRIE.

To the Rev. Edward Vaughan,
Llantwit Major.

During this visit to Dunraven, he thus writes to his daughters:

Dunraven Castle, Bridgend, South Wales,
Sunday Morning.

MY DEAREST ELIZA,—Your note, which I received last night, on my return to dinner, gave me great pleasure, as it took an intolerable weight off my mind. I only wish you would amongst you find time to write me a few lines *daily*. This would surely be no great labour, and I trust you are not concealing from me any illness at home. I should enjoy myself much here, if I could feel sure that everything was going rightly at Great Charles-street. We have a delightful party here, consisting of about twenty-four, at dinner, with all sorts of amusements in the evenings, and music of a delightful character, both vocal and instrumental. The visitors are all of the most elegant and accomplished class—free, natural, and gay. The Marquis of Northampton joined us

yesterday, and we have four or five other men of rank. They are all more or less antiquaries as well as lovers of the picturesque. The country is absolutely charming. I never saw anything of the kind like it. It is rich in timber, and highly cultivated, but, at the same time preserves a certain old and natural character which you never see except in England, and it is filled with ancient buildings of every kind, and monumental inscriptions of the earliest Christian times.

* * * * * * * * * *

Yours ever, dear Child,

GEO. PETRIE.

Dunraven Castle, Bridgend,
4th September, 1849.

MY DEAREST CHILD,—Though I have but little to say, and less time to say it, yet I gladly take up the pen to thank you for your note, for it gave me great pleasure. We are spending our time most agreeably here, looking at scenery and antiquities during the day, and singing and acting in the evenings. Yesterday evening we had a grand dramatic entertainment which went off with great effect. It was a burlesque and ridiculously extravagant imitation of the antiquarian meeting at Cardiff, and Dr. Todd, Mr. Graves, and Mr. Wyndham Goold were the chief actors. Goold was powdered and dressed so as to represent me, and the personation was droll in the highest degree. There were, after the manner of the meeting, what were called rubbings. These were admirable caricatures of the principal performers, as Dr. Todd dancing an Irish jig, Mr. Graves, &c., &c. These were exhibited in succession, on a board, and afterwards handed round to the company, which included all the servants in the house, about thirty. They were drawn by Miss Gallway. Dr. Todd sang a ballad, composed by himself, with admirable effect, and received a general encore from the company. After this was over we had some delightful glee-singing in the drawing-room. We are just now going off on an excursion to Margam, a beautiful place for scenery, antiquities, and pictures. I spent a day there already with Lord Northampton, who has now left us.

After all, however, my dear girl, I long to be on my way home,

and should not have stayed so long, but from a fear of disappointing those dear kind friends, but we shall be on our road, please God, on Thursday, at farthest.

God bless you all,

Your fond father,

GEORGE PETRIE.

This is a singularly beautiful spot. The castle is built on a cliff, over the sea, of great height, and around which, amongst trees, a path has been cut in the rock. The shore is bold and craggy on each side, and in the distance we have a view of the beautiful and lofty Somersetshire, Devonshire, and Cornish coast; you cannot imagine anything more delightful; we walked along the craggy path last night by moonlight, till past 12 o'clock, when we went to serenade the various ladies of the castle. Such a scene as it was! I am just now starting off on an Irish, but four-wheeled car of Lord Adare's, for a place called Llantwit, about ten miles off, where there are the extensive ruins of a monastery and college of the Bretons, and many ancient inscriptions of the earliest Christian times. These have never been *quite* satisfactorily copied, and I am going to try my hand at them. But I shall tell you all about these matters on my return. I am getting into great health.

Before leaving Dunraven he carefully examined the inscribed crosses and monumental stones which are to be found in the neighbourhood at Llantwit, Margam, and Merthyr Mawr. He fully deciphered some which had been previously but imperfectly rendered, and made accurate drawings of them. Petrie considered these monuments of the British Church, as among the most interesting and remarkable he had ever seen. At Margam Abbey a greater number of these valuable stones is to be found than in any other spot in the kingdom.

21, Great Charles-street, Dublin,
24th October, 1849.

MY DEAR LORD,—Here you have now gotten the inscriptions on the cross of Samson, or, as it is popularly called the cross of Iltut, at Llantwit. Precious things these inscriptions in Glamorganshire are, we have nothing equal to them, or, at least very little, in old

Ireland. I trust after the fuss I kicked up at Cardiff they will be taken better care of in future than heretofore. This, if so, will be a consolation to me in my old age; and, by the way, what has Mr. Vaughan done anent my epistle? If there has been anything upon the subject in the last *M. and C. Guardian*, I wish much you would be so kind as to send it to me. I perceive, from one of the *Guardians*, lent me by Curry, that Todd has been getting a great randling from the Welsh and Scottish Celts. It is great fun! and I am so much of an Irishman that I long to be in the row, and think of taking up my cudgel (*alias* pen), and giving a blow for my country. Would you advise it? But I want the papers. A plague take that civil fellow—the reporter—who promised to send them to me, but forgot to keep his promise. But, as I suppose he is a Celt, I must forgive him, for I imagine we are all alike in that way. Todd, however, will be able to fight his own battle well, only he was a *little* rash in his assertion about the god Crom. I have been more lucky. But the controversy will do good, and help on antiquarian tastes, and a desire to preserve the ancient monuments. I suspect that you got Christianity in South Wales long before we got it into Ireland; and, also, that we are indebted to you for it. I long to see the promised lives of the Welsh saints to be published by the Welsh MS. Society. We want every scrap of information on this subject which it is possible to procure. In the examining of inscriptions I still feel that there is much to be done in Wales, and I trust, if life be spared me, I shall have the pleasure of attacking them again. It is not a single day or look at such things that will do, except when they are quite perfect and plain, they should be studied again and again.

* * * * * * * * *

Yours faithfully,

G. PETRIE.

Two months after his return home, Petrie wrote the following letters to Lord Adare, then on a visit at Headfort, in the county of Meath, on the old church of Dulane, which is one of the most striking examples of the so-called Cyclopean architecture in Ireland. It is situated in the demesne of Mr. Garnett, near Kells, and was held by Petrie to be probably one of the churches founded by St. Patrick in Bregia:—

Dublin, 21, Great Charles-street,
November 10, 1849.

My dear Lord,—The ancient church of Dulane, or properly, Tulein, is I believe, in Williamstown, as Dean Butler informed you. It is better than two miles north-west of Kells. Touching antiquities, I am quite delighted that we have gained such a mind as Dr. Robinson's to our cause. Such an intellect as his, combined with so much zeal and energy, cannot be applied to any subject without being productive of benefit to science. I am glad you saw him, and the worthy Dean of Clonmacnoise.

When you visit Castle Kiaran, do not forget to look at the hill of Lloyd, which was the Tlaghta of pagan times; and, if you had time, it might interest you to visit the great rath of Teltoun, near Kells, the ancient Tailtean, which even yet exhibits the remains of a grand work—to the eternal disgrace of the gentry of the county, most sadly neglected, and allowed to go to ruin.

To this letter Lord Adare answers:—

Headford, Nov. 10, 1849.

My dear Petrie,—I have seen the church, and it is grandly old. I have set a man to work to clear the door. In the meantime, tell me what do these notches or marks signify? for all I know, there may be such things on many old doors. They are rather angular than rounded; some are deep and clear; others faint. The two outer form a line, or rather two lines, running round the door, as far as we can see at present. Let me know whether you consider it a mark of great antiquity, and whether it is very uncommon, for the north and south walls to project at the four corners, as is the case here.

To this Petrie answers in the following letter:—

21, Great Charles-st., Dublin,
Monday morning, Nov. 12, 1849.

My dear Lord,—I have only just received your note, and lose no time in replying to it.

I am delighted that you have seen this fine specimen of our earliest Christian architecture. As you well say, it is truly, grandly old.

As to the notches or lines upon the stone, I have no opinion or conjecture to offer but this—that they have been made by persons using the stone as a sharpening-stone. I have met with many examples of scorings of this kind on the jamb-stones of church doorways, particularly on those which were of sandstone, and I well remember losing the best part of a day, besides being grievously disappointed, in walking to the top of a mountain in the county of Roscommon to look at a great Ogham inscription, which I found to be nothing more than a collection of lines formed—at some remote time, no doubt—in this way. However, I shall give the rubbing to Graves this evening.

If the two outer lines do *really* run round the doorway, I should certainly consider it as an evidence of very great antiquity, as I have seen examples of such lines only in church doorways of the sixth century, and as to the projections or pilasters at the angles, they are an unquestionable evidence of the same kind, for I cannot at this moment recollect any example of such flat pilasters in churches of a later date than the seventh century, while I can remember many of an earlier date.

Believe me ever, my dear Lord,
Affectionately yours,
GEORGE PETRIE.

The Viscount Adare.

Dublin, 67, Rathmines-road,
August 12, 1851.

MY DEAR LORD,—You have, no doubt, thought it strange that I should not have thanked you long before this for your kind note. Believe me, that in my heart I did so, though I did not convey to you the expression of it in writing. I need not say that it gave me great pleasure to find that you and my friend Graves were leading so happy a life, strengthening the body, and filling the mind with thoughts and impressions, which it will always take a pleasure in remembering. How delightful thus to be hunting out the memorials of man in long distant times, amid such scenes of magnificence, and away from the petty toils and vexations of the busy and thoughtless world. How I should have enjoyed being one of your party! But I believe such happiness is not for me again;

not that I dare to repine, for I have had perhaps more than a fair share of human happiness—of the summer sunshine of life, and I have a right to be satisfied with the darkening clouds of evening.

I have never been a day from home since I had last the pleasure of seeing you. As it was last year, so I fear it will be in this, though I had hoped it might be otherwise. I amuse myself as well as I can, writing, or trying to write. You will, of course, laugh at this, and so I wish you to do, as I am not in the vein to write anything better calculated to excite merriment, as I should desire to do. I have heard from Curry of your great success among the Oghams, but I suppose you have met with little in the way of plain Roman letter inscriptions, such as I desire to collect. I saw in Kerry only those two at Kilmalchedar and Gallerus, which I published in my "Towers." Should any others come in your way, however, you will not forget me. A plague take those old Christians that did not choose occasionally, at least, to inscribe their monuments with the letters—corrupt though they might be—of old Rome. I fear they were but bad Romans, if not downright hereticks. Could they be good Christians?!!!

What more can I add?—alas, nothing, but that I am,

My dear Lord,

Your affectionate and devoted friend,

GEORGE PETRIE.

The Earl of Dunraven.

Dublin, 67, Rathmines-road,
21st August, 1851.

MY DARLING CHILDREN,—Your last letters gave us an amount of happiness such as you could hardly imagine. As to me, they actually intoxicated me with joy, and I did that which I had not done since you left home—I took up the fiddle, and played without stopping, or rather resting, for one *must* STOP if they play on this instrument, some ten or twelve Irish tunes with such a heart as I have not had for a long time. The accounts which Mr. Somers gave us of —— looks contributed to this joy. It was a great pleasure to him to have thus unexpectedly met with you, and I am sure you were equally pleased . . . . . Now, as to your farther movements, I would say that as you have got on

so well at Chester, and seem so happy there, the wisest and best thing would be to remain there another week. How I should like to have been with you at the evening service in the old cathedral! It must have been a delightful thing; would you not like to go again on Sunday? . . . . . You shall hear from me again to-morrow, and so, my dear children, may God bless you.

Your affectionate father,
GEORGE PETRIE.

I think Cliff* is getting quite well again, and increasing in beauty every day. I have this moment given him his bolus, and the sensible brute, knowing that there is no use in contending with me, opens his mouth quite freely and bolts it.

After the death of O'Connell, in 1847, a subscription was set on foot for the purpose of erecting a monument over his resting-place, and to the honour of those interested in the project, Petrie was requested to furnish the design. His Report on this subject was presented to the Committee in 1851; it was adopted, and ordered to be printed. In this Report it will be seen that he modestly gives the credit of the original idea of the design less to himself than to the Committee. See Appendix.

A visit to Prospect Cemetery will cause regret that the name of Petrie should ever have been connected with this monument, and nothing but the desire to vindicate his memory, would have induced the writer to notice any of the circumstances of its erection.

In the conception of a monument which was to mark the resting-place of O'Connell, Petrie, with singular felicity, made the design of a temple-tomb, which should reproduce the early forms of the Irish ecclesiastical architecture, so as to typify the traditional feelings of the country, and be a fitting memorial of him, to whose efforts Catholic Emancipation was due. It was to be a triune structure. First, a

* One of his favourite Skye terriers.

Church on the ancient model, which should serve as a mortuary chapel; next, a lofty round tower, surmounted by the cross, which, while it could be seen afar, would bring back the old religious associations of his native land; and, lastly, the group was to be finished by a monumental cross. In the carrying out of this design Petrie took great interest; he furnished all the necessary architectural plans, sections, and drawings, and attended several meetings of the Committee. The sum of £3,045 was to be expended; and the monument, to be erected in the Cemetery of Prospect, near Dublin. The most careful researches were made as to the quality of the stone to be selected for the buildings, and after obtaining the Reports of Professors Apjohn and J. B. Jukes, the granite of Dalkey was chosen. Contracts were formed for the building of the platform, tower, chapel, and cross, and everything promised a successful termination to the work. A gradual change, however, arose in the minds of the Committee as to the propriety or feasibility of carrying out the plan to its full extent. The erection of the church and cross was postponed on the ground of want of funds, and it was finally determined that the tower alone should constitute the O'Connell monument.

Even in the matter of this erection the designs of the antiquarian architect were departed from. The tower was to have sprung from a circular platform, composed of two or three steps or plinths, and this striking feature of the old buildings, which he took for his model, was omitted notwithstanding his earnest remonstrances. The Committee decided that the remains of O'Connell were to be deposited in a crypt near the foot of the tower, thereby making the latter a sepulchral monument, a purpose for which such a structure was never intended; and it was afterwards proposed that the entrance to this crypt should be a doorway at the base of the tower itself! This design, so utterly opposed to all architectural or antiquarian knowledge, gave rise to letters

and remonstrances on the part of a distinguished lady, a member of the O'Connell family, as well as from Petrie himself.

Dublin, 7, Charlemont-place,
31st October, 1857.

My dear Mr. O'Kelly,—I regret that a pressure of business prevented me replying to your communication sooner; and indeed I may confess to you that the consideration of any matter connected with the O'Connell Monument has not that tempting charm to me that it once had when I, perhaps foolishly, hoped it would have been a structure in every way honourable to the country. But the Committee determined that it should be otherwise, as I suppose, from prudent considerations, and declined to put that base to it which I had suggested as absolutely necessary to make it a correct memorial of our ancient pillar tower, and a satisfactory one to cultivated architectural taste.

And now to reply to your question. Most assuredly I think that to make the entrance to the crypt through the chapel, so as to be obvious from its propinquity to the tower, would be in every way objectionable, or as I may venture to say, barbarous.

As there is a crypt under the tower, it should be the business of those who desire the monument to preserve as much as possible the ancient features of the Irish Clogteach, to conceal this unusual feature by every means in their power, and this, as I suppose, can be effected only by making the entrance to the chapel in the sunk fence.

And besides, considered merely as a matter of correct taste, the tower should be perfectly isolated, so as to preserve the impressiveness of its simplicity, its singleness, and its grandeur.

I remain, my dear Sir,
Most faithfully yours,
George Petrie.

M. J. O'Kelly, Esq.

It will be asked why were his designs so completely departed from? If funds were wanting, good taste would have been contented with erecting one or two portions of the group, in strict accordance with antiquarian truth, and

architectural propriety. Did the theories of Vallancey, or of Windele, or the insane speculations of O'Brien, work a change in the minds of the committee? The magnificent tower stands without its basement plinth, and with no church, or sculptured cross in relation to it. A deeply sunk fence containing a ring of vaults, for interments, surrounds the naked tower, while an indescribable structure of cut stone, with skylights, and a flight of steps, protrudes from its base, and serves to form an entrance to the empty crypt underneath.

About this time Petrie commenced writing his work on the ancient music of Ireland, already noticed, and to which he alludes in the following letters:—

Dublin, 67, Rathmines-road,
15th February, 1855.

My dear Lord,—Your kind note has given me a feeling of pleasure very much akin, but far inferior in intensity, to that which I experienced from the brilliant though mild sunshine on Monday last, when it tempted me and my daughter, who has also been an invalid, to venture out for a walk for the first time after an interval of weeks. I then felt how unchangedly beautiful and beneficent was nature still to me; and when, on my return home, I read your note, it assured me that I still retained—without any diminution such as I dreaded might possibly occur—what had long been so great a source of happiness to me—your ardent friendship. I was delighted also to learn that Mrs. Wynne is staying with you—my old pupil, the harmonious beauty of whose mind I know so well, and who is, in every way so incomparably fitted to be a healing consoler to the afflicted, notwitstanding the weight of her own sorrows.

With respect to the state of my own health, about which you so kindly inquire, I am able to give you a good account. The inclemency of this season has indeed pressed with much more than a usual severity upon me. But, with God's blessing, I think I shall not go this spring; and I mean to try to strengthen myself by air and exercise in the ensuing summer, more than I have done during its predecessors for some years. In truth I confess that I feel

some anxiety to finish my "Ancient Music of Ireland" before I take my final departure; for if I do not accomplish this national desideratum, no one else will have the power, even if he should have the will to do so.

I do not know whether you sympathize with me as to the importance of preserving this greatest but most dilapidated monument of our national character—the clue to so many traits for which we have been distinguished. Indeed I rather fear that you do not—and simply because you have not given to it the same amount of consideration. But, it is my deliberate conviction that we possess nothing of the past so honourable to our national character, or—viewed as a branch of our archæology—of greater importance to the history of the great Celtic race of mankind, to which we chiefly belong. And I would further add that, of all the national music of the world, which I have known, there is none which exhibits so little of savagery, and so large an amount of variety and beauty, together with artful construction.

It was from such considerations that I suffered myself to be persuaded to enter upon a labour of no ordinary difficulty, and which a selfish prudence whispered to me I should refrain from; and the result, though not unmixed with pleasure, has been anxiety and suffering; suffering at that period of life when the mind wants the energy of youth to enable it to struggle against worldly cares, and can exert its powers efficiently only in a state of tranquillity.

Believe me as ever, my dear Lord,

Your devoted friend and servant,

GEORGE PETRIE.

The Earl of Dunraven.

Dublin, 67, Rathmines-road,
November 3, 1855.

MY DEAR LORD, AND EVER KIND FRIEND,—I deeply regret that I should have given you any cause for surprise by my neglect of writing in reply to your last letter—the kindness of which entered into my heart of hearts. Circumstances conspired to produce this silence. First, that letter gave me an anxious desire to endeavour, if possible, to avail myself of your affectionate invitation to Adare,

and I deferred writing at once, in the hope that I might be soon able to acquaint you that go to you I surely would. But, while still entertaining this hope, I was struck down by illness, so that for nearly three weeks I was unable to write, and rarely even able to read. This of itself would have rendered it impracticable for me to leave home; but, even if it were not, there were other circumstances to prevent my having so great a pleasure. It was not to be done. Since then I have been working so hard to keep the press going with the second volume of my Irish music, and with other even more imperative duties to fulfil, that, with an upbraiding conscience, I have postponed from day to day writing to you, always intending to do so on the morrow. There was yet another reason for my silence, which I feel a great reluctance to confess—for you know it was never my habit to complain, whatever might have existed to depress me—and the truth is, I could not write cheerfully.

Yet I have worked, and still work, without a cheering word from mortal, and, despite of an apathy on the part of those who urged me into the labour, enough to make the most ardent man hopeless. Need I say more than that the last part of the first volume has been finished these six months, and it is not issued to the subscribers yet!

Can you wonder if I should regret that I ever abandoned the practice of that delightful art, which would have secured me distinction, competence, and peace, and probably length of years, to do things that I thought of more value to the world? And yet I do not regret it. But I suffer; and it may deprive my poor girls of a life which is, at least, of great value to them.

I would write more to you, but I cannot just now, and so I shall only add the assurance that I am as ever

Your lordship's devoted and
Affectionate friend,
GEO. PETRIE.

On the conclusion of the meeting of the British Association, held in Dublin in 1857, an excursion of the Ethnological Section to the Island of Aran, was projected and organized by Sir William Wilde, and the party, consisting of seventy members, among whom were many distinguished persons,

left Dublin for Galway early on the 3rd of September. The Trinity yacht, the Vesta, conveyed them to Aranmore, after a run of about thirty miles, and the freight of Ethnologists and Antiquaries was landed at the little village of Killeany, near to the Elizabethan castle of Arkin, a structure enlarged by the soldiers of Cromwell, at the sacrifice of the Seven Churches of St. Enda, which were closely adjacent. The remaining portion of the round tower, now but a few feet in height, was visited, and Petrie mentioned that its altitude had been much reduced even since the time of his first visit in 1822. At that time he had met with an old islander who remembered when the tower was about eighty feet in height. Attention was next drawn to the neighbouring and singular chapel of St. Benan, or Benignus, which is described in the Ecclesiastical Architecture, and is, undoubtedly, a structure of the earliest times. Near it are the ruins of what was probably the house of the Saint, and other stone structures.

On the next day Temple Brecan was visited, when Petrie gave a short account of its founder, and pointed out the ancient and simple inscription on his monumental stone. The Fort of Dun Onaght, and other remains were then visited, and after witnessing the perilous descent of a cliff by an islander for the purpose of fowling, the party repaired to the great fortress of Dun Aengus, many of them not a little exhausted by the rapid survey of the multitudinous remains of Pagan and early Christian architecture, and by the fatigue of a journey over the rock-covered surface of the island. Within the fort, and near to the overhanging cliff, a plentiful repast, spread on the velvet turf, awaited the travellers. The scene was indeed a strange one, and spoke of altered times and new modes of thought. The crowd of visitors, and the feast in such a place, naturally attracted numbers of the peasantry in their picturesque costumes. The men in

white woollen fabrics and with sandalled feet, the women and children attired in red of various tints, from the deepest shade to a light *cerise* colour, with their purple cloaks and gay head-dresses, stood unobtrusively at a distance, or were seated far up among the ruins of the old and once mighty fortress. The broad Atlantic, smooth as a lake, stretched to the west, and the green hills of Clare, and the cliffs of Moher, completed the picture.

The Provost of Trinity College presided, and the first toast was proposed by Petrie. It was the health of Mr. O'Flaherty, the resident magistrate of the island. He spoke of his visit to Aran, thirty-five years before, and recounted the many kindnesses he had received from his old friend, then happily among them, still the guardian and adviser of a pious, brave, and simple people, who looked to him as to a chieftain and to a father, and who loved him with all the force of Irish hearts. Other toasts were proposed, when Sir William Wilde addressed the meeting on the subject of the expedition, and the proceedings closed with speeches from Professor O'Curry and Dr. O'Donovan, to the peasantry, exhorting them to preserve the old monuments, so many of which had become dilapidated since the time of Petrie's first visit, while some had even disappeared. Both spoke in the Irish language. To these addresses, one of the peasantry responded in Irish at considerable length, enforcing upon his hearers, by additional arguments, the exhortations of the last speaker.

On the next day, after visiting Innismain, the centre island, and skirting the cliffs of Moher, most of the party returned to Galway. But Petrie, with a few friends, took boat at Innismain for Aranmore, where they remained for upwards of a fortnight. His party consisted of Professor O'Curry, Mr. F. W. Burton, Mr. S. Ferguson, Mr. Whitley Stokes, and the writer. This was a time of great enjoyment to Petrie. He was surrounded by old and trusted friends, and in the midst

of so many objects of historical interest, his days were passed in delightful occupation, without hurry and without care. He revisited the scenes of his former explorations with renewed pleasure; he discovered several additional inscriptions; he made fresh studies for his picture of the College of St. Brecan, and while the day was passed in the investigation of objects so dear to him, and in that social intercourse so grateful to his mind, the evenings were devoted to collecting the old melodies from the singing of the people, of which an account has been given in the preceding chapter.

An opinion was held, and expressed by some of the members of the Ethnological Section, that in the most ancient inscribed monumental stones, the name is invariably in the genitive case. One of the inscriptions from Temple Brecan, as recorded in the Ecclesiastical Architecture, being in the nominative case—Septem Romani (VII. ROMANI), it was thought that in the reading of the inscription Petrie must have been in error. By some it was even suggested that the monument was in memory of St. Ronan, one of the Aran saints, whose Church—Kilronan—gives the name to one of the principal villages of the island, and that the first portion of the inscription was the contraction for "Sancti."

These views were urged upon him, but although thirty-five years had passed since he discovered and copied the inscription, he remained unshaken. Temple Brecan being visited, as already stated, upon the second day of the excursion, an anxious, but unavoidably hurried search for the inscription was made among the rude monuments of the enclosure; but the stone could not be discovered—an awkward circumstance for those who had full faith in Petrie's accuracy.

To revisit St. Brecan's group of churches was the first expedition undertaken by Petrie and his friends after the departure of the members of the Section, when another and

more careful search was made, but again without effect; and it seemed probable that the monument had been buried or destroyed. This was at noon, when the sunshine was bright and powerful, falling directly on the face of the tombstones. But on the return of the party, the sun having declined to the west, a third examination was made, when the inscription was at once discovered by Mr. Ferguson, and was so plain that it could be read, even at a distance. The letters in the old character on the rugged and time-worn stone, and of which not a vestige could be seen at noon-tide, were plainly revealed by the side-light. A beautiful drawing of the inscription was made by Mr. Burton, it is needless to say, confirmatory of Petrie's copy.

Dublin, 36, Upper Buckingham-street,
September 7th, 1857.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I hope you have found the stone inscribed uii Romani, as Dr. Simpson has raised a solid objection to our present reading of it. He says that if it meant seven Romans, that it would be in the genitive plural—*septem Romanorum*—as *Sci Brecani* is in the genitive singular. He thinks that it is the monument of St. Ronan, from whom the village of Kilronan has taken its name, and that there was a church at this village originally, although no trace of it is now visible. I forget whether I found any trace of it or not. I incline to think that the uii Romani should be either Sci Ronani, or Sci Rumani. At all events it would be well if you could look at it again with the experience of thirty-five years.

It looks very strange that we should have no account of the saint of *Cill Ronain*, either in the Calendars or on the island itself, either in the shape of church, cross, well, or inscription. Very little doubt can be entertained that the village of Kilronan took its name from a church built by or dedicated to a St. Ronan, and still Dr. Quæleus takes no notice of any church as existing there in 1640 or 1641, when he sent his description of the Aran isles to Colgan. Roderic O'Flaherty is also silent on this subject, from which one would incline to think that there was no church there

in 1682, when he wrote his "Chorographical Description of Iar-Connaught." I hope you will be able to settle this point before you leave the island.

* * * * * * * * *

Wishing you a prosperous excursion.

I remain yours ever,

J. O'DONOVAN.

George Petrie, LL.D.

Dublin, 36, Upper Buckingham-street,
September 8th, 1857.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—On looking over the account of the Aran Churches, which Dr. Quæleus wrote for the use of Colgan, I found that one of the group destroyed by Cromwell's people, was called after mac Canonn. Is not this the old gentleman to whom the inscription was cut on the stone in the west gable of Templebrecan? He was, probably, the builder of the church of Tempull mhic Canoin, close to the round tower, and which formed, as Quæleus says, one of the group which stood round the great parish Church of St. Endeus.

But though it is distinctly printed mac Canonn by Colgan, I incline to think that it should be ui Canoinn, and that the inscription on the stone is OR ap u Canoin—a prayer for UA CANOIN.

It is probable that this ecclesiastic flourished at a much later period than that of Endeus, or St. Brecanus, and that this stone was inscribed as an honorary monument to him by the Coarb of St. Brecanus.

What a pity that we have not the dimensions of *Tempull mór Einde!* I could not find a trace of its foundations in 1839.

I am still puzzled about Kilronan! I have carefully looked over the list of churches of Aran, given by Colgan and O'Flaherty, but have not found any *Kill-Ronain*, and I am beginning to think that the true name is *Cill-Chrónáin*, as I find a St. Cronan, of Aran, in Colgan's list of saints. But still, where was his church in 1640 and 1682, when the most insignificant little chapels were described by Quæleus and O'Flaherty? I hope you have found the

stone inscribed ui Romani, which I still think may be Sci Ronani, or Romani, or Cromani. I see that you have given another inscription in the "Round Towers," p. 139—Or ar brann ailithir, the characters of which are so different from the others. I wish you could find this again. The form bran is a very unusual abbreviation for brecan, and I would submit another reading, namely, braenan, or brénann ailithir. Was he not the great St. Brendan, the pilgrim, the navigator of the western seas? Consider this.

Yours ever,

JOHN O'DONOVAN.

George Petrie, Esq., LL.D.

Dublin, 36, Upper Buckingham-street,
October 2nd, 1857.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Dr. Stokes has told me that you found the stones containing all your old inscriptions on Aran, and that you found them correct. This is most satisfactory, for Dr. Simpson believed that the ui Romani was clearly ṡci Ronani, and he went home chuckling at the idea that he suggested a thought that would prove that there was no Roman—holy Roman!—in Aran, at any time. I told him that I would get you to examine the stone again, with an experience of thirty-five years, and that I was sure you would establish the truth, without caring whether it should tell in favour of Rome or not.

I send you, by this post, a copy of the *Freeman's Journal*, in which is a good report, by Haverty, of what I said about your priority and superiority in the field of Irish antiquarianism, coupled with my reply to Henry O'Neill, Esq. I think you must regard me as a loyal *subject*—adherent—of yours in the republic of literary antiquarianism.

My Milesian friends are still ferocious against me, and will be so as long as I live. I cannot understand their feelings, but it would appear that they are opposed to me, among other reasons, because I do not believe the entire Milesian story.

I am very sorry to see that Dr. Siegfried is so much hated by ——. My attachment to Dr. Siegfried arises from the fact that I believe that he loves literature for its own sake, that he is an

honest man, and a gentleman; and that he is a great acquisition to a city like ours, where our ignorance of the linguistic science has been almost disgraceful.

Take care of your health in this trying turn of the season, and believe me to be,

Yours ever,

JOHN O'DONOVAN.

George Petrie, Esq., LL.D.

Dublin, 7, Charlemont-place,
22nd September, 1857.

MY DEAR LORD,—I have your picture of the station on Croagh Patrick, and will take every possible care of it, till your return. I borrowed it from you for the purpose of working it up a little more, and have done so long ago. I returned only yesterday morning, after travelling by the night train from Galway—from *Aran na naoimh*, or Aran of the Saints, where I had been sojourning for the previous seventeen days. How happily these days were spent you will easily imagine, when I tell you that I had for my constant companions, my beloved friends, Dr. Stokes, and his son; Frederick Burton, the painter; Samuel Ferguson, the poet and antiquary; and lastly, Eugene Curry, the Irish Shannachee! Could I have wished for more, it would have been that you had been added to the party. The weather was glorious; and we scarcely left a church, or grave, or cloghan, a Saint, or a Dun of a Firbolg, in the three islands unvisited or unexamined. Alas that from the want of a protecting hand, these singularly interesting remains should be doomed to utter ruin! The Duns or Cahers particularly, are now only vestiges of the monuments which astonished me by their barbaric grandeur on my visit to those islands in 1822, and it made me melancholy to see the devastations which unthinking man, and not the elements, had made in a few years. In the hope that we might, to some extent at least, arrest this rapid progress of ruin, I and my friends endeavoured by remonstrances to excite the feelings of the islanders in favour of their protection. This of course we did in English, but Curry addressed them strongly on the same topic in that older language which they love better. I confess, however, that I have very little hope that our eloquence will produce any permanent effect.

But this is a sad theme, and I shall not continue it. The islanders I found to be less changed for the worse, than I had expected. They are still a noble-looking and noble-hearted race, full of lively intelligence and kindly feelings. And I indulge the hope that these characteristics will remain amongst them after all their ancient monuments have perished.

Believe me ever, my dear Lord,
Most affectionately yours,
GEORGE PETRIE.

The Earl of Dunraven.

The years 1858 and 1859 were marked by the break up of Petrie's connexion with the Royal Hibernian Academy of Arts, in which body he had filled in succession the places of Librarian, Secretary, and President.

Ever anxious for the improvement of all ranks in the country, he had zealously urged that the annual exhibition of pictures should be open to the working classes in the evening, at a nominal charge. And although objections were at first raised to the plan, it was finally adopted, and the boon thus granted, the first of the kind ever offered to the public by any Fine Art Institution in the empire, received the warm and unanimous approbation of the Press. Yet, though this step could never be regarded otherwise than as a liberal effort to diffuse the knowledge and enjoyment of art among the humbler classes, whose attendance at the penny exhibitions was very numerous, its results, in increasing the annual income, were not successful, and it was determined by the Academy, in opposition to the enlightened view of their President, to discontinue the system, and at the same time to bring the condition of their funds under the notice of Government, with a view to obtaining an increase of the limited Parliamentary grant.

Petrie, however, held that the falling off of the funds derived from the annual exhibition, was to be attributed to other causes than the admission of the working classes in the evening at the penny rate.

The charge for admission to the exhibition was the same as that of the Royal Academy of London; and while the attendance of the better classes had been falling off for years, the exhibition was virtually closed to the lower orders. It is true that some of the evening visitors could have afforded to pay a higher price for admission. Yet that circumstance in no way counterbalanced the advantages of the arrangement. It is remarkable that although crowds of the poorer classes availed themselves of this opportunity, their conduct was ever most orderly. No injury to any work of art took place, and it was delightful to see the working men partaking in the enjoyment, which was heightened by participation with their wives and children.*

He therefore continued the strenuous advocate of the movement in opposition to a large number of his brother Academicians. He held the opinion, that in accordance with the progressive spirit of the time, it was only as a body, administering to the promotion of art-education amongst all classes of the community, that the Academy could best maintain its claim for sustainment by Parliamentary grants, and fulfil the duties imposed upon it by its charter of incorporation. His remonstrance proved of no avail. A Government inquiry was made into the affairs of the Institution, and a new charter, altering its constitution were proposed. To some of the provisions in this charter Petrie took great exception.

The affairs of the Academy continued to grow more and more involved. An inquiry into its condition was set on foot by the Government, and Mr. Macleod being employed in the investigation, drew up a report, which was expected to produce good effects in the future working of the Academy.

* The Royal Zoological Society, in opening their beautiful gardens on the Sunday afternoons at the charge of a penny, followed the example set by the Hibernian Academy, and the system has been continued ever since with the happiest results.

It will not be necessary here to enlarge on all the changes in the Institution then proposed. It is sufficient to enumerate those to which Petrie objected, and which ultimately led to his resignation as President as well as member of the Academy:—

1st. A new charter was proposed in which it was suggested that in the arrangement, a conjoint representative committee should be appointed, partly consisting of nominees of the Government.

2nd. That the Government should reserve to itself a veto in all elections of members, as well as in the making or carrying out of its future bye-laws.

Petrie objected to the first suggestion for the reason that as the entire responsibility of the exhibition must rest on the Academy, it should be allowed freedom of action. And to the second, that in thus yielding their freedom of action, and opinion, they would be neglecting their duty to their successors, as well as acting in opposition to received principles of political economy, and to the accumulated inductions of all social philosophical science. He boldly expressed his opinion that the grand object which should be kept in view by an institution like theirs, is one of a much higher order than that of merely instructing the pupils who attend their schools; namely, the advancement of civilization by cultivating in the public mind a love of the beautiful, both moral and physical, which would of necessity, tend to the harmonizing of the rude, and the enlightenment of the ignorant; social results of which the value cannot be over estimated.

His letter of resignation of the Presidency, dated January 21st, 1859, followed immediately on the assent of the Academy to the proposed charter.

In his seventy-third year, Petrie, with a small party of friends visited Cashel, and explored the Lower Shannon and Scattery Island, as well as the coast of Clare. His enjoyment of

the cliff scenery, especially that of the coast between Kilkee and Loop Head, was seemingly intensified by the feeling that this was the last time he should ever behold it. The weather was fine, and as the party walked on the carpet of sea-pinks, which clothes the heights, and looked down on the many picturesque inlets and caverns formed by the sea, everything was glowing in colour. On the strands of the little bays below, groups of the people, the men in white costumes, and the women and children in red, were preparing their currachs for the night fishing, while wreaths of blue smoke arose from their open air fires. The azure sea was calm, but as far as the eye could reach, furrowed by parallel and unbroken undulations, each carrying on its summit a burthen of gold from the setting sun, and as it touched the shore, throwing a shower of jewels down. Gazing on this scene, Petrie exclaimed, "What country is like these western districts of Ireland; where will the philosophic mind, that knows the history of the people, find such food for reflection! where is nature seen in such varied beauty?"

From the cliffs of Moher, then showing their finest effects of colour, the party proceeded along the coast to Ballyvaughan, the way being shortened by Petrie's store of historic anecdote. Passing the little harbour of Doolin, he pointed out the grave of the Spaniards, a long mound near the sea, where the survivors from the wreck of a vessel of the Armada, lie in a common grave. They were all put to death under the orders of the Lord Deputy, by Clancy, who had been the chief brehon, but had conformed to the State religion, and become sheriff of Clare. Many of the circumstances of this wholesale execution are preserved in the traditions of the people. Among the victims was a young Spanish nobleman, for whom much intercession was made, but in vain, as the concise command to the sheriff of "Hang them!" applied

to all. This history was supplemented, in a truly national way by the driver. "When peace was made," he said, "the friends of the Duke came to the country to get his remains, but how could they make them out among so many, so they went back to Spain; and from that to this the chaplain of the family curses the Clancys on the day the young man was hanged." "Had the Clancys ever any luck?" asked Petrie. "They had not, your honour, anyway none of them ever got to be a clergyman," then, recollecting himself, he exclaimed, "there was one, I am told by the old people, but they took the name off him—they gave him his mother's name."

As illustrating the spirit of the times, he related how O'Rorke, the Prince of Breifne, for saving from massacre and giving temporary shelter and food to the famishing remnant of another Spanish crew, was treated as a rebel who had entertained the enemies of the Queen, his lands confiscated, and he himself carried to London, and there imprisoned.

He was brought into the presence of Elizabeth, but refused to kneel before her, and when demanded scoffingly if he was not accustomed to kneel to a virgin queen, he replied, "to no queen will I kneel but the Queen of Heaven." His execution followed, and when asked had he any dying request to make, he said, "None, but that you turn my face to Ireland."

In the district of Burren—the Arabia Petræa of Ireland, so rich in the remains of Pagan and early Christian times, and with its invigorating air and singular rock scenery, his spirits became almost boyish. On leaving Ballyvaughan, the party had to meet the train at Oranmore; the day was showery, and he had remained within doors; but even when the last moment for departure had arrived, he was found dancing round the room to his own spirit-stirring music, while Irish planxties, Spanish fandangos and boleros fell in showers from his violin, and not till the very last moment could he be got to mount the car.

On his journey back to Dublin he visited the church of Fuerty, in Roscommon, stated to have been originally founded by St. Patrick. His object was to obtain an Irish inscription, of which he had received an account. On arriving at the church the rain commenced to fall accompanied by violent gusts of wind, yet he remained for nearly three hours exposed to the storm, until he had made a careful drawing of two inscriptions, one of which presents the emblem of the fish, and is the only example of the kind found amongst Irish monuments.*

These inscriptions, and that at Killeen Cormac, near Dunlavin, discovered by the Rev. John Shearman, were the last which he added to his collection.

The western coast of Donegal was almost the only part of Ireland left unvisited by him, and to this he proceeded in the Autumn of 1864, with the view of exploring the district of Glencolumkill, the seat of a church founded by St. Columba.† Of this foundation nothing now remains but a remarkable souterrain, close to the site of the modern church, while several pillar stones inscribed with crosses and ornamental designs, similar to those seen in the early illuminated MSS. of Ireland, and which probably indicated the bounds of the sanctuary, are now employed with others of a later date, to mark the stations established by the Dominican Friars. Higher up the valley is a building of great antiquity, called the Women's Church. In this district, especially in the neighbourhood of Malin Mor, he observed a circular monument containing twelve large tombs formed of stone, and disposed as the radii of a circle. Many Cromlechs were also discovered, in one of which the table stone was of milk-white quartz. But here, as in other places, the process of destruction has long been going on, and no effort has been

* *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, June, 1868.

† Adamnan's Life of St. Columba. Edited by the Rev. Dr. Reeves, p. 206.

made to save these marvellous remains. Indeed, when a letter of remonstrance was addressed by one of the party to the owner of the property, it was answered courteously; the writer however stating, at the same time, that he had never even known of the existence of such objects in the district.

This was the last of these delightful excursions, never to be forgotten by those who had the happiness to accompany him. The days spent in explorations passed too rapidly, while every evening he would play on his violin some of the old melodies of the country. Yet, while his kindly manner and love of nature gave such a charm to the days passed with him, it was impossible to resist a feeling of sadness at the thought, that he was then paying his farewell visit to scenes and objects which a life long labour had truly made his own.

CHAPTER XII.

CLOSING YEARS.

BEFORE bringing this biography to a conclusion, it would be right to speak of the personal character of Petrie, and of some of those qualities of mind which so endeared him to his many friends. With a physical and mental organization delicate and refined, which he inherited from his mother, his whole life but fulfilled the promise of his childhood. In a letter to his uncle from his father, written in 1796, we read:—

"Yes, my dear brother, your letter has filled us with happiness, and that you may participate in that happiness I may tell you that my little boy, who is now beside me counting the lines I am writing to his poor uncle, is one of the sweetest little fellows in all Castle-street."

Of the events of 1798, as well as those of 1802, he preserved a lively recollection. His father, though a loyalist,

was yet on friendly terms with a number of the prominent political characters of the time, whose portraits he painted. Among them are those of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, of Emmet, of Curran, and others, all most valuable from their truthfulness and excellent style of handling.

After the execution of Emmet, he was requested to paint a portrait of him from memory, with the aid of such studies of the head and face as he had by him. It is needless to say from whom this order came. When the work was finished the artist wrote to Miss Curran, requesting her to come and see it; he was out when she called, but she entered his study notwithstanding. Petrie, then a little boy, was sitting in a corner of the room, when he saw a lady, thickly veiled, enter and walk straight to the easel on which the work rested. She did not notice the child, and thought herself alone with the picture of her buried love. She lifted her veil, stood long and in unbroken stillness, gazing at the face, then suddenly turning, she moved with an unsteady step to another corner of the room, and, bending forward, pressed her forehead against the wall, heaving deep sobs, her whole frame shaken with a storm of passionate grief. How long this agony lasted the boy could not tell, it appeared to him to be an hour, and then, with a sudden effort, she controlled herself, pulled down her veil, and as quickly and silently left the room as she had come into it. She was unaware of his presence, unconscious of the depths of silent sympathy she had awakened in the heart of the child, whose sensitive and delicate nature kept him from intruding on her grief.

And so he continued through life, a rare example of purity and gentleness of character, almost feminine, although when called upon he could exhibit the greatest energy, firmness, and determination.

The poetic nature of his mind, and the rare co-existence of such a quality with the power of accurate observation,

and analysis have been already noticed. Indeed throughout his life, his pursuits, while they were on the one hand sources of the highest enjoyment, required, on the other, the exercise of those more severe mental qualities so ably employed by him.

As the complement of these powers of observation and logical induction, was the character of accuracy displayed in his literary and artistic works. Nothing was allowed to leave his hand in an imperfect form, so far as its completion was possible to him; even his letters are models of caligraphy, while his drawings, as has been said, have the value of photographs. He did nothing in a hurry, but always laboured with a conscientious care and deliberation, while the quantity of work which he has bequeathed to his country is an answer to those—too often themselves unproductive of good—who accused him of dilatoriness, or even of indolence.

One of the most remarkable features of his character was the interest he felt for animated nature in general, and especially for all domestic animals. His love for dogs might be compared to that which Scott showed to his favourites, and his two Skye terriers—Cliff and Con—were to him, for many years, sources of continual enjoyment. In a letter to his daughter, from Inverary, he says, "I am often reminded of poor Con by the Skye terriers I meet, and they all take to me and receive my caresses as a friend. I hope I shall find my poor doggie, as usual, on my return." During one of his visits to Scotland he was greatly disappointed at not finding a specimen of the old staghound in the kennel of the Marquis of Breadalbane, and he spoke of the striking appearance presented by the late Hamilton Rowan, which some may still recollect, when he was often seen, in the streets of Dublin, walking with his beautiful and stately daughter, and attended by two of the noble Irish wolf-dogs, or stag-hounds.

But his wish was gratified, on arriving at Broad-ford, in Skye. The party had hardly alighted at the inn when a magnificent deer-hound, of the old breed, coming forward, singled out Petrie from the rest of the party, attached himself to him, and during his stay may be said never to have left him, but attended him in all his walks, and at his meals, and slept under his bed at night. During this time Petrie continually expatiated on the form of this fine animal, and would often refer to a conversation which he and the writer had about these dogs with a Scottish gamekeeper, who declared that, in his opinion, they were superior to many human beings in sagacity, courage, and honour. At the statement of the honour of the dog, one of the party smiled, when the speaker became angry, but was soon pacified. "I take your apology," he said, "but I never say anything that I can't prove, it is now twenty-five years since I was deer-stalking in Ross-shire. We sighted the stag at sundown, and lay down on our plaids till sunrise, when we saw him again, and he saw us, and went off. We had three dogs —one of them was one of these mongrels for battue hunting; they hunt by the nose as well as the eye, and will follow a wounded stag, and sit and bark at him; but they are cowards, and will not strike him: when the old dog and the stag met, one of them was to die. Another, a young dog, very good, but he had not experience; and the third was an old dog, allowed to be the best in all Scotland; there was a loch in the valley, and the stag—because he swims better than a dog—took the long axis of it; his game is to drown the dogs. We saw them take the water, and gave them up for lost, but got down the mountain to see the end of it. There was a shepherd who lived half-way down the loch, and he very properly went out in his cot to save the dogs. He passed the stag swimming high and strong, and the first dog he came to was the mongrel, and right glad was the d——d brute to get into the boat; the next he came to

was the young dog (who was just drowning), and he had to pull him in ; but the old dog avoided him, and when he saw the shepherd was determined to stop him, what do you think he did—why, sir, he raised himself breast high out of the water, looked the man full in the face, turned round, and swam back to the head of the loch, where he came to us half dead : that dog was'nt going to hurt the deer in a boat."

During Petrie's residence in Charles-street, the kitten of his favourite cat had its leg broken, when he rushed out for one of his friends—then a practising surgeon, but failed to find him ; he then called on another, but had hardly knocked at the door, when, for the first time, the singularity of his position struck him ; for a moment he thought of leaving the door, but waited to apologize for calling. The door was opened, he was forced to come in, the candles were lit in the study, and the servant, regardless of Petrie's remonstrances, ran up stairs for his master, who was in bed. In a few minutes the surgeon came down, carrying his boots in his hand ; and assuring him that no apologies were necessary, he donned his hat and cloak, and accompanied him to the house, when Petrie, almost dumb with confusion, at last took courage to tell the nature of the case ; the good-humoured answer was—"well, let me see the patient, at all events." He was brought to the kitten, the limb was carefully put up, and the surgeon, refusing his fee, promised to call next day ; but as Petrie went to show him to the door, the old cat, who had watched the entire proceeding, sprung on the table, and carried her kitten to the corner of the room. She then proceeded to undo all the bandages, deliberately taking out pin by pin, while Petrie watched in amazement, and the splints being removed, she commenced licking the part, and thus continued with hardly an intermission for some days and nights, when a cure was effected without the slightest deformity !

He was never tired of declaiming against the practice of

field-sports, and even to professed sportsmen he did not scruple to say that such a pursuit was simply a relic of barbarism.

In winter weather, while the ground was covered with snow, he would delight in gathering and saving all his crumbs of bread for the half-starved birds, and standing at the window of his little study, watching these favourites of his crowding to the breakfast he had prepared for them. The smile upon his sweet and noble face, telling how deep and pure was to him the mere consciousness of giving pleasure.

There was, indeed, in him a full sympathy, with the feelings so beautifully expressed by Coleridge:

> Farewell, farewell, but this I tell
> To thee, thou wedding guest,
> He prayeth well, who loveth well
> Both man, and bird, and beast.
>
> He prayeth best, who loveth best,
> All things, both great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us
> He made and loveth all.

His powers of enjoyment were as intense as the sources from which they sprung were simple. During the many years of his laborious life a short stroll along a country road, accompanied by his favourite dog,—the song of the birds, the sight of a green field, and, above all, the sky with its changing effects of cloud and shower, and calm blue, were to him undying sources of delight and life-giving impulse, and in his last hours he was heard to say that he indeed had found the truth of the words:—

> Nature never did betray the heart that loved her.

At home his life was as a continued strain of music, hallowing, as it were, an attachment to his family, which was almost passionate. To the humble and the poor he was ever courteous, to his friends loving, to his detractors, of whom he had a few, who were moved by jealousy of his

position as the great archæologist of Ireland, he was ever charitable and forgiving. And so he lived his life of labour, not unmixed with pure enjoyment, ever tempered by a loving, calm, and philosophic spirit.

The consciousness of his having for the first time placed the study of Irish history on a sound basis, and of having removed the grounds of the well merited contempt with which it had been so long regarded, must have afforded him a lasting satisfaction ; yet no word of self laudation, no expression of egotism or justifiable pride, was ever heard to fall from him. As he was always a student, so he became a teacher in the best sense of the word, showing to others by his example, the way to teach themselves: and thus he was permitted at once to be the parent and the witness of the growth of that school of Irish archæology, which, by following his method has so largely added to the history of the country. In the choice of his friends he was uninfluenced by political considerations, or any narrow feeling of sectarianism, a quality which none but those who know Ireland can sufficiently admire or estimate. Loving his country and feeling for her wrongs, he was a liberal in politics, though from its angry passions he ever held aloof. At once a loyalist and a patriot, a combination which, in these days, is to some minds unintelligible, he saw the real obstacles to his country's weal, in her want of healthy public opinion and self-respect, and gave the labour of his life to overcome them. To use the words of the late President of the Academy, "he largely helped towards achieving the great problem of our day—the reconciliation of the cultivated intelligence and loyalty, with the popular aspirations and the sympathies of the country."* His was a patriotism that while it placed historic truth before the country, awakened no angry passions, sought to do holily that which it would highly, and while it laboured for the

* Eloge, &c., by the Very Rev. Charles Graves, D.D., Pres. R.I.A. 1866.

moral and intellectual advancement of the people dear to it, inculcated the respect of order and of law.

To men imbued with such a feeling, the devotion of a long life to these ends is a cheerful sacrifice, for they know as by an inspiration, how it is that a people can become virtuous, happy, and great.

This deep love of country was manifested not only in his archæological and literary labours, but in most of his artistic works. It has been already shown how closely related in his mind were the studies of nature, and of those old surviving monuments of the land, which while they are witnesses of its history, become themselves objects of a peculiar beauty, and give to the reflecting mind a larger enjoyment of the landscape. Hence many of his pictures show the effects of that combination so strangely frequent in Ireland, where the ruin and its surroundings unite in giving a national character to the scene, and so in a large proportion of his works, we have the feeling and skill of the painter in unison with the knowledge of the antiquary. In this respect his paintings stand alone among the productions of the water-colour school, that school which is a distinctive glory of our time, as one possessed of inherent vitality and progress. Combining the historic remains with the landscape, his pictures bring to the mind's eye the characteristic features of the country itself, and he painted Ireland in all her varied effects of scenery, marked so abundantly by the historic remains of ages. In truth, when looked at with the feelings of one at once a painter and a lover of his country, the ruin and the rock grow and unite together—for where centuries have passed, "where time has lent his hand, but broke his scythe," the sepulchral mound, the early oratory, the gray round tower, and the ruined abbey or castle, become so much parts of the scene, and so related to all its surrounding features as to seem to belong to its original creation.

In the society of friends, and of the many accomplished

strangers who visited him, he took a keen delight, while his richly stored mind, his singular tact, his exercise of that higher power of criticism, which discovers the good achieved, rather than the short comings in works of literature and of art, gave a rare charm to his society. Though partial to friendly discussions he ever defended his views with firmness and with spirit. Yet such was the gentleness and grace of his manner that the hours passed in his company were not to be forgotten.

He often declared to the writer that, though always a poor man, his life had been one of great enjoyment, greater than falls to the lot of most men, and that his chief happiness was in the society of so many loving, lasting, and intellectual friends.*

During his life, while he abhorred religious ostentation and avoided all extremes of doctrine, he continued a faithful member of the United Church of England and Ireland, and an example of that moderation and charity to those of other communions, which is, after all, one of her best characteristics. He has been heard to say that were he to preach a sermon it would be on the text, "In my Father's house there are many mansions;" or again, on the parable of the woman taken in adultery, and as he repeated the words "Neither do I condemn thee," his voice would tremble with emotion.

Indeed his high and pure feeling for beauty was but a faint expression of the holy influences by which his heart was stirred, giving to his view of life a solemn and devotional spirit. Thus, when writing to one dear to him, and in affliction, he beseeches her "to bear the calamity, as it

* Among his more intimate friends the following may be enumerated: Danby, O'Conor, and Samuel Lover, Majors Pratt and Patrickson, J. O'Donovan, Eugene O'Curry, the Rev. Cæsar Otway, F. W. Burton, E. J. Anster, LL.D., Professor MacCullagh, the Rev. J. H. Todd, D.D., the Rev. William Reeves, Samuel Ferguson, LL.D., Robert Callwell, Sir Thomas Larcom, Rev. Charles Graves, D.D., now the Bishop of Limerick, Rev. J. W. Wills, Whitley Stokes, LL.D., Very Rev. Charles Russell, D.D., and the Earl of Dunraven.

should be borne by those whose hopes were not confined to this world" which he adds "if it be not a place of trial, is wholly an unintelligible mystery." "Here," he says again, "we must sustain each other; we must bear this heavy trial worthily, with pious resignation to the mysterious dispensations of the Almighty, and filled with the hope that it may render us more worthy of the happiness of another life; let us not be wanting in gratitude and thankfulness to God, that he has spared us so many sources of consolation, such powerful stimulants to duty; and let us never forget that the being the great Creator is taking to himself, is such as we could wish to offer him, pure and perfect as one of his own angels."

The heart that such words sprang from, was full to overflowing of love to God and charity to man; they breathe the feelings of a spirit bruised, but not broken, cast down, yet not destroyed.

During the spring of 1865—feeling that his time would not be long—he devoted himself to the preparing of a catalogue of his museum, with an energy which led him to give up his usual exercise, and on the 17th of January, 1866, after an illness that entailed no suffering, nor was attended with any failure of intellect, he peacefully expired in the arms of his children. He died as a Christian man should die, not in triumph, nor yet in gloom, but in calm resignation to the will of Him who doeth all things well. His remains were followed to the tomb by the members of the Royal Irish Academy—they rest in the cemetery of Mount Jerome.

The following letter, from the Rev. William Reeves, D.D., so distinguished as an ecclesiastical antiquary, will be read with interest; it was written on hearing of his friend's death:—

A line received yesterday from Clibborn, prepared me for an approaching catastrophe, but I little thought the event was so near

at hand. We have all good reason to mourn, for a great man has fallen, and a good man has been snatched from us; yet Providence was kind in sparing him so long, and the gray hairs descend to the grave well blanched by time.

It was only a fortnight since that Mr. Jellett and I had a conversation in the College courts about a successor to Dr. Graves in the academy chair; and it would have pleased you to hear, as it did me, the earnestness with which the merits and claims of George Petrie were urged by the speaker, who said that he and Dr. Haughton, and some other leading college men, were determined to press the appointment of dear Petrie, whose services and qualifications so eminently fitted him for the post, and whose age forbade any delay in this tribute of respect, and, he added "it must be next March or never." Sad is it that the alternative can never arise, and that the father of the academy can never assume the government of his household.

But his name is engraven in many a heart, and his memory will live while the academy exists; and after his literary children of this generation have passed away, his grand-children will revere the name of one whom, as they have not seen, they will be unable to love.

John Stuart is here with me, and cordially sympathises in our regrets. We purpose starting for Dublin on Monday morning, where we expect to arrive at eleven, in time, I hope, to pay our final tribute.

* * * * * * * * *

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM REEVES.

P.S.—I used always to call dear Petrie "father" to his face, and did not scruple to confess to him my filial obligations for the little I know.

Looking at the condition of Irish Archæology when Petrie began to work, too high praise cannot be given him, as the observer, who pointed out the method of investigation, which would overthrow the wild speculations of previous writers that had only brought disgrace upon the subject. The history of Ireland, as a whole, has yet to be written, and it is only by following up his scientific method

in a careful spirit, that the materials for its production can be ever accumulated. Yet it is to be feared that the combination of qualities which so fitted him for the task, can hardly be met with again, and in his latter years, in that period of repose from active occupation, that time of calm and philosophic reflection, he still more earnestly upheld the true antiquarianism that brings history and tradition to be tested by fact. The last words which the writer heard him say, when speaking on the subject, within a few days of his death, were these:—

"THE PHILOSOPHIC INQUIRER WILL, EVERY DAY, LEAN MORE AND MORE AWAY FROM EXTREMES IN ANTIQUITY."

As has been already shown, he held that few things were more desirable for the Irish people than the establishment of truth in their history, as a means of removing those traditional errors and enmities on their part, and those prejudices in the mind of England, which have, unhappily, so long delayed the true union of the countries.

APPENDIX.

The Ordnance Topographical Survey.

Some idea of the magnitude and value of the materials which were collected, may be gathered from the evidence of Sir Thomas Larcom before the Commission of Inquiry in 1844; and when the constitution of the staff by which these materials were collected with such success and industry is considered, some estimate may be formed of the national importance of their labours.

It appears that between 1828 and 1830 the following materials in reference to every county in Ireland, were collected:—

Of inquisitions of Ireland; forty quarto volumes.

Names of baronies, parishes, and townlands, of twenty-nine counties; eight quarto volumes.

Extracts from Irish and other MSS., and from works relating to Ireland, in public libraries; fifty-seven quarto volumes.

Letters from Messrs. O'Donovan, O'Curry, and other members of the topographical staff; forty-two quarto volumes.

Ancient and modern authorities for the names of all the parishes and baronies in Ireland. Twenty-eight quarto volumes.

Field name books of townlands, ancient and modern; three hundred and thirty-three quarto volumes.

Ancient maps, sketches, and drawings, of each county; nine hundred and forty-seven in number.

Three maps of ancient territories, constructed by Mr. O'Donovan.

Twenty-eight volumes of miscellaneous documents.

Alphabetical indexes giving all the names in the maps of baronies and parishes, with the areas of the townlands; thirty-nine volumes.

In addition there are lists of the baronies and parishes in each county, of which memoirs have been more or less compiled, the number of the latter amounting to two hundred and sixty-two. Memoranda on orthography, thirty-two; and productive economy tables for Londonderry, Antrim, and Tyrone, fifty-two in number.

Thus it appears that, exclusive of maps, sketches, and documents of a general nature, not less than four hundred and sixty-eight large volumes of documents relating to the topography, language, history, and antiquities of Ireland, were collected.

When speaking as to the statistical information collected, Captain Larcom says, in his evidence, "The statistic material was complete for the county of Londonderry, nearly so for Antrim, in part also for Tyrone and some other counties; but in the latter years of the survey, the interest of the officers declined from non-publication, and very little statistic matter was collected." Under the head of statistics was included "Municipality," "Education," "Benevolence," "Community," "Justice," and the "Social and Productive Economy."

With reference to the letters from Messrs. O'Donovan, O'Conor, O'Keefe, and O'Curry, Captain Larcom stated :—

The historical material is much more copious. In order to ascertain the names of places for the engravings, that they might become a standard for orthography as well as topography, numerous maps, records, and ancient documents were examined, and copious extracts made from them. In this manner a certain amount of antiquarian information has been collected, relating to every place, townland, and parish in Ireland—more than sixty thousand; and the various modes of spelling them at different times has been recorded. When these investigations were complete, it was usual to send a person thoroughly versed in the Irish language to ascertain from the old people who still speak the language, what was the original vernacular name; and we then adopted that one among the modern modes of spelling which was most consistent with the ancient orthography. Not venturing to restore the original, and often obsolete name, but approaching as near to correctness as was practicable Numerous drawings and characteristic sketches have also been made, and legends collected; and in these journeys any antiquities which had been omitted were noted and pointed out for insertion on the maps, which have thus become antiquarian as well as modern, and utilitarian documents.

Again, in answer to query twenty-six, Captain Larcom says :—

This is a volume containing the barony and parish names in the county of Galway. The name of every parish is given as it is spelt, in all the different ways in which it occurs in all the documents to which we had access, examples of which have been exhibited to you, together with the vernacular Irish spellings still preserved in the country, with the English translation, and the meaning of the name; and then the final spelling which is ultimately adopted for the map, so that we know the history, in fact, of every townland. We have traced the mutations of its name, and therefore all the changes through which it has passed; and having done that we have run over the whole history of that townland, and doing that for every townland of Ireland, we have, as it were, passed in review the whole country for the last six centuries.

In answer to query 326, Dr. Todd observes :—

One very principal cause of the peculiar value of the researches is what

I have just alluded to, namely, the care that has been taken to identify the ancient names of places, towns, and districts, with the modern names now in use. This is of immense value to those who are engaged in studying the Irish manuscripts, and for two or three reasons; one is that the Irish names of places are almost always significant, and being written in the ancient manuscripts without capital letters or anything to designate them as proper names, they are very often taken as part of the sentence, and many absurd mistakes have been committed in that way; even Dr. O'Conor, in his learned work, which was printed at the expense of the Duke of Buckingham, *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores*, makes many mistakes of this kind from translating the names of places, not knowing them to be proper names. I would say, therefore, that one very peculiar value of the labours of the Ordnance Survey in Ireland, has been the preparation of an accurate and copious list of the ancient names of the places, with their ancient spellings, both their Irish and Anglicised forms, tracing them also through the different spellings which they assumed at different times in English documents, and thus identifying them with the modern names. Such a list is of immense value to all who are engaged in the study of Irish history, and removes one of the principal difficulties which a student of our ancient records has to contend with.

Query 327. *Do you know in what state are the materials which have been collected on the Ordnance Survey for the identification of ancient with modern names?*—From what I have seen of them I should say that the list of ancient names, with their modern forms, is almost perfect; but I can only speak from an occasional inspection of the collections.

On the system of contouring, introduced by Captain Larcom, that officer answers:—

Query 555. *Does this system of surveying render the maps more peculiarly useful to the memoir?*—Yes, because the information it exhibits is of a peculiarly economic nature. It exhibits at a glance, lines of equal altitude over the whole country. So that in reference to cultivation, for instance, one sees at once what portion of the area of a given district is above the present limits of cultivation, or the culture of a particular crop; or within what limits irrigation or drainage are practicable; or if a road be necessary from one place to another, at any different altitudes, or at any distance asunder, however remote. A simple inspection of the contoured map will show what direction it ought to take, and what average slope must be allowed on its whole length, in order that no power may be lost.

Existence of Chiselled Work in Ireland of a Date anterior to the Eleventh Century.

The following fragment of a letter to Lord Dunraven on this subject was written by Petrie, a short time before his death, in

reference to Mr. Parker's views as to the absence of early chiselled masonry in Ireland. It was his last contribution to Irish archæology.

You have asked of me to give you a list of churches, etc., showing chiselled work, of a date clearly anterior to the eleventh century. That is to say, churches, etc., which I believe to be of an earlier date; and I now take up the pen to comply with your request, as well as my decaying memory will allow. Previously, however, to my doing so, as the object which you have in view in making this request is to obtain certain evidence—if such be obtainable—as will disprove the assertions of Mr. Parker of Oxford, namely, that before that period, the Irish created no structures in which the chisel was used, and were, in fact, not only ignorant, even of the use of the chisel, but also of the art of fabricating it, I shall take leave to make a few general remarks on this not unimportant subject of historical inquiry. That any statements of mine, however, will appear satisfactory to Mr. Parker, or to the many architectural antiquaries who, influenced by his well-deserved reputation, as one eminently skilled in old English and mediæval architecture, I do not venture to hope. Mr. Parker and his followers view our ancient architecture from an old English, and, I think, a somewhat prejudiced point of view. They believe that the Irish were but little better than rude savages and consequently, as such, could not have been in possession of learning, or the knowledge of the arts of civilized life, till they were taught them by the Anglo-Norman adventurers who had become their conquerors. It seems, in short, as if it would appear to be considered derogatory to the feelings of superiority in the English mind to accept the belief that the Celts of Ireland or Scotland could have been equal, not to say superior in civilization to their more potent conquerors, and all vestiges of ancient Irish art that would seem antagonistic to this supremacy, must submit to having their claims to an ante Anglo-Norman antiquity either boldly repudiated or cavilled at as of no value, however strongly sustained by historical evidences; and the natural inferences to be derived from their marked peculiarities. I need hardly remark that the indulgence of a prejudice of any kind, however amiable may have been its origin, is wholly inconsistent with the spirit of sincere searching after truth, which is the dominant characteristic of the nineteenth century; and which has given the dignity of a science to historical and archæological investigation. For my own part I would venture to say that, in my humble researches into the history and antiquities of Ireland, I have been unconscious of the existence in my mind of a prejudice of any kind that could give a bias to that *ancient* love for truth which was the impelling motive of such researches. Of an Anglo-Norman descent, and an Irishman only by the accident of birth, I had no personal associations with Ireland's past history to stand in the way of the free exercise of my reasoning powers, though I will not deny that it afforded me a deep pleasure to be able to

lend even a feeble hand towards the ultimate removal of hostile prejudices against that Celtic race, amongst whom it was my chance to be cast; whose past sufferings I could not but pity, and whose many noble characteristics of mind and heart, as well as their invariable kindness to me as to a brother, could not but excite, on my part, a deep feeling of gratitude as well as of most affectionate regard. Nor am I without the conviction that it has been mainly to the unwavering indulgence of such sentiments I chiefly owe the esteem and affection with which you have honoured me for so long a period, and which has so largely contributed to my happiness.

But I have been wandering, I fear, too far from the immediate purpose of this communication, and I must endeavour to get back into the right path.

Mr. Parker states that we have had no chiselled masonry of an age anterior to the eleventh century, because, previous to that period we were ignorant of the use of the chisel, and wanting the skill to manufacture it; and, certainly, if this were true, we could have had no chiselled masonry of an earlier date than that which he has been pleased to name. But on what evidence does he ground this assertion? On none that I have been able to find. Nor is it likely that such evidence could exist. Mr. Parker will not deny that the Romans, as well as many other ancient nations, were acquainted with the use of this implement, and employed it, whenever necessary, for their purposes; and, this being so, they must surely have used it in Britain and Scotland, and thus have introduced its use among the inhabitants. Nor could the Irish Gaedhil or Scoti, who, in conjunction with the Albanian Picts, had so long harrassed the Roman power in Britain have failed to participate in the acquisition of such knowledge, if they required it. But they did not require it; for, as all European antiquaries well know, the chisel was an implement generally known to mankind, not only in the so-called iron period, but also in the earlier bronze and stone ages, and characteristic specimens of such implements of those different periods are to be found in most antiquarian collections, and even in my own small museum.

And hence most antiquaries have imagined that the term Celt applied to these cutting implements, both of stone and bronze, was derived from the Latin *Celtis* (from cælo, to cut); but I confess with Dr. Stukely, that this seems but a fanciful conjecture. Of course in the stone, or pre-historic period, the chisel, or celt, was only used as an implement for cutting wood and shaping it for domestic and warlike purposes; and that it was thus employed we have a convincing evidence in the construction of the timber house discovered in the county of Donegal, at a depth of thirty feet in bog, as fully described and modelled by the late Captain Mudge. In connexion with this primitive structure, the stone celt, or chisel was found, which had been used in its construction, and which,

very possibly, had also been employed in the fabrication of a large wooden sword also found there, and now in my possession. And that during the bronze period, the bronze chisel, as well as the semicircular gouge, were used in giving smoothness of surface as well to stone as to wooden articles, seems to me to be equally well proved. The implements themselves are not of rare occurrence, and fine specimens of them are in my own little collection, as well as in our great national museum. Possessed of such tools then, it would, indeed, seem strange if the Irish did not use them, and that they did so is, I think, sufficiently proved by the manufacture of the stone found at Douth, in 1687, and described and figured by Dr. Molyneux, in Boate and Molyneux' "Natural History of Ireland," and more by the symmetrically formed urn in the museum of the academy, which, as my friend Sir William Wilde remarks in his catalogue, "has evidently been worked out with metal tools." *The figures of the sun and moon sculptured on these*, the presence of these symbolic representations of the primary objects of pagan worship in Ireland previous to the introduction of Christianity, and of which a similar representation is carved on one of the side-supporting stones of a ruined Cromleach at Killiney, in the county of Dublin, near which several bronze celts or chisels have been found, sufficiently attests the Pagan or bronze period of these urns; and, I may add, that on the underface of the table or covering-stone of many of the Pagan tombs called cromlechs, which I have examined, I have seen such a perfectly even flat surface as I could not imagine possible, otherwise than by the use of a metallic tool of the chisel kind. I have come now to the primary question of this inquiry, namely, was the chisel used in Ireland for the cutting of stone for building and other purposes in the iron or Christian period? For I am of opinion that in our country the introduction of Christianity, and of the use of iron, was nearly, if not absolutely cotemporaneous, for all our iron weapons and domestic implements present us with forms and features totally different from those of the preceding bronze period, and which are obviously derived or imitated from implements of the same class made in Britain during its occupancy by the Romans, as well as continued by their Saxon successors. If, then, the chisel was used in Ireland, both in the pre-historic stone and the semi-historic bronze periods, as I think I have proved, it would be puerile in the extreme to suppose that after they had received a knowledge of the use of iron, they would have stupidly abandoned it. But we have abundant evidence to show that it was not so. Not only the most ancient iron weapons and implements, including the chisel, which are preserved in our museums prove it, but, still more, our ancient stone crosses, for the age of many of which we have historical evidences concurrent with local tradition to authorize their assignment to our similar evidences, for the very early antiquity of our ancient churches and oratories, in many of which, important portions at

least, exhibit unmistakeably the use of this implement. It is true, indeed, that for the most part, these most ancient structures are diminutive in size, rude and unartificial in construction, for they were built by men whose simple creed had taught them to despise wealth and display; but they possessed an element of strength, which, aided by the touching hereditary veneration of the people for the memory of their founders, has been sufficient to preserve them from the ravages of time, as well as the greater ravages of alien devastations, and the equally destructive contempt of their unsympathising conquerors.

I have now brought these prefatory remarks to a close, not a satisfactory one I fear to you, but you may be thankful that I did not carry them—Heaven knows how much farther. Every man will, if he can, have his own way of doing a thing, even when doing it for another; and my way, I have no doubt, will be considered by most persons as a remarkably tiresome round-about one. But it is finished, and I now proceed to give you the statement which you have requested; and so, if I have given you an indigestible stone when you asked for bread, I will make what atonement may be in my power, by giving you bread at last.

It is, then, my firm opinion that there yet remain in Ireland several churches of the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, in the construction of parts of which, such as their entrance doorways, the chisel has obviously been the implement used. To give, however, any complete, or even long though imperfect list of such examples is probably more than you require, and certainly more than my fading memory would enable me to recall, and I shall, therefore, confine myself to a limited list of the most striking examples which I remember; and, amongst them, I would first notice a few of those that present simple architrave ornaments adorning their doorways. Of these, perhaps, one of the most interesting examples is the doorway of the very ancient church of Tuilen, now called Dulane, near Kells, in the county of Meath.

This church, of which the south wall only remains was, as you know, a simple oblong temple, without a chancel, measuring externally about forty-six feet in length, and twenty-three feet in breadth. Internally, however, the length of the church is but thirty-five feet three inches, owing to the extension of the north and south walls beyond the west and east ones, thus forming those square pilaster-like projections which are such common and characteristic features in our most ancient churches. The south wall has been partially rebuilt, and a pointed arched doorway opened through it, apparently in the thirteenth century.

The imposing feature of the structure is its original west doorway, which, happily, still remains in a perfect state. It is about seven feet in height, three feet eight inches in breadth at base, three feet two inches at top. Its sides are formed of five stones, well squared and close jointed on their faces, and which form the entire thickness of the wall which is two

feet eight inches. The lintel stone is eight feet in length, two feet eight in thickness, but on its inner face it has, at the height of one foot four inches a slightly curved or chamfered projection beyond the face of the wall, so as to form a kind of long bracket. And, lastly, on the front face of the doorway the angular edges at each side are chiselled into a semi-circular, or torus moulding with small lines on either side, which is carried up to, and across the lintel, so as to form a kind of architrave. The stones of the pilaster projections, like those on the doorway, are large, and well squared, and show a perfect intimacy with, and near approach to, that regular style of Greek masonry called . . The other portions of the walls are of smaller and less closely jointed polygonal stones, but still preserving generally horizontal beds and a tendency to squareness.

Of the history of this most ancient structure but little has been preserved, but that little is not wholly wanting in interest. Like the greater number, if not all of our most ancient churches, Dulane was originally the oratory of a monastic establishment, and its erection is to be referred to the earlier half of the fifth century. It was founded by a British saint of Cornwall named Cairneach or Carantoch, who was a contemporary of, if not an antecedent labourer with St. Patrick in the propagation of Christianity in Ireland. That this Cairneach was a man of distinguished eminence, would appear from the statement in our ancient records, that St. Patrick was consecrated by him as priest; and that at the great council, composed of three kings, three bishops, and three . . which was convened in 438, to examine the laws of this kingdom, and make them consistent with the principles of the gospel; he was one of the three of the second order of bishops thus employed. It is to be acknowledged, indeed, that O'Donovan has questioned the truth of this statement, observing that Cairneach could scarcely have been alive in 438, and he could not possibly have been then an ecclesiastic, for he died in 530, "nearly a century afterwards;" but he has nowhere, that I can find, given or quoted any authority for this date of Cairneach's death, and, even if he did so, it would by no means follow that it related to the Cairneach of Dulane, and not to a later St. Cairneach who figured in our later ecclesiastical annals, unless it was distinctly applied to the former.

Restoration of the Cathedral of Tuam.*

7, Charlemont-place, Dublin,
12 November, 1861.

My dear Mr. Deane,—You have obliged me very much by allowing me to see your designs for a new Cathedral church in Tuam, which are, in my opinion, such in every way as might be expected from your known professional talents and acquirements.

* See page 181.

You have most judiciously chosen for this structure that earliest style of our Gothic or pointed architecture which, in its forms and details, is the most chaste and harmonious; and you have preserved those characteristics with a fidelity which, unhappily, has not been very often exhibited in the Gothic churches of our own times.

But I am particularly delighted to find, that with a patriotic feeling, and highly cultivated taste, you have made it an essential point to preserve, in all its remaining entirety, the beautiful little chancel of the ancient church; and you appear to me to have accomplished this with the greatest judgment, in the proposed mode of its incorporation with the new structure. The destruction, or even the partial preservation, or the want of judgment in the mode of preservation, of such an interesting and, as I may truly say, unique historical relic of ancient Irish architectural art, would give deep pain to all existing cultivated and patriotic minds, who have become acquainted with its characteristic features and its historic interest, and would surely be regarded by future generations of such minds as a barbarism disgraceful to our times. Nor, in my opinion, would the application of such an epithet be undeserved; for however truly our predecessors might have pleaded ignorance as an excuse for similar Vandalic acts, we can offer no such excuse. For we know the history of this interesting remain—that its highly ornamental arch, which not many years since was believed to be a mere church doorway, was truly the *Arcus Triumphalis*, or triumphal arch, which led into the chancel of a church erected at a period when Ireland was generally supposed to have been ignorant of the finer arts of civilization, known to and practised by its neighbouring nations; that this church was beyond doubt a structure of the early part of the twelfth century, and erected by Turlogh O'Conor, the last but one of the native monarchs of Ireland—a vigorous and able prince, who was distinguished eminently for his munificent patronage of the fine arts, as shown by the beautiful processional cross of Tuam, now preserved in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, as well as by the great stone cross of Tuam, and this remaining fragment of its beautiful church. And yet further we know that the great feature of this remaining fragment—its chancel arch—though it exhibits in a general way the characteristics of the Romanesque or Anglo-Norman style, its ornamentation is essentially native, or that designated by antiquaries by the term *Opus Hibernicum*, and I know of no other architectural specimen of that style of ornamentation now remaining in Ireland.

Considered, therefore, from so many points of view, the careful preservation, as far as possible, of this most interesting and unique remain, becomes a matter of importance and of duty; and it gives me a no ordinary pleasure that such will be effected by your judicious plan; for I confess that I had felt some apprehension that the chancel arch might, by being appropriated to the purpose of a doorway—so foreign to that religious one for

which it was originally designed—be exposed to a continuance of those external influences of weather and wantonness from which it had so severely suffered.

I remain, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

GEORGE PETRIE.

Thomas N. Deane, Esq.

COLLECTION OF IRISH INSCRIPTIONS.

THE writer is indebted to his friend, the Rev. J. H. Todd, D.D., for the following notice, relating to the collection of Irish inscriptions, which was commenced by Petrie, in his early days, and continued to his latest years, when it amounted to several hundreds.

Dr. Petrie left behind him a valuable collection of ancient Irish inscriptions, ranging in date from the seventh to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They are outline drawings copied on the spot by his sure and accurate pencil, on sheets of note paper, backs of old letters, and such other scraps as he had at hand. He frequently went, for a few days, on trips or excursions into the country, generally in company with some intimate friends, for the express purpose of searching for such monuments and copying their inscriptions. To him, indeed, may be said to belong the praise of having revived the true reading and interpretation of those inscriptions which for centuries had been regarded as illegible by our best antiquaries.

Some years before his death, Dr. Petrie seems to have contemplated a complete essay on Irish inscriptions, to be illustrated by these drawings from the original stones; and it is deeply to be lamented that he did not live to carry out his design. He has left behind him only a few fragments, veritable *disjecta membra*, of the work. The following passage seems to have been intended as the first or introductory chapter, but even this is evidently unfinished:—

THE INSCRIPTIONS AT CLONMACNOIS.

The inscriptions at Clonmacnois have never been published, nor any other Irish inscriptions anterior to the English invasion, excepting that on the cross at Monasterboice (*Phil. Trans.*, Vol. v.), and that in the Refeart Church at Glandalough (*Ledwich, Antiquities*); but they have been noticed by several writers on Irish antiquities, of whom the first, I believe, was Sir J. Ware, who says, speaking of the Cathedral of Clonmacnois (Bishops, p. 166),—"This cathedral was heretofore endowed with large possessions; *and was above all others famous for the sepulchres of the*

nobility and bishops, as also for some monuments and inscriptions, partly in Irish and partly in Hebrew." O'Halloran says (*Introduction*, p. 85), "Inscriptions in *Hebrew* and Greek have been frequently dug up there (at Clonmacnois), as Sir James Ware attests." This, however, is more than Sir James attests, for he says nothing about Greek inscriptions, nor about their being frequently dug up. Lastly, Archdall (*Monasticon*, p. 392,) evidently relying on Ware and O'Halloran, says "There are several old monuments in this church, on which are inscriptions *said to be* partly in Hebrew and partly in Irish."

I have met with no traces of Hebrew or Greek inscriptions; and from the attention I have paid to monumental remains in Ireland, I am of opinion that there is no just grounds for believing that any such did ever exist. The assertion seems to have originated either in ignorance or love for the marvellous, and to have been received without examination in the mistaken ardour of patriotic zeal.

O'Halloran says (*Introduction*, p. 85) that "over all the deceased of any consequence were formerly stone inscriptions, some few of which, in sequestered churches, yet remain, which I had not been able to understand, though some of the letters are Hebrew;" and that "it was by the assistance of inscriptions that those most laborious and learned antiquaries Ward, O'Clery, Colgan, &c., were enabled to class the saints of Ireland, and to distinguish the different saints of the same name." The probability of the latter assertion will appear from the certainty which this work will afford of the truth of the former MS.

In this passage Dr. Petrie mentions two Irish inscriptions,* the only two, he says, which up to the time when he wrote, had been published. A few short remarks on these inscriptions will show the extraordinary ignorance which then prevailed on the subject. "The most singular instance, combined with the wildest licence in decyphering the original, and adding to it by arbitrary translation, is that which is exhibited in the inscription first published by Ledwich, from the Refeart Church in Glandalough. He gives the Irish, with a supposed translation, thus:—

"JESUS CHRIST,

"*Mile deach feach cort Re Mac Mthuil.*"

That is:—

"Behold the resting-place of King O'Toole, who died in Jesus Christ, 1010."

* In his *Ecclesiastical Architecture*, however, (p. 133), he mentions a third, published by Vallancey. Where see his remarks on Vallancey's explanation of the inscription. There are many very beautiful woodcuts in his book, *Ecclesiastical Architecture*, which will give an excellent idea of this class of monuments to those who are not otherwise acquainted with them.

Archdall gives the same inscription, correcting only one word in Ledwich's inscription, viz., *cort* to *corp;* but with a somewhat different translation, thus :—

"See here the resting-place of the body of King M'Thuill, who died in Christ, 1010."

But the true reading of the inscription is as follows :—

Jesus Christ
MILEDEACH FEACH CORPRE MAC MAOLTHUILE,

and the correct translation is—

"*Jesus Christ, mercifully regard (or behold) Corpre Mac Maolthuile.*"

The inscription is evidently very modern. The name *Corpre Mac Maolthuile* is written in the original in the abbreviated form, "Corpre Mcthuile which may be *mac thuile* instead of *maol thuile*, as I have read it. But we have no such name as Mac-thuile in our history. Ledwich interprets it *O'Toole*, the name of the family which anciently inhabited the district. But the prefix is certainly not O', and the O'Tooles spelt their name *Tuathal*, not *Thuile*. If, therefore, the O'Tooles are meant, the inscription must have been carved by a very illiterate artist."

Dr. Petrie mentions also the inscription on the great cross at Monasterboice, published by Llwyd, in the *Philos. Trans.* for Feb., 1700. But that great antiquary was unable to make out the letters, and gives only a few fragments, barely sufficient to enable a scholar who had particularly studied this class of inscriptions, to make out two or three words. Llwyd represents, across the inscription facing each other, two rude figures, which he takes to be cats, and he adds—"The two cats and the inscription we know not what to make of." The fact is, the inscription was first read by Dr. Petrie himself, and is published by him.—*Eccl. Arch.* p. 406.

Three other Irish inscriptions are published by Llwyd in the same communication to the Royal Society*—two of them from Iona, and one from Clonmacnois. The learned antiquary makes a mistake in his interpretation of this last, which is ór ar gil la giarain, and renders it "Pray for the sake of Giarain."

* In the Appendix to Llwyd's "Irish-English Dictionary," p. 432, col. 2, voc. Oroid, are two other inscriptions—that on the original cover of the Book of Durrow, and that on the cross of Cong—both sent to Llwyd by Roderick O'Flaherty.

He had overlooked that class of Irish proper names which is compounded of *Gilla*, a servant or devotee, with the name of the patron saint. Neither did he observe that *Giaran* is the genitive case of *Ciaran*, the patron saint of Clonmacnois. The correct translation is "a prayer for [or upon] Gilla-giarain," *i.e.*, servant of Ciaran. But Petrie has already drawn and interpreted all these inscriptions, and I dwell upon the errors of former antiquaries only to show how little was done in the department of Irish inscriptions before his time.

Petrie was in no way disposed to depreciate former investigators in this branch of antiquarian learning, nor to magnify or censure severely their mistakes. He knew that the study of the Irish inscriptions was still in its infancy, and he could justly appreciate the difficulties occasioned by ignorance of the Irish language, and by the fact that no collection of the inscriptions to be interpreted had as yet been formed. The following passage, another fragment from the MS. of his introductory chapter to his projected work, will illustrate these remarks :—

To understand truly, however, the value of this collection, and the research devoted to its acquirement, it is necessary that I should state the amount of what had been done before now in this interesting department of our antiquities, and I have an additional object in doing so, inasmuch as it will afford me an opportunity of paying a tribute of respect to one of the most valuable philologists and antiquaries of Britain, and to whom the people of Ireland owe no inconsiderable debt of gratitude—I need scarcely add that I allude to the eminent archæological scholar, Edward Llwyd.

Impressed with a conviction of the value of our ancient native literature, and the necessity of acquiring a knowledge of the neglected language in which it was embodied, this learned scholar and most honest and judicious investigator came over to Ireland, spent a considerable time travelling about it, collecting materials for a dictionary of our language, and making himself familiar with our ancient monuments of every kind then remaining. Thus it is to a stranger we are indebted for the first notice of the existence of such inscriptions, both in Ireland and Scotland, the first effort to place them before the world. In a letter to the Rev. Henry Rowlands, dated Sligo, March 12, 1699-1700, and published in the "*Mona Antiqua Restaurata*," he states:—"We collected a considerable number of inscriptions in Scotland, and some in this kingdom, both Latin and Irish, but I could meet with no antiquary hitherto, of either country, that could interpret those in the Irish."

In the year following he published four of those Irish inscriptions in

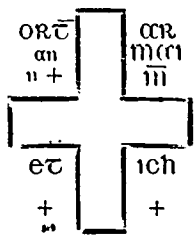
the Transactions of the Royal Society, two of which were found at Iona, and two at Clonmacnois, but, as I shall hereafter show, with very incorrect translations of them."—PETRIE MSS.

Among the copies of inscriptions which Dr. Petrie had prepared for his contemplated essay, is a blank book, in which he appears to have employed some amanuensis, in a hand very inferior to his own, to write the Irish inscriptions at the head of each page. In this book, in his own handwriting, he had collected whatever mention he could find in the Annals and other authorities respecting individuals bearing the same name as that on the tomb-stone, or other monument before him, evidently with a view to identify the personage so named with some known character in our history. He has, also, occasionally added, in his own hand, some names and inscriptions omitted by his amanuensis. This book was evidently begun at a very early period of his researches.

The subsequent drawings are executed with much care, and contain not only the bare name, or inscription, but also the floriated cross or other ornamentation now so well known as peculiar to Irish artistic decoration, and which has at length begun to attract attention, as found both in our illuminated MSS. and on our sculptured stones. It is deeply to be regretted that funds cannot be procured to preserve from inevitable destruction this invaluable collection, which is at once a monument of the ancient ecclesiastical civilization of Ireland, and of the noble and accomplished artist and scholar who, in his life-time did so much to dispel the ignorance of the Irish as to their own antiquities and history, and to annihilate the prejudice against Ireland, so prevalent in other nations.

Another Irish sepulchral inscription, published in the ninth vol. of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, affords a remarkable example of the extraordinary ignorance of our best-informed antiquaries on this subject, before Petrie's investigations were made known. The inscription alluded to occurs in a paper by the Rev. James Little, read to the Academy June 21st, 1802, and it is only fair to say that the author gives his interpretation of the stone as a conjecture only. "Though I leave to others," he says, "the task of explaining the inscription, for which few persons are less qualified than I am, I must yet beg leave to offer my own conjecture about the meaning of it." The conjecture is very elaborate, and must have cost its author considerable research, but

nevertheless it is of extreme absurdity. The stone was found in the ancient church-yard of Killcummin, on the west side of the bay of Killala, county of Mayo, about four or five miles north of Killalla. It is described as a thick slab of hard grit or freestone, about four feet by six, divided by a plain Latin cross without any ornament, into four compartments. In these compartments, as is usual in such monuments, the inscription is placed as follows :—



i.e. oroit ar anmain m̄ erich. "A prayer on the soul of mac Etich."* Our author, however, reads it thus :—ort, "Obiit R. T." [*i.e.* Richardus, Rodericus (or any Christian name beginning with R), Toole, Teigue (or any surname beginning with T)]. ar, which he reads A. P., and interprets "allæ, *i.e.*, Killallæ princeps, or præcentor."†

The next word in the second square mcı he interprets "May the 1st;" and the $\frac{an}{n+}$ in the first division "anno crucis;" m, "millesimo;" ıch, "primo centesimo secundo;" the last letter, which is really h,‡ he makes to be the Arabic numeral 2 or 5, so that the meaning of the inscription, so far, will be "R. T., prince or præcentor of Killalla, died on the 1st of May, in the year of the cross (*i.e.*, Anno Domini), 1102 or 1105."

There still remain the two letters—eT—which our author took for C. T., and on which he says, "the initials, C. T. I suppose to be the initials of the son or successor of R. T. who erected the monument to the memory of the latter."

Such were the wild conjectures and principles of interpretation

* The name mac Etich occurs in the Four Masters, A. D. 935, 949, 1021, 1195.

† Mr. Little was led into this singular mistake by the fact that the rectory of the parish is appropriate to the dean and præcentor of Killalla.

‡ This letter is in a peculiar form which we have been unable to represent, in type, but which often occurs in these inscriptions, particularly at the end of a word.

adopted by Irish antiquaries before Petrie taught the very obvious doctrine that accurate drawings of the inscriptions must first be procured, and that as it would be in vain to study Greek inscriptions without some knowledge of Greek, or Persian inscriptions without Persian, so a knowledge of the Irish language is equally necessary, if we seek to interpret and translate the monumental inscriptions of Ireland.

These remarks may be suitably concluded by the following extracts from the MS. fragments of Dr. Petrie's unfinished essay on the inscriptions, which it is to be hoped will some day appear along with his collection of these precious remains.

From the publication of the few Irish inscriptions by Llwyd, 1701, nearly a century elapsed before even another inscription was given to the public—namely, that inscription which was formerly to be seen at the Refeart church at Glandalough, and was published by Dr. Ledwich in his Antiquities of Ireland. This inscription, as well as several others which were found at Clonmacnoise, was drawn by one of the artists employed by Colonel Burton Conyngham to make drawings and measurements of ancient architectural and monumental remains. But as I shall show in its proper place, it was not correctly copied, and its explanation by Ledwich was necessarily erroneous, and even intended to damage its authenticity. About the same period we had the publication of the celebrated Ogham inscription on Lattan mountain, by Theophilus O'Flanagan, an inscription now known to be a forgery; and since that period till I called attention in my Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland to the existence of these remains in Ireland, and their importance to our ancient history, we had but a single Irish inscription published in the Transactions of the R. I. Academy, and the Ogham inscriptions discovered by Mr. Pelham in Kerry, and published by General Vallancey without being deciphered, in the sixth volume of his Collection.

Let us pause, then, for a moment to consider how great has been the loss to our ancient history consequent upon the want of attention so long paid by the educated of Ireland to this most valuable class of monumental remains.

At no very remote period, as we have every reason to conclude, such remains must have been abundant throughout the country. But in my time, at most of the ancient seats of religion and learning, we might search for such with every diligence, and seldom recover even a vestige.

They were only to be found in places the most sequestered and remote from observation among the lonely cemeteries and ruined fragments of churches once renowned, in our mountain solitudes and desert isles—forlorn, alas! And even in such remote recesses they have no longer a chance of safety and endurance. The pious feeling of veneration for

the memorials of the dead, which was once characteristic of the Celtic peasantry, and which preserved for a thousand years the monumental remains here drawn, has almost wholly disappeared; more than a half of the inscriptions which I have figured are no longer to be found.

In the fragment of the MS. which was intended to accompany his collection of Irish inscriptions, Petrie says :—

As in this collection of inscriptions I have confined myself to those in the corrupt Roman, or as it is popularly called the Irish character, and which are also of the Christian age, it may probably be asked why is it that I have not also included those inscriptions in the Ogham or occult character, which were so much used in Ireland, and which have such a peculiar interest from the supposition so generally entertained of their being of pagan origin. To such a question my answer is, that, though I had originally proposed to include in this collection all such inscriptions in the Ogham character as had fallen under my observation, it gave me great pleasure to place my collection of drawings of such inscriptions in the hands of my friend the Rev. Charles Graves, who I am happy to find has resolved on applying his mind to the study of this class of monumental remains, and who I am satisfied will bring to the elucidation of the subject a much greater amount of energy, learning, and ability than I could lay any just claims to the possession of.

And hence, too, I have been relieved from the necessity of entering into a discussion on the origin and antiquity of letters in Ireland, which the publication of such inscriptions would necessarily have imposed. Of this subject I had already treated to some extent in my Essay on the Antiquities of Tara Hill—*Trans. R.I.A.*; and in truth I could add but little to what I have there adduced, and which amounts only to a conclusion that there is a great probability that the Irish may have had letters previous to the introduction of Christianity, but that as yet there has not been discovered any conclusive proof to establish it. And as this is a subject that Dr. Graves will have to treat of fully, I gladly resign it also into his hands, with the certainty that he will bring to its consideration a mind wholly unbiassed by prejudice, a solid judgment, and an untiring spirit of research, that will leave no authority undiscovered which may help to a more certain conclusion.

As the custom of inscribing the names of eminent persons on their gravestones appears to have been very general from the introduction of Christianity into Ireland, it might be expected that we should find many allusions or references to them in the lives of the Irish saints, and other ancient historical documents of the country. Yet such is not the fact, for though we have frequent notices as to the places of interment of distinguished persons, whether ecclesiastical or otherwise, no distinct statement as to the name of the interred having been inscribed on his

gravestones, has hitherto been found in any ancient authority. It is true, indeed, that in our bardic poems and historic stories it is often stated that at the interment of the hero his name was inscribed in the Ogham upon his leacht, or pillar gravestone, as in the instance which I have given in my Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland—Eocharo Airg-thech Inro; *Eochaid Airgthech, Here.*

But as these authorities, though often of a respectable antiquity are clearly the works of Christian writers, yet till some undoubted example of such recorded inscriptions be discovered, no conclusion can be safely drawn from these statements beyond the fact that the writers were accustomed to inscribe names on the gravestones of Christians at the period in which they wrote.

With respect, however, to the characteristic feature which is found almost universally carved, in conjunction with these inscriptions*—namely, the figure of the sacred symbol of the Christian cross, we have several interesting evidences referring to its origin and use at a very early age.

It is true, indeed, that owing to the ambiguity of language used in the ancient legendary times, it might often, if not generally, be supposed that it was to the erection of crosses of stone and not stones inscribed with crosses that such passages refer; but this inference would, I apprehend, be wholly erroneous, at least as applied to sepulchral stones, for while oblong pillar stones, with circular heads of the earliest Christian times are found inscribed with the cross, and bearing the name in connexion with that of some saint, we have, perhaps, no authentic example of stones of the cross form which could safely be referred to those early times. And, moreover, we have yet remaining an authentic example of one of those so-called crosses, said, in the lives of St. Patrick, to have been raised by that saint, which clearly shows what sort of cross was usual at such time. Of this interesting memorial of St. Patrick's time, which is situated at Lia na Manach, on the bank of the River Moy, near the church of Kilmore, in the county of Mayo, I annex an engraving from a sketch just made for me by my valued friend, Mr. F. W. Burton, R.H.A.

This cross is thus spoken of in the annotation, or Acts of Patrick, by Tirechan, preserved in the Book of Armagh, folio 15:—

"Et reversus est ad flumen Muaide de Uertrige in Bertrige et elevavit ibi lapidem in signaculum crucis Christi et dixit ecce hic invenietur aqua in novissimus diebus et habitabitur a me."

And its situation is thus more distinctly pointed out in the Tripartite Life of the Saint, lib. ii. cap. lxi. Trias Thaum. p. 141.

"Inde versus Orientem reflectens venit ad locum *Leac-fionnbaile* vocatum, qui est supra Ecclesiam de *Kill-mor* ad ripam superiorem Muadij fluminis: ibique nostræ Religionis vexillum triumphale Christi crucem

* In the Museum of the Academy several examples are to be seen of Ogham stones, in which the plain cross, or the cross within the circle, occurs.

erexit. Sed locus iste à Monachis postea possidentibus, cœpit *Lia na manach*, id est petra Monachorum appellari."

The existence and identification of this inscribed cross were first pointed out to me, and have been since secured to the ancient topography of Ireland, by my friend Dr. O'Donovan, who, in his very valuable work, "The Genealogies, Tribes, and Customs of Hy Fiachrach," has given the following note to the statement above quoted :

"*Lia na Manach*, now *Liag*. This place is situated on a hill, at a short distance to the south of the old church of Kilmore Moy, near Ballina. The name is applied to a rock on which a cross is sculptured within a circle, and to an ancient church-yard. All traces of a church, if such existed, have disappeared."—Hy Fiachrach, p. 468, note k.

THE LITANY OF AENGHUS THE CULDEE.—*Page* 69.

This Litany is given in full in the Ecclesiastical Record, from an MS. of the Leabhar Breac, discovered in the library of the College of St. Isidore at Rome, by the Rev. J. H. Todd, D.D. Copies are also found in the Book of Leinster, a MS. of the twelfth century preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin (Class H. ii. 18), and in that of the Royal Irish Academy. The passages relating to the foreign ecclesiastics and pilgrims in Ireland, many of whom lie there interred, are given by Colgan—*Acta Sanctorum* —and are quoted in the Ecclesiastical Architecture, where Petrie speaks of the Arân inscription, SEPTEM ROMANI—*Sanctos Romanos, qui iacent in Achadh Galma in Ybh-Echia, inuoco in auxilium meum per Iesum Christum.* The number of foreign saints in Ireland who are invoked in this Litany is very great, and as Aenghus lived in the latter part of the eighth century, the Litany may be taken as showing that the invocation of saints was a practice of the early church of Ireland. "Ego ex solo libro littaniarum Sancti Aengussij adduco sufficientia ; in quo author istius libri inter in numeros alios domesticos sanctos, inuocat etiam sequentes sanctorum aduenarum in Hibernia sepultorum turmas," (Colgan Act. S.S.)

COLLECTION OF IRISH ANTIQUITIES, FORMED BY PETRIE.—*Page* 82.

Petrie laid the foundation of his great museum in his early youth, and continued to add to it till within a few days of his death. By a continual process of sifting and careful selection, exchanging inferior for finer specimens of each kind of antiquity, he added to its value year by year, and we are happy to be able to

state that it has been purchased by the Government for the country in which it will always remain as a monument of his learning and careful research.

Of the articles belonging to the so-called stone and bronze periods, there are about 900 specimens, among which the most remarkable are stone moulds for casting spear-heads, and stone bottles, such as have hitherto been found only in Egypt, brought from a Rath near Bucan. Of weapons and ornaments of bronze, thirty-two of which were marked by the late Mr. Kemble, as among the most interesting he had met with, some of the most important are a bronze fibula found in a cromlech at Carrowmore, and a bronze head-stall with enamel top, found in a cromlech in the county of Sligo, while an iron knife-handle ornamented with interlaced patterns in champlevé enamel is one of the few specimens in existence known to exist anywhere of enamel on iron.

But the chief value of this museum lies in the historic interest that belongs to many of the Ecclesiastical remains of the early Christian period—from the rude stone chalice of the ascetic monk brought from the ruined monastery on the Blasket-rock in the Atlantic—to the crosiers of bishops and saints whose lives are found in our Ecclesiastical records.

Most of these were obtained from their erenachs or hereditary keepers, such as the crosier of St. Naal, the patron saint of the church of Dysart O'Dea, county of Clare, where it had been preserved in the church, until purchased by Petrie; the crosier of St. Muruss, of Fahan, Co. Donegal; the crosier of St. Dympna, abbess and patron saint of the Oriels, and of several churches in Belgium—Gheil—among others; the crosier of St. Colman MacDuagh of Killmacduagh, county of Galway, which was always preserved in the church of this name until it came into Dr. Petrie's possession. These, with another crosier—the history of which is unknown—are all covered with Celtic ornamental design, while the crosier found in the tomb of Cormac MacCarthy, at Cashel, is a beautiful specimen of Limoge work.

The shrine of St. Moedoc of Ferns, in this collection, is, in some respects, the most interesting relic that has been preserved to us of ancient Irish art, not only from the delicate beauty of the Celtic ornamental designs still remaining on it, but from the figures of Ecclesiastics which are placed standing side by side on the front of the shrine. They were originally twenty-one in number—eleven

only now remain: but they differ in a remarkable manner from any other representations of the human form that have yet appeared belonging to this ancient school of art, every face being marked by strong individuality of character and earnest expression.

ANTIQUITIES OF TARA HILL.—*Page* 109.

In the chapter which deals with the essay on the history and antiquities of Tara, Petrie's identification of the most remarkable monuments has been dealt with generally, but there are two—the Banqueting Hall and the Lia Fail, or coronation stone of the kings of Ireland—which deserve a special notice. In the prose account in the Dinnseanchus is the following:—

Long na m-ban, i.e., *Teach Miodhchuarta*, is to the north-west of the eastern mound. The ruins of this house are situate thus: The lower part to the north, and the higher part to the south; and walls are raised about it to the east and to the west. The northern side of it is enclosed and small; the lie of it is north and south. It is in the form of a long house, with twelve doors upon it, or fourteen, seven to the west, and seven to the east.—*See Essay.*

By referring to the Ordnance Map of Tara, given in the Essay, p. 128, the foundations of a structure totally different in form from any of the numerous Raths, will be seen. It is long, and in proportion to its length, narrow, and exhibits six lateral openings which, together with one at each end, would make up the number of the doors given in the Irish MS. account.

However clearly the preceding remains were identified, they were less distinctly pointed out than the next grand monument now to be noticed—namely, the *Teach Miodhchuarta*, or banqueting house, which is described with a remarkable accuracy as an oblong structure, having its lower end to the north, and higher end to the south, with walls to the east and west. In these walls, according to the prose account, there were twelve or fourteen doors, six or seven on each side; and it is a curious fact, that there is a difficulty in ascertaining, at the present moment, whether the number was twelve or fourteen.—*See Essay.*

There is, however, another ancient account of this building, also preserved in the *Dinnseanchus*, which enters into details more likely to awaken scepticism, namely, the poem of Kineth O'Hartigan, written about the middle of the tenth century; and, certainly, if the object of this investigation were any other than the discovery of truth, it might, perhaps, be most prudent to follow the example of the Irish literati, by allowing it to slumber in the darkness of its ancient language. But as this document is the sole authority from which the Irish writers of the

last two centuries have drawn their startling accounts of the magnificence and splendour of the regal palace of the Irish monarchs, it is necessary that its statements should be exposed to rational investigation without any partial suppression, or mutilation; nor should those parts which receive corroboration from existing circumstances, be hastily rejected in consequence of their being associated with traditional details dressed in the garb of bardic exaggeration and which, viewed even as fictitious, are still valuable as evidences of the notions of civilization prevalent at the time.

It must, indeed, be confessed, that while the garbled extracts hitherto given from this poem have helped to bring the early Irish authorities into disrepute, they have also led to conclusions which it by no means authorizes. A remarkable example of this result occurs in the second volume of Mr. Moore's able history of Ireland, incomparably the best which has yet appeared. In recording the death of the poet, Kineth O'Hartigan, Mr. Moore adds, "A poem of this writer is still preserved, descriptive of the beauty of the celebrated Hill of Tara, and moralizing mournfully over its history; nor should those who visit, in our days, that seat of long extinguished royalty, feel any wonder on not discovering there some vestige of its grandeur, when told, that even in the time of this poet, *not a trace of the original palace still remained;* while the hill itself had become a desert overgrown with grass and weeds."—p. 132.

It will be seen, however, that this statement, which would completely nullify the accounts given in the preceding pages of this memoir, is not substantiated by any passage in the poem.

These remains of the building which probably dates from the third century, where

> "The harp that once through Tara's halls
> The soul of music shed."

are still with the twelve doors, or openings, plainly to be seen.

The Lia Fail.

That the pillar stone which was removed from its original position to mark the grave of the insurgents who fell in the battle of Tara in 1798, is the Lia fail of the chroniclers, there can be little doubt. Its original place is distinctly pointed out in the prose description in the Dinnsenchus, and in the poem of Cuan O'Lochain, as well as in another composition of the tenth century. It is stated to have been on the "mound of the hostages," and all authorities speak of it as the coronation stone, or the stone under the feet of the king, Lia fail. "Fal lies by the side of Dumha na'n Giall to the north, *i.e.* the stone that roared under the feet of each king that took possession of the throne of Ireland." Fal was the name

of the stone that is Fo-ail, that is the under stone, that is the stone under the king.

What then is to be thought of the legendary account given by all the Scottish historians from Fordun, Winton, and Boetius, down to the present time, that this stone—"the stone of fate," as they call it—was sent from Ireland for the coronation of Fergus Mac Erc, the first of the Dalriadic kings, in the fifth century, and that it was carried by Edward I. to Westminster, where it still remains, under the coronation chair of the monarchs of the British Isles? Now, it is a remarkable fact, that though this Scottish account has been adopted by the Irish themselves, since the succession of the house of Stuart to the British throne seemed to verify the ancient prediction connected with it, yet no Irish account has been found to support it earlier than that of Keating, who evidently adopted the statement of Boetius' well-known verse, which he quotes, with the palpable view of sustaining the right of the first Charles to his throne:—

"Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem."

It may also be observed, that between the Irish and Scottish accounts of the history of this stone there is a total want of agreement, which shows that the Scottish writers, when they recorded this tradition, were not acquainted with, or disregarded, the accounts of it preserved by the Irish. The Irish accounts uniformly state, that the *Lia Fail* was brought into Ireland from the north of Germany by the Tuatha De Danann colony; the Scottish, that it was brought from Spain by the Milesian chief, Simeon Breac, who, according to the Irish histories, was not a Milesian, but a Fir-Bolg, or Belgian. The oldest Scottish authority for the tradition is the *Chronicon Rhythmicum*, written, as Innes would infer, at the close of the thirteenth century. But as this was about the period when the dispute commenced respecting the respective claims of the British and Scottish crowns to the ancient monarchy, and which shortly afterwards gave birth to the acknowledged forgeries which Fordun put into historic order, such accounts should be received with a caution proportioned to their improbability: and it is in the highest degree improbable that, to gratify the desire of a colony, the Irish would have voluntarily parted with a monument so venerable for its antiquity, and considered essential to the legitimate succession of their own kings. However this may be, it is an interesting fact, that a large obeliscal pillar-stone, in a prostrate position, occupied till a recent period the very situation on the hill of Tara, pointed out as the place of the *Lia Fail* by the Irish writers of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries; and that this was a monument of pagan antiquity, *an idol-stone*, as the Irish writers call it, seems evident from its form and character. Shortly after the year 1798, as already stated, it was removed from its ancient situa-

tion to the adjacent mound in the *Rath na Riogh*, called the *Forradh*, to mark, as a gravestone, the remains of the rebels who fell there at that memorable period. And whether this stone be considered as a monument of remote antiquity, or as a record of the events of our own times, it must be regarded with interest; but if, in addition to this, such evidences have been adduced as may justify the supposition that it is the *Lia Fail* of Irish history, it will be difficult to find a rude monument of antiquity with which so many national associations can be connected.—*Essay.*

Mr. Conwell, in his account of a recent examination of this monument, believes this stone to have been inscribed. He thinks he has found evidences of there having been cup-like hollows on the top and other parts of the stone, and that on one of its faces there are lines engraved.

STONE MARKINGS.—*Page* 232.

The markings on stone, such as the great single line spirals, the lozenge-shaped pattern and zig-zags, and other forms of stone carving, were noticed by Petrie in his account of the sepulchre of New Grange; while his first communication on any antiquarian subject was an account of pillar stones in the county of Dublin, which are marked with concentric circles—*Dublin Examiner*, 1816. He was then but twenty-six years of age, and gives the opinion of Vallancey, with whom he conversed on the subject, that such symbols were to signify the Ti-mor, or great God of the ancient Irish. At this time, as may be seen from an entry in one of his early journals (see p. 3), he was only beginning to perceive the errors of the speculative school of Irish antiquaries, and long before his middle period, he refused assent to the opinions of Vallancey.

In 1860 the Very Rev. Charles Graves, now Bishop of Limerick, read a Paper to the Academy on a previously undescribed class of monuments in Ireland, based on observations made during a tour in the county of Kerry, for the purpose of collecting Ogham inscriptions. The markings in question occur on the living rock, near Westcove on Kenmare bay; and, again, at Ballynasare, to the east of Dingle. Some of them had been previously observed by Mr. Hitchcock, who furnished Dr. Graves with drawings of them. The number discovered, on this occasion, was extraordinary. One of the greatest collections is near Staigue-bridge where, forty years ago, a portion of the rock which had been covered with peat to the depth of three or four feet, was found to be inscribed

with circles, single and concentric, shallow circular hollows, small dots and lines. A further stripping of peat from the rock, to the depth of three feet, revealed many more of these cuttings, and in a better state of preservation than those on the formerly exposed surface. Similar markings, as had been said, were found in the neighbourhood of Dingle. "On standing stones, forts, and caves. In one of the latter are three Ogham inscriptions, and two ancient crosses of a peculiar and primitive form." *(Graves Op. Cit.)*

These markings consist of single, double, triple or more, concentric circles surrounding a circular hollow; in some cases the circles are imperfect. On one stone near Sneem was found a rude carving of a short portion of a spiral, which is the only instance observed by Dr. Graves of spirals on any monuments belonging to the class described in this paper. Many of these circles are connected by straight or curved lines.

The incised lines are from one-quarter to one-third of an inch deep, and from one-half to three-quarters of an inch broad. They are rudely executed, and appear to have been formed by repeated vertical blows, and not by means of a cutting tool held obliquely, and driven by a mallet. This mode of execution characterizes all the most ancient inscriptions which I have seen in Ireland; such, for instance, as the spiral lines, and other patterns on the walls and roofs of the chambers in the mound of New Grange, and the strokes in the oldest Oghams. The circular hollows are, in general, about two inches in diameter, and vary in depth from half an inch to an inch.—*Trans. R.I.A., February*, 1860. *See a Paper by Mr. A. Conwell, on Ancient Remains hitherto undescribed in the county of Meath. Proceedings Royal Irish Academy, May 23rd, 1764; also Archaic Sculpturings by Sir J. Y. Simpson, Bart. Edinburgh*, 1867.

THE O'MELAGHLINS, KINGS OF MEATH.—*Page* 263.

As might be expected, during so many years spent in investigating the antiquities and history of Ireland, the attention of Petrie had often to be turned to the pedigrees of the old families of the country. Many notices on this subject are to be found in his manuscripts. Among the royal families of Ireland, it may be said that the O'Melaghlins, the Kings of Meath, down to 1167, were his favourites. Of this race was Malachy, who assumed the sovereignty of Ireland after the battle of Clontarf, where he completed the defeat of the Danes,

> "When Malachy wore the collar of gold
> Which he won from her proud invader."

He died in the early part of the eleventh century, and the year preceding the Anglo-Norman invasion, 1167, was marked by the fall of the monarchy.

The hereditary transmission of the moral as well as the physical characteristics of families, was always upheld by Petrie, and though the O'Melaghlins have been for the most part reduced to the rank of peasants, he would always point to the name as a warrant for the possession of high mental and bodily qualities. In Sir Bernard Burke's valuable and interesting volume, *The Vicissitudes of Families*, p. 365, the author gives details relating to the royal family of Meath, who were descended from the southern branch of the Hy Nialls or O'Neills, and traces their history from the ninth to the eleventh century when the partition of their kingdom by Hugh De Lacy, nominated by Henry the Second, Lord Palatine of the country, took place.

The history of the family and its final fall is further traced down to the reign of Henry the Eighth.

"Hence forward," says Sir Bernard Burke, "the O'Melaghlins kings of Meath, chiefs of the grand old south Hy Nial race, almost disappear in Irish history, and present only occasionally a flitting on the surface, as in the war of 1641, and then sink again into the darkness of obscurity.

"To complete this brief summary of an illustrious race, and to ascertain particulars of their decadence, I addressed myself to a highly gifted and all-accomplished friend, Dr. Petrie, whose genius and learning have done so much for the history, antiquities, and archæology of Ireland; and I cannot do better than transcribe his interesting reply, which tells, with sympathetic feeling, the story of the misery of a descendant of this royal line:—

Dublin, 24th Feb., 1860.

My dear Sir Bernard,—Our excellent friend, General Larcom, whose mind is eminently poetical and imaginative as well as solid, has, I fear, led you to expect, in the particulars of my conversation with him, a more striking and interesting instance of the vicissitudes of fortune in families than the facts will realize. Here, however, they are for you, and given with a sincere pleasure:—

Let me premise that about thirty years ago, the architectural and other ancient remains at Clonmacnoise, in the very heart of Ireland, and up to that time but little known or noticed, excited in my mind a very deep interest—so deep indeed, that I resolved to collect all the information it might be in my power to discover with a view to the compilation of a

history of a locality so singularly interesting. As you are aware, Clonmacnoise was the Iona of Ireland, or rather Iona was the Clonmacnoise of Scotland, namely, the place of sepulture of most of the royal families of the country, as the O'Melaghlins hereditary kings of Meath, and, in alternate succession with the northern O'Neills, kings of Ireland; the O'Conors, kings of Connaught; the Macarthys of Desmond or South Munster; the O'Kellys of Hymanie; the MacDermots of Moylurg, &c., &c., of whom all those I have enumerated, with several others, had erected churches, or mortuary chapels within the cemetery which bore the family names, and within which none but the members of those families respectively were formerly allowed to be interred. Now as it was a portion of my project to give an historical, as well as a descriptive, account of those churches, it appeared to me desirable to connect with each a genealogical history of the families of the founders, bringing such history as far down to our own times as my researches would allow: and in this way my attention, and indeed my feelings also were pre-eminently drawn to the family of "the kings"—*i.e.*, the O'Melaghlins, whose church is still in tolerable preservation, and within which none but those of the name whose ancestors had been so interred from time immemorial, are to this day, allowed to be buried. I had moreover an additional stimulus to labour ardently on the compilation of their history, namely, a conviction that I should be able to draw a pedigree so amply sustained by authentic historical evidences as no family out of Ireland, however illustrious, and perhaps no other in Ireland, could boast of. Nor was I altogether disappointed with the result of my labour. From the historic annals and various MS. sources, I was enabled to bring down the pedigrees of the five principal branches into which the family had separated, to the commencement of the last century; but I could bring them no further. These five branches were Ballinderry, Fearnocht, Castletown, Castlereagh, and Mullingar. To carry down the pedigree in these several branches as far as might be in my power, and, more particularly, to ascertain, if possible, who might be the present chief of the name, was a natural desire: and so to gratify it I determined to make a visit to Moate, near to which Ballinderry and Fearnocht are situated, and to make it my head-quarters for a few days, while I was engaged in seeking for information amongst the peasantry located in its neighbourhood. The results were not, in many ways, without interest, but the main object of my inquiries was not obtained, and the present representative of the ancient royal family of Ireland is yet to be discovered.

However, I ascertained satisfactorily that the line of Art of Ballinderry, chief of the name at the commencement of the last century, was extinct. According to the concurrent tradition of the country, he died without issue, while resident with the family of Daly, or O'Daly, at Castle Daly, near Moate, and with which family he was in some way connected by an intermarriage. Indeed, according to a tradition which I noted, the ances-

tor of the Dalys obtained property in the county by marriage with an heiress named Grace, or Graine og ni Melaghlin, "of Moate or some other castle." This castle was most probably that of Killcleagh, now Castle Daly, which had belonged to the O'Melaghlins; and as the husband was said to have been "a big trooper in Cromwell's army, but a gentleman," he was probably the James Daly of Killcleagh, who, according to an inscription on a tombstone at Clonmacnoise, "dyed the 18th of January, A.D. 1679." Art of Ballinderry was said to have been a person of weak mind.

Having settled this point, my inquiries were next directed to the Fearnocht branch, of which Capt. Murrough, or Morgan, was the chief at the close of the seventeenth century. This Murrough appears to have been regarded as the chief or leader of the Melaghlins during the rebellion of 1641, as I should suppose, in consequence of the mental imbecility of his kinsman, Art; for, in the catalogue given by De Burgo—*Hib. Dom. Supplementum*, p. 879—of the nobles and gentlemen who, in 1646, associated with the clergy in repudiating the peace of Ormond, we find the name of D. Morganus O'Melaghlin, *cum tota sua Familia*. Of this Morgan and his posterity, as might be expected, the traditions were very vivid, and, in general, accurate. And, to my great regret, I soon learned, from the concurrent testimony of various informants, that of his offspring in the male line there existed no representative.

He left two sons and four daughters. The sons died without leaving issue, and the property of the father was gaveled amongst the four daughters. Of these daughters, all of whom married—the eldest, who was named Bridget, became the wife of John Tyrrell Watt, Esq., and she, it appears, sold her inheritance, in 1748, to Mr. Robert Mulock, in whose posterity it still remains.

By this marriage, John Tyrrell left a son, Wat, and this Wat left a son, John, and two daughters, namely, Bridget and Margaret. Of these daughters, Bridget became the wife of Mr. Molloy, by whom she had one son, who was living with his father and mother in Athlone at the time when I received this information, which was given to me by persons residing in the vicinity of Moate. But as all my informants stated that I could obtain more precise information respecting the Melaghlin family from Mrs. Molloy, and as I considered her son as, in a way, the representative of the race, I resolved to wait upon the old lady; for a lady I found her to be, though in a very humble position.

And now, after this unreasonably long, and, as I fear you will consider it, irrelevant preface, I come to the simple anecdote which you asked me for. On my arrival in Athlone, I had no difficulty in finding Mrs. Molloy's residence. It was one of a range of small but decent slated cottages, situated near the end of the town, on the lower road, which enters it on its eastern or Dublin side. Its shut hall-door was painted green, and had a brightly shining brass knocker, and its two small windows were equally remarkable for their cleanliness. As I had learned that Mr.

Molloy kept a school in this cottage, I delayed my visit till after school hours. I then knocked, and the doorway was opened for me by a man tall of stature, finely made, and having a countenance strikingly noble and commanding. He was unmistakably a gentleman.

On my making known to him my desire to see Mrs. Molloy, he informed me that he would send for his mother, who, as he said, was amusing herself in her little garden; and at his request I entered an apartment which I at once saw was the school-room, the whole of it being occupied by writing-desks and forms, except a small space in the centre which was open to the fire-place. After requesting me, with a cold courtesy, to take a seat which he placed for me near one of the desks, he sat down himself before the fire, and without further words, gave his whole attention to the care of a pot of potatoes which was briskly boiling.

In a minute or two, his mother entered the room, and after I had apologized for my intrusion, and made known the motive and object which had impelled me to take such a liberty, with a pleased look, and much grace of manner, she expressed her readiness to give me all the information she possessed. How copious and accurate this information was will be learnt with surprise, when I state that she not only gave me the pedigree of the family from herself up to Captain Murrough, the chief, during the war of 1641, but, with perfect historic accuracy, carried it up for five generations higher, and could have ascended two more if I had allowed her a few moments to recollect; for, as she said, her memory was beginning to find a difficulty sometimes in calling up names, as she was seventy-six years old. But it was not necessary that I should give the old lady any further trouble in this direction, in which she had already given me so much more information than I required.

During our conversation, her son remained seated at the fire-place, silent as before, and, as an inattentive observer might have supposed, taking no interest in the subject of our colloquy. But it was not so. The occasional excited expression of his melancholy eye, and the swaying of his head to one side or the other, indicated more than could words the deep emotions by which his heart was agitated. On taking my leave, Mrs. Molloy accompanied me to the hall-door, and on opening it for me we were met by her husband, who, no doubt, was coming to his dinner. However, on being introduced to me by his wife, who explained to him the object of my visit, he declined entering, and giving me his company in a walk in the direction of my hotel, he entered speedily into his own history. He was a gentleman by birth and education, and the inheritor of a fair estate. But, after the fashion of Irish gentlemen in his young days, he so far incumbered it in the course of some years, as to be constrained to dispose of it. However, after the discharge of all his debts, about £3,000 remained to him, and with this capital he entered into business as a shopkeeper in Athlone. But he was not successful.

He had, however, given his son a collegiate education, and the profession of a gentleman, that of a physician, which he had himself chosen. But the son was not remarkable for steadiness; for the increasing poverty of his father unsettled his mind, and abandoning his profession, he enlisted as a common soldier in the 4th or Royal Irish Dragoons.

In this position he conducted himself with the strictest propriety, and was in a short time promoted to the rank of sergeant. But he was not allowed to follow a soldier's career. Though silent as to his own history, he could not prevent the officers from discovering that he was an educated and accomplished gentleman; and when they got his secret from him after some years, they resolved that he should be no longer a soldier, but return to the profession he had abandoned. Accordingly, on being sent for by the colonel one day, he was told that he was a free man; that the officers had bought him out, and had filled a purse, which was then presented to him as a token of their regard, and with a desire to start him anew as a doctor in the vicinity of his birth-place.

He returned to Athlone and to his profession, and devoted himself to it with so much zeal and humanity—being always at the service of the poor without payment—that he became an object of general esteem and love. No inclemency of weather could prevent his going miles into the country, night as well as day, whenever called for; and, said the father, "the illness from which my noble son is now suffering was caused by a wetting which he got in this way, visiting a poor family at night."

Our conversation thus ended: "He appears to me, sir," I said, "to be seriously ill;" and the answer was, "Sir, he is dying. He can't live a month; and *he* knows it, and *I* know it." This was the last I could trace of the Royal Melaghlins.

Faithfully yours,

GEORGE PETRIE.

THE FIACAL PADRAIG.—*Page* 288.

The two inscriptions on this reliquary which are legible are as follows: first—

THOMAS DE : BRAMIGHEM DOMINUS : DE : ATHUNRY ME FECIT : ORNARI : PISCA : PARCA.

The P in Pisca is a contraction.

The second inscription applies to the figures on the lower portion of the shrine:—

BENON : BRIGID : PATRIC : COLUMBA : BRANDON.

The third inscription which runs above the uppermost figures on the shrine is nearly effaced.

In Sir Bernard Burke's extinct Peerage of Ireland this Thomas de Bramighem (Bermingham), who was the only Baron of Athenry of the name, is stated to have flourished in the fourteenth century. Among other purposes the shrine was long used to aid in the recovery of stolen property; whoever laid his hand upon it and declared he was not guilty of the theft, was held to be innocent of the crime. Its hereditary keepers were inhabitants of Sligo.

CALLINO CASTURAME.—*See page* 344.

A friend has suggested to the writer that the correct reading of these words may be—

Cailín óc as truagh mé.

"A young maiden, woe is me." The air is given under the title of "Callino Casturame," by Mr. Chappell, who speaks of it as one of the three Irish tunes found by him in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, at the close of the second volume of his work on the "Popular Music of the Olden Time," page 793. It is evidently to this tune that Shakespeare alludes in the play of *Henry the Fifth*, Act iv. Sc. 4, where Pistol, on meeting a French soldier, exclaims—

"Quality! Calen o Custure me."

In the folio we find "Calmie custure me," which has been turned, in the modern editions, into "Call you me?—Construe me." Malone found among "Sundry new Sonets in a Handefull of pleasant Delites (1584), a Sonet of a Lover in praise of his Lady," to "Calen o custure me," sung at every line's end. In Mr. Lover's "Lyrics of Ireland" he notices the resemblance of the first word to the name "Caillino," speaking of Mrs. Fitzsimon's beautiful poem, "The woods of Caillino;" and adds—"Mr. Boswell, in his edition of Shakespeare says that Mr. Finnegan, master of the school established in London for the education of the Irish, says the words mean "Little girl of my heart for ever and ever." Now, this is not the meaning, and I cannot but wonder that, with so much literary discussion as has taken place on the subject, the true spelling, and consequently, the meaning of the burden have remained till now undiscovered. The burden, as given in the "Handfull of Plesent Delites," and copied by Malone, is "Calen o custure me," which is an attempt to spell, and pretty nearly represents the sound of "Colleen oge astore," and those words mean "Young girl, my treasure."

That "Caillino" was a favourite burden of songs we may infer from the fact that it is to be found to different tunes—one in "Playford's Musical Companion," 673, another in Wm. Ballett's "Lute-book," D. 1, 21, in Trin. Coll. Dub. (See "Lyrics of Ireland," ed. by S. Lover, p. 163).

DESTRUCTION OF ANCIENT REMAINS.—*See page* 360.

The number of ancient remains that even during the last century have been wantonly destroyed, or permitted to go into hopeless ruin, in Ireland, so often alluded to by Petrie, is so great that their enumeration would be tedious. Before long the grand old forts of Aran will be reduced to heaps of loose stones, and a similar fate awaits almost all the great pagan monuments of Ireland. Except in some of the more remote districts, the remains of the primitive churches, with or without the round towers, have largely disappeared, and the process of destruction is every day going on. Some legislative measure to protect the remnants of these witnesses of our history from the further destruction, which will be in time accomplished, seems strongly called for. In the course of the last thirty-five years the round tower of St. Enda, in Aran has disappeared almost to its foundation. The tower of Ardfert, which stood at the north-west corner of the cathedral, and which is stated by Smith, in his History of Kerry, to have been standing in 1750, fell, doubtless, from the plundering of the stones in its lower portion, in 1773; and such was the excellence of its construction, such the perfection of its cement, that it lay on the ground broken, it is true, but yet in great cylindrical junks, through which the peasantry and children used to run for their amusement. These wonderful remains were by the proprietor broken by blasting, and their materials used for building purposes. The ornamental details of most of our ancient abbeys and churches, so valuable as establishing the approximate dates of the structures, have been plundered in the most wholesale way. Where wilful destruction has not lent its hand neglect has done the unhallowed work. The sculptured cross and the monumental inscription have shared a similar fate. In short, ignorance, apathy, cupidity, and, worse than all, the total absence in the proprietary of Ireland of proper pride or national feeling, have assisted and still operate in obliterating the vestiges of the history of the country.

Report by Petrie to the Committee of the O'Connell Monument.—*Page* 369.

Gentlemen,—On submitting to your inspection the plans and elevations which, in accordance with your request, I have had the honour to make for the proposed O'Connell Monument, it appeared to me to be desirable that you should, at the same time, receive from me in writing such descriptive details, and such an explanatory statement of my views and opinions as will enable you not only to understand clearly and fully the intentions I had in view in those plans and elevations, but also to give to them your most deliberate consideration.

Previously, however, to my entering into these details, and this statement, I would respectfully beg to express to you the deep sense which I entertain of the honour conferred on me by your request for my co-operation in a work of such national interest, and to assure you that I have entered into your views with a true feeling of their importance, and a most anxious desire to aid in their accomplishment.

Your opinion that the proposed memorial of the affection and gratitude of the Irish people to one of the most illustrious of Irishmen, should be as much as possible characteristic of the country which he had laboured so long, so zealously, and so successfully to serve, is one in which I entirely concurred, as well as in your view, that nothing could more happily express this character of Irish nationality, and combine with it the necessary features of convenience and fitness to its purpose, than the erection of a church in that simple and characteristic style of architecture peculiar to the earliest ages of Christianity in this country, and of which there is now, perhaps, no perfect example to be found elsewhere.

It was also your desire that this temple-tomb should have connected with it the two characteristic adjuncts usually found to accompany our most ancient abbey and cathedral churches—namely, the campanile, or round-tower belfry, and the stone cross—the great symbol of Christianity, and in the propriety of this desire I also concurred.

Such a primitive temple-tomb would, it is obvious, effect the two primary and necessary objects proposed. It would serve at the same time as a fitting and characteristic shrine in which to preserve the mortal remains of the lamented leader, and as a church in which the services of his religion, to his memory, could be worthily performed. It would, however, do more. With its accompanying round tower and cross, it would present a monument in itself of great historical value, and which could not fail of being interesting to all cultivated minds, as well as to country-loving Irishmen of every class and creed. For, when every vestige shall have disappeared of those ancient ecclesiastical structures.

in the possession of which any other nation would feel the highest national pride, but in which we take so little interest, and with a heartless indifference, so generally abandon to the wreck of time and the devastations of ignorance; it would secure to us for those better and more enlightened times to which the good look forward with hope, the forms and features of that simple ancient architecture, and be a typical memorial, to endure for ever, of that pure and ardent Christianity which gave it birth, and which, combined with learning and enthusiasm, for so long a period made Ireland illustrious, and still entitles her to the respect and gratitude of civilized Europe.

In accordance, therefore, with your views, I have endeavoured, both as an antiquary, and as an artist, to design a triune group of monuments, such as, combined with the greatest character of durability, would present all the features of the earliest works of the kind yet remaining in Ireland, and, at the same time, exhibit as much beauty of form, harmony of conception, and elegance of execution, as the simple character of the objects, and a strict adherence to authorities would permit and justify.

And first, as regards the plan and design of the church. As such structures in ancient Ireland were invariably of small size, and rarely, if ever, exceeded the length of about sixty feet, I have chosen this extreme measurement for our chief building, considering that, while it would be inconsistent with authorities to make it of greater extent—a structure of smaller proportions would not only be wanting in dignity, but be insufficient for its destined purposes.

Again, finding that in our most ancient churches, when of the larger size and greater dignity of object, they were usually formed of two conjoined parts—namely, an oblong body or nave, for the reception of the people at the religious services, and a smaller and squarer chamber called a chancel, which was connected with the former by an open arch, or *arcus triumphalis*, and appropriated to the officiating clergy. I have adopted this arrangement not only as the more dignified and appropriate, but as one that afforded a more pleasing variety and combination of forms than that of a simple quadrangular building.

Such, then, is the proposed plan of the church, and its measurement would be as follows:—External length of the nave, forty-five feet; breadth, thirty feet; length of the chancel, seventeen feet; breadth, twenty feet; external height of the nave, forty-five feet; of the chancel, thirty-five feet; height of the lateral walls, both of nave and chancel, fifteen feet. A striking and characteristic feature of the structure would, therefore, be its pyramidal appearance on its several fronts, consequent on the great elevation of the ridge of the roof, the sides of which would form an isoceles triangle of a height equal to its breadth of their base line. This pyramidal character will also be preserved by the slope inwards

which I have given to all the vertical walls, and which will be productive of greater strength of construction, as well as beauty of effect. Proceeding now to lesser features, it will be seen from the elevations that the different fronts present at each of the angles, a plain flat buttress and a flat band or tablet which rests on those buttresses, and is carried upwards to the apex of the gables, on which are placed as finials, crosses of a simple form, a simple cornice or tablet moulding is also carried round the walls, except on the west front, and the whole of the building rests on a bold projecting base of massive masonry.

Next as regards openings—there is but one entrance doorway, which is placed on its west front. It is of a square form, its jambs having a slope parallel to that of the side-walls, and it is enriched with a simple flat architrave along its sides and lintel, above which is placed a relievo of a simple cross within a circle. The side walls of the nave are each perforated by two small windows having sloping sides and semicircular heads; those of the chancel have a single angular-headed window at each side, and a semicircular-headed one in the east wall; these windows have all a considerable splay inwards, a greater admission and distribution of light to the anterior of the building.

Proceeding now to the interior. The nave has an elevation of a foot in its floor, and has a vaulted roof of a semicircular or cylindrical form. The chancel arch, which is without ornament, is ten feet in width, and fifteen in height. The semicircular arch is formed of thirteen stones, typical of the Saviour and His apostles; and the chancel is elevated, and entered by a flight of three steps, typical of the Trinity, as are also the three windows by which it is lighted. Within the chancel, isolated and raised upon another step or platform, is placed the altar tomb—a simple oblong square of massive construction.

Turning now to the nave, it will be seen from the section that above its vaulted roof, and resting upon it within and beneath the sloping sides of the external roof there is a second vaulted apartment, or solar, of which the side-walls form a sharply pointed arch. This apartment is divided by cross-walls into three small chambers which are connected with each other by semicircular arch doorways, and are lighted by a circular opening in the west gable, and an oblong one with an arched head in the end wall.

It only remains now to notice the material of which it is composed, and the style of masonry to be employed in its construction. The material, then, which on many accounts I would recommend is the fine grain granite of Ireland. It is a very usual one in our most ancient structures; its colour is pleasing to the eye; it can be obtained in masses of any required size, and its durability, when well selected, may be considered as everlasting. And as regards the style of masonry, it should, as I conceive, if the means at the disposal of the committee shall permit it, be in

regular courses of ashlar or cut stone of a large size, and having fine joints. It is true that a ruder description of masonry would, as far as authority is concerned, be equally correct; but in a building which must necessarily be characterized by a severe simplicity, it appears to be most desirable that its plainness should be atoned for by a beauty and costliness of execution, and which would be also valuable as conducing to that durability which is so essential to the work. From these considerations, therefore, I have thought very carefully over the construction of the masonry to be employed through the building, and in the elevation of its several sides I have marked the number and arrangement of the courses, and even the forms and sizes of all the stones as I should desire to see them worked.

Having thus somewhat minutely described the various features of the principal building, it will not be necessary to enter into any length into details in reference to the Campanile or round tower belfry connected with it as its minute features should be in all respects essentially in harmony with those of the greater structure, so that both should appear of a uniform architectural style, and of a contemporaneous erection. The situation chosen for this tower, with a view to its picturesque composition with the principal structure, is that most usual in the ancient remains—namely, on the south side of the church, from which it is but fifteen feet distant. Like the church, it has a projecting basement, above which its external diameter is fifteen feet, or one-half of the breadth of the church, and its height, including its conical roof, is 103 feet. This height, though not the greatest of which we have ancient examples, is chosen as that which, while it has a sufficient elevation for effect, will not be so great as would depress or give a secondary character to the church, which should rank as the primary and more important structure. In its interior it is divided by lodgments for resting wooden floors into six stages or compartments—that at the top having the usual number of four apertures, and the lower apartments having one each. The doorway is placed at an elevation of fifteen feet from the basement, and has a semicircular head, with a cross carved on its key-stone, and as on the gables of the church, the pinnacle of the roof is ornamented with a simple cross. Lastly, immediately in front of the entrance doorway of the church, and at the distance of twenty feet from it, I have placed the stone cross, which is of the most ancient Irish form and character, and of the largest proportions. It is fixed on a base, measuring ten feet by eight, and rises above the platform to a height of twenty-seven feet. It did not appear to me desirable or proper to enrich this cross with sculptural ornaments beyond those of the simplest kind, because they would carry away the attention too much from the principal structure, and would not be in consistent harmony with its ancient simplicity of style; and, moreover, it would not exhibit that expression

of contemporaneous erection which should be seen to pervade the triune monument, and which I have endeavoured to increase, by placing them all on a raised platform of three steps, a feature which will also add considerably to their dignity and effect by elevating them above the surrounding monuments of the cemetery.

I shall only add that, in all the minor features, as well as in the general forms of these works, I have strictly adhered to ancient examples. In fact, I have invented nothing; I have only endeavoured by extensive observation to discover and embody the principles which appear to have existed in the minds of the old builders, and by selecting the best and most characteristic features found in their works, and avoiding their occasional errors of taste and judgment, to design an architectural group which would be worthy of its object, as well from the historical and national associations connected with it as from its character of durability, and as far as could be effected, its principles of fitness, harmony, and beauty.

GEORGE PETRIE.

THE IRISH WOLF-DOG.—*Page* 391.

That the Irish wolf-dog was of the same species as the Scottish deer-hound is now generally admitted, and it is held by some that the introduction of the animal into Scotland was due to the peopling of portions of Scotland (Scotia Minor) by the Celts of Ireland (Scotia Major). But it is a question whether the Picts, Scottish or Irish, were not possessed of this animal. When the wolf became extinct in Ireland, this breed of dogs declined, and have now disappeared in this country. They were like the present Scottish deer-hound, animals of great stature, strength, and with rough hair. A writer in the "Irish Penny Journal" quotes from Pliny, who relates a combat in which the Irish wolf-dog took part—*Canes graii Hibernici.* Hollinshed, speaking of the Irish, says they are not without wolves, and greyhounds to hunt them. And Evelyn, speaking of the bear-garden, says—"The bull-dogs did exceeding well, but the Irish wolf-dog exceeded, which was a tall greyhound, a stately creature, and beat a cruel mastiff." In the Welsh laws of the ninth century heavy penalties were laid down for the maiming or injuring of the Irish greyhound. The same author quotes from Buffon, who speaks of the Irish greyhound, and says that all other sorts of greyhounds are descended from him, and that in Scotland it is called the Highland greyhound. He calls it *Canis Grains Hibernicus.*

Pennant, in his History of Quadrupeds, calls it the Irish greyhound. In some of the old ballads of Scotland we have *Grewhound*; and Jamieson, in his Scottish Dictionary, gives also *Gruhound* or *hund*. *Graius* is by Lyttleton held to stand for *Græcus*.

This dog was used in Ireland in the chase of the wild boar and wolf. The last wolf killed in Ireland was about the middle of the eighteenth century. A presentment for killing wolves was granted in Cork in 1710.

PAPERS READ BY PETRIE BEFORE THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

1831. Remarks on History and Authenticity of the autograph original of the Annals of the Four Masters.
1837. Remarks on the Book of MacFirbis.
1832. An Account of an Ancient Irish Reliquary called the Domnach Airgid.
1833. Essay on Ecclesiastical Architecture and Round Towers of Ireland.
1834. Essay on the Military Architecture of Ireland (not printed).
1837. On the History and Antiquities of Tara Hill.
Feb. 26, 1838. Account of Stone Circles, &c., at Carrowmore, Sligo (Abstract printed).
May 14, 1838. Essay on Ancient Irish Consecrated Bells (Abstract printed).
Feb. 25, 1839. On two gold Torques found at Tara.
Dec. 9, 1839. On Ancient Irish Seals.
June 8, 1840. On an Ancient Irish Bell.
May 10, 1841. Account of an Ancient Irish Inscription Arran (not printed).
Jan. 9, 1843. Inscribed Stone at Clonmacnoise.
June 9, 1845. Account of an Inscription on an Ancient Irish Tombstone at Athlone.
April 26, 1847. Remarks on Paper by J. Ramsay, on Ancient Inscriptions in Scotland.
Dec. 11, 1848. On the Collection of Antiquities presented by the King of Denmark
On Inscriptions found on the ancient Pillar-stone at Newton, Aberdeenshire.
Jany. 22, 1849. Account of certain Altar-stones procured by T. Bergin.
May 14, 1849. On Coins found in the Three-rock Mountain.
June 25, 1849. On Gold Rings found at Strokestown.
May 27, 1850. On the Cross of Cong.
Nov. 30, 1850. On an Ancient Brooch found near Drogheda.
Feb. 14, 1851. On the Crozier in the possession of Cardinal Wiseman.

Nov. 29, 1851. On Ancient Coins found in Ireland.
Ditto. On Crannoge Islands.
June 13, 1853. On Ancient Irish Reliquaries.
June 13, 1853. On the Stone Cross at Tuam.
June 25, 1855. On the Shrine of St. Molash (not printed).

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL, A.D. 1832–33.

1832.

1. Aug. 18. The Origin of Phrenology.
2. ,, Ancient Irish Chair.
3. Aug. 25.. Ancient Monument, Hospital Fields, Dublin.
4. Sept. 1. The Cave of Dunmore.
5. ,, Miss Brooke.
6. ,, On Ancient Irish Literature.
7. ,, Ancient Irish Horn.
8. Sept. 8. The Fine Arts—Past and Present—in Ireland.
9. Sept. 15. The Wooden House in Drogheda.
10. Sept. 22. The Fine Arts, No. 2.
11. Sept. 29. Ancient Irish Sepulchral Urns.
12. Oct. 20. The Char or Salmo Alpinus.
13. Nov. 3. Fine Arts, No. 3.
14. ,, Thomond Bridge, Limerick.
15. Nov. 10. St. George's Church, Dublin.
16. ,, Irish Antiquities.
17. Nov. 17. The Needles, Howth.
18. Nov. 24. Mellifont Abbey.
19. Dec. 1. Ancient Irish Bulla.
20. Dec. 8. The Cathedral Church of Armagh.
21. ,, The Quay of Waterford.
22. Dec. 15. The Bank of Ireland.
23. ,, Inchmore Castle.
24. Dec. 22. Lord Portlester's Chapel, Dublin.
25. ,, Picture Gallery, R. I. Institution.
26. ,, Abbot of Bangor's Seal.
27. ,, Coronation Chair of the O'Neills.

1833.

28. Jan. 5. Athcarne Castle.
,, Clerical Longevity.
29. Jan. 12. The Warden of Galway.
30. ,, The Fine Arts, No. 4.
31. Jan. 19. Migration of the Salmon.
32. ,, Belfast Natural Museum.
33. Jan. 26. Irish Antiquities.
34. Feb. 2. Notice of St. Bernard's Chapel, Mellifont.

35. Feb. 9. Bridge and Castle of Shrule, Mayo.
36. Feb. 16. Ancient Houses of Dublin.
37. Mar. 16. Ancient Irish Mether.
38. Mar. 23. New Grange
39. ,, Fine Arts in Ireland, No. 5.
40. Mar. 30. Ardglass, Co. Down.
41. April 6. Ancient Irish Instrument.
42. ,, Fine Arts of Ireland, No. 6.
,, Ancient Irish Vessel.
43. April 13. Tomb of Countess of Desmond, Holycross Abbey.
44. April 20. Lismore Castle.
45. ,, Remarks on Stones perforated or Sculptured.
46. May 4. Fine Arts in Ireland, No. 7.
,, Note on Letters on Tomb in Holycross Abbey.
47. May 11. Ancient Tombs, No. 2.
48. May 18. Abbey of Holy Cross.
49. ,, Ancient Irish Bells.
5. May 25. The old Church of Banagher, Londonderry.
51. June 1. Kilclief Castle, Down.
52. ,, Letter to the President of the R.I.A. on the Annals of the Four Masters.
53. June 8. Abbey of Inch.

1. July 13. Ancient Monastic Seals.
2. July 20. Ancient Irish War-club.
3. July 27. Ancient Irish Trumpets.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL, A.D. 1840-41.
(VOL I.)

1840.
July 4. On the Castle of Aughnanure, Co. Galway.
,, On the Ancient Music of Ireland (Bunting).
July 11. The Caves of Kish-corrain.
July 18. The Rock of Cashel.
July 25. Caislean na Circe (Hen's Castle), Lough Corrib.
Aug. 1. Lough Bray.
Aug. 15. Remains at Monasterboice, Co. Louth.
Aug. 22. The Howth Lighthouse.
Aug. 29. Leighlin Bridge and the Black Castle, Co. Carlow.
,, Irish Music.
,, Ancient Irish Literature.
Sept. 5. The Castle of Rinnduin, Co. Roscommon.
Sept. 12. Clontarf Castle, Co. Dublin.
Sept. 19. The Town of Antrim.
Sept. 26. Hollybrook Hall, Co. Wicklow.

Oct. 3. Paddy Coneely, the Galway Piper.
Oct. 10. The Town and Castle of Leixlip, Co. Kildare.
Oct. 17. The Castle and Lake of Inchiquin, Co. Clare.
,, Ancient Irish Literature, No. 2.
Oct. 24. Newbridge, Co. Kildare.
,, Ancient Irish Literature, No. 3.
Oct. 31. Woodlands, Co. Dublin.
Nov 14. Malahide Castle, Co. Dublin.
Nov. 21. Sound and Island of Dalkey, Co. Dublin.
Nov. 28. Church and Round Tower of Donaghmore, Co. Meath.
Dec. 12. The Castle of Donegal.
Dec. 19. The Monument to the Memory of Dr. Doyle (Hogan).
Dec. 26. The Castle of Termon Magrath, Co. Donegal,
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Jan. 9. Castle Caulfield, Co. Tyrone.
,, Ancient Irish Literature, No. 4.
Jan. 16. Kilbarron Castle, Co. Donegal.
Jan. 23. Castle of Monea, Co. Fermanagh.
Jan. 30. Dun-Garbry Castle, Co. Leitrim.
,, Ancient Seal of Island of St. Colmoc.
Feb. 13. Cahir Castle, Co. Tipperary.
Feb. 20. Barrack Bridge and Military Gate, Dublin.
Mar. 6. Old Bridge of Miltown, Co. Dublin.
Mar. 13. Ross Castle, Killarney.
Mar. 20. Holycross Abbey, Co. Tipperary.
Mar. 27. Thomond Bridge and Castle of Limerick.
April 10. Killymoon, Co. Tyrone.
April 17. Antrim Castle.
April 24. Drimnagh Castle, Co. Dublin.
May 1. Ardfinnan Castle, Co. Tipperary.
,, Ancient Irish Literature, No. 5.
May 29. Ormeau, Co. Down.
,, Seals of Irish Chiefs.
June 5. Victoria Castle, Co. Dublin.
May 8. Seals of Irish Chiefs.
June 19. St. Senan's Well, Co. Clare.
,, Tomb of Curran.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO BOOKS.—*See Page* 11.

CROMWELL'S EXCURSIONS THROUGH IRELAND.

1. Howth Castle, engraved by J. Greig (steel).
2. Annamo, Co. Wicklow, engraved by Higham.
3. Stone Cross (Old Kilcullen), Kildare, engraved by E. Roberts.
4. Barrack and Queen's Bridge, Dublin.

5. Castle and Abbey of Castledermot, Co. Kildare.
6. Christ's Cathedral, Dublin, engraved by Barber.
7. Abbey at Howth, engraved by Hawkins.
8. Church and Round Tower, Castledermot, Kildare, engraved by Roberts.
9. Stone Cross, Castle Dermot, engraved by Greig.
10. The Four Courts, Dublin, engraved by Barber.
11. Cromlech on Shankhill, Co. Dublin.
12. Carlisle Bridge and Custom House.
13. Cromlech at Brennanstown, engraved by Dale.
14. Old Pier, Dunleary, engraved by Higham.
15. Dalkey, Co. Dublin, engraved by Greig.
16. Drymnagh Castle, Co. Dublin, engraved by Greig.
17. Dalkey Island, Bay of Dublin, engraved by Greig.
18. Eagle Rock, Lough Bray.
19. Strongbow's Monument.
20. Ancient Archway, Glendalough.
21. Glen Malure.
22. Jigginstown Castle.
23. Stone Cross, Kells.
24. Kells (street in).
25. Kilkenny Castle.
26. Killiney Bay and Dalkey Island.
27. Round Tower, Kildare.
28. Kilgobbin Castle.
29. Church and Round Tower, Old Kilcullen.
30. Lara Bridge, Glendalough.
31. St. Lawrence Bridge, Drogheda.
32. Loughlinstown.
33. Monkstown Castle.
34. Malahide Castle.
35. Newtown Abbey.
36. The Bridge and Priory, Newtown.
37. Pool-a-Phouca.
38. Puck's Castle, Co. Dublin.
39. Powerscourt Waterfall.
40. Round Tower, Clondalkin.
41. Round Tower, Swords.
42. Rathmichael Church.
43. Castle at Swords.
44. Tullagh Church.
45. Trim Castle.
46. Timon Castle.
47. The Yellow Tower, Trim.

48. Dunsany Castle.
49. Dunmore Castle.
50. Cromlech at Kilternan.
51. Lough Dan.
52. Castletown Delvin.
53. The Ess, Glenmalure.
54. The Hermitage of St. Eire, Slane.
55. The Franciscan Abbey, Kilkenny,
56. St. Fechin's Church, Door.
57. —— No. 2.
58. Garry Castle.
59. St. Kevin's Kitchen, Glendalough.
60. The Cathedral, Kildare.
61. Castle Keivin, Co. Wicklow.
62. Abbey of Kilbarrack.
63. Killeen Castle.
64. Killcullen Bridge.
65. The Lady's Finger and Maiden Tower.
66. Lough Bray.
67. Mornington.
68. St. Patrick's Cross, Monasterboice.
69. Malahide Abbey.
70. Rath, Loughlin Bridge.
71. Quay, Skerries.
72. Slane Castle, 1840.
73. Church and Castle, Leopardstown.
74. Trim Castle, 1829.
75. Termonfeckin.
76. Bective.
78. Athcarne.
79. North Gate, Ashtown.
80. Bullock Castle.
81. Black Castle.
82. Black Castle of Naul.
83. Banagher.
84. Bank of Ireland.
85. Pier, Balbriggan.
86. Baldungan.
87. Clonmacnoise Castle.
88. Cloghorny Castle.
89. Abbey, Castledermot.
90. M'Carthy Church, Clonmacnoise.
91. Dunleary and Bullock.
92. Deral Ossory Church.

93. St. Mary's Church.
94. St. Mary Magdalene.
95. Drymnagh Castle.
96. Church, Dulcek.

Wright's "Guide to Killarney."

1. Torc Lake, 1819.
2. Ross Castle.
3. Eagle's Nest.
4. M'Gillycuddy's Reeks, 1821.
5. Interior of Mucross Abbey, 1821.

Wright's "Guide to Wicklow."

1. Kilruddery House, 1822.
2. Powerscourt Waterfall.
3. Drumgoff Barrack, 1822.
4. Glendalough, 1822.
5. Luggelaw.

Fishers "Historical Guide to Ancient and Modern Dublin."

1. View of Dublin—from North.
2. The Castle.
3. The Castle Chapel and Record Tower.
4. Trinity College.
5. The Bank.
6. St. Patrick's Cathedral.
7. Christ Church Cathedral.
8. St. George's Church.
9. Metropolitan Catholic Chapel.
10. Sackville Street.
11. Theatre Royal.
12. The Law Courts.
13. The King's Inns.
14. The Royal Exchange.
15. The College of Surgeons.
16. The Rotundo and Lying-in Hospital.

"The Northern Tourist."

1. Giant's Causeway.
2. Carrick a Rede.
3. Fair Head
4. Dunluce Castle.

A.D. 1826.—Beauties of Ireland (1st Book).

1. Mouth of the Shannon. Scattery Tower.
2. Canton.
3. Kilmallock, 1821.
4. Slane Castle.
5. Glendalough.
6. Tinnehinch.
7. Ballinas-tragh.
8. Mount Bellew.
9. Ross Castle (second view).
10. Mount Cashel.
11. Abbey of Multifernan.
12. Carrickfergus, 1823.
13. Parsonstown Castle, 1820.
14. Ruins of Clonmacnoise.

Ireland Illustrated.

1. View of Dublin from Blaquiere-bridge, Royal Canal.
2. Sarah's Bridge on the Liffey.
3. The Wellington Testimonial.
4. Memorial to George IV., Kingstown.
5. The Infirmary, Brownlow-street.
6. The Wellington Rooms, Mount Pleasant.
7. St. Andrew's Church.
8. Lyceum News-room.
9. Howth Lighthouse.
10. Obelisk, Newtown Park.
11. Phœnix Pillar.
12. View of Dublin, Phœnix Park
13. The Castle.
14. Viceregal Lodge.
15. Terenure.
16. King's Bridge.
17. East View of do.
18. Cloth Mart, Queen's Bridge.
19. Royal Exchange.
20. Nelson's Pillar.
21. St. George's Church.
22. Round Tower of Clondalkin.
23. Round Tower Belfry, Church of Swords.

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